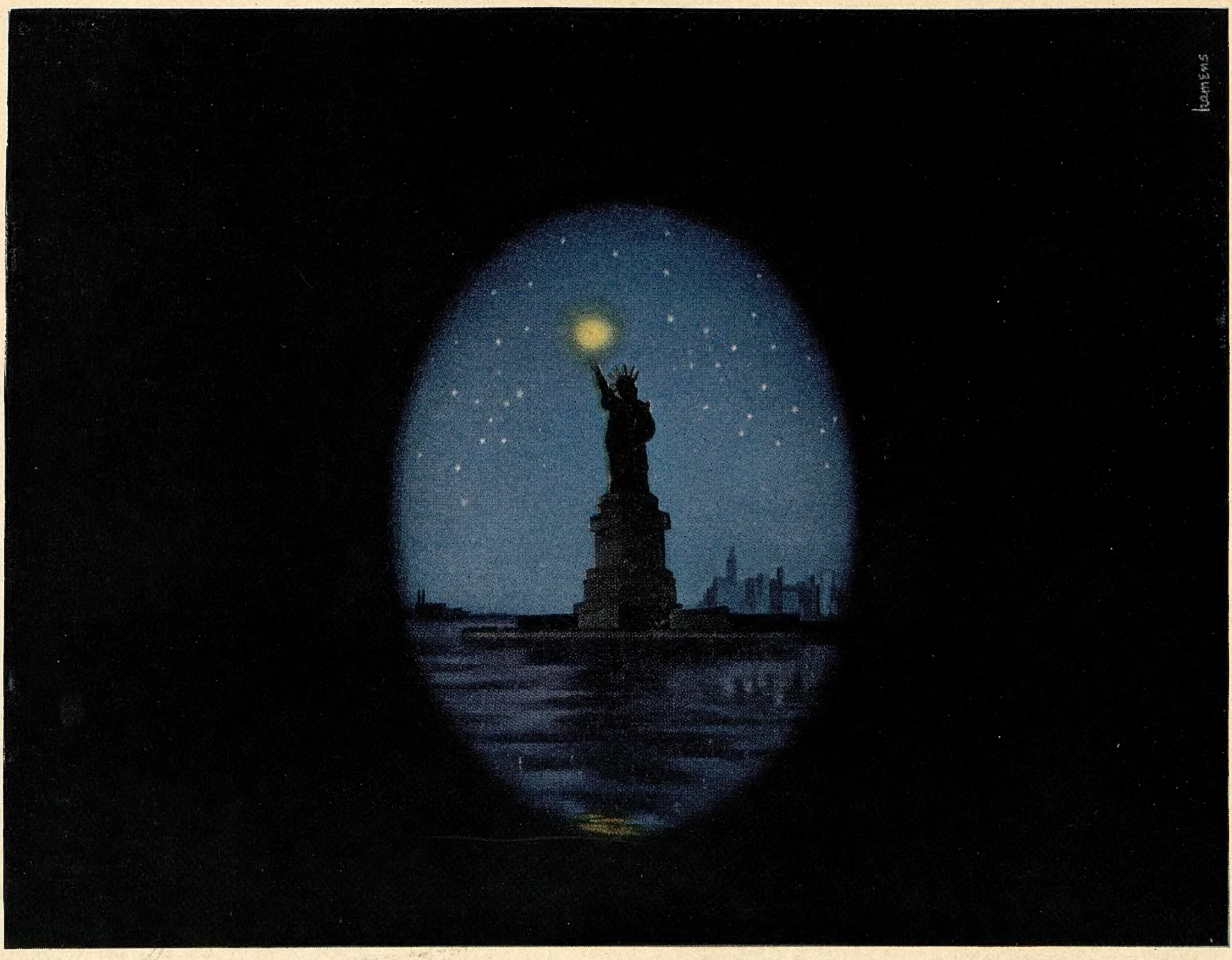
Liberty

OCT. 31, 1942 10¢

SABOTAGE IN THE U. S. A.

The Story Behind the News



TOTAL BLACKOUT? NEVER!

WE'LL PUT OUT OUR LIGHTS when (and if) the bombers come—and they'll see *how well* we can take it! *And give it back!*

But no matter how many house lights—street lights—factory lights—or harbor lights we do put out, it'll never be a *total* blackout!

Because *the* light of Liberty will burn—in the minds of a machine-gunner in the faraway Pacific... in the eyes of an air raid warden making the last round on his patrol... in the hands of a welder slapping the last plate on a Liberty hull... in the heart of a mother who's keeping her family strong and healthy, and ready for all emergencies.

Yes, *that* Light has a meaning to all of us Americans. *It means America!*

America and the right to speak out... America and the right to work where we want... America and the right to worship God as we please... America and the right to say who shall lead us... America and the right of the little fellow.

That Light, Hitler nor Hirohito, nor any aggressor, will ever put out!

Let's keep that Light of Liberty burning... Let's keep reminding ourselves and our neighbors that we all want it lit—now and forevermore... Let's tell off the rumormonger. Put the appeaser in his place. Slap down the slacker with truth and common sense... Let's pay those heavy taxes without squawking. Let's walk to work and like it. Let's buy war bonds and stamps, remembering that every stamp means a black eye to Hitler, every bond a nail in Hirohito's coffin... Let's give up sugar. Park the car in the garage, if necessary.

Let's do *without* so that this country can do *with!*

Free to Businessmen: Counter or window display cut-outs of Statue of Liberty in full color—18" tall—carries the legend "We Are Making *Winning the War* OUR JOB." . . . You get the cut-out displays FREE OF CHARGE. Send 10¢ to cover shipping costs of each display. Order Liberty Emblems for your employees to wear—sold at cost price in quantity lots. Write today for full details on your business stationery.

Wherever you see the Liberty Emblem—in a coat lapel, on a counter or in a store window, you will know that an American is saying:

"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"

Actual Size

WEAR THIS EMBLEM AS A SYMBOL OF YOUR BELIEF

Sponsored by, with no profit to, Liberty Magazine. 24 kt. gold plate. Baked enamel colors. Send for your Emblem of Liberty today. Dept. Y, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

Send me________________Emblems of Liberty @ 25¢ each—postage included.

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10/31

A Lesson in Geography,
But a Magic Carpet to a Child.
Her dreams span the World of Today,
And look into the World of Tomorrow.

Canada
ed States
Mexico

We see her facing that World—Assured and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

HANG on to your day-dreams, little girl! Here in America your hopeful vision can have its happy fulfillment. For so much is done to give you advantages of health and education—to prepare you to face the world of tomorrow, happy, confident—and smiling!

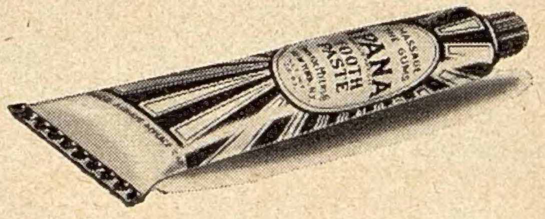
Yes—*smiling!* For even her smile has a bright future. In classrooms* all over our country, children are learning to give their teeth and gums the best of care. They know what many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

Young Americans everywhere could tell you that today's soft foods rob our gums and teeth of the exercise, the stimulation they so often need for health. In school, they learn why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. Like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Whenever you clean your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Gum circulation increases—aiding gums to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help brighten your smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Bigger things are coming your way, Junior ☆ ☆ ☆

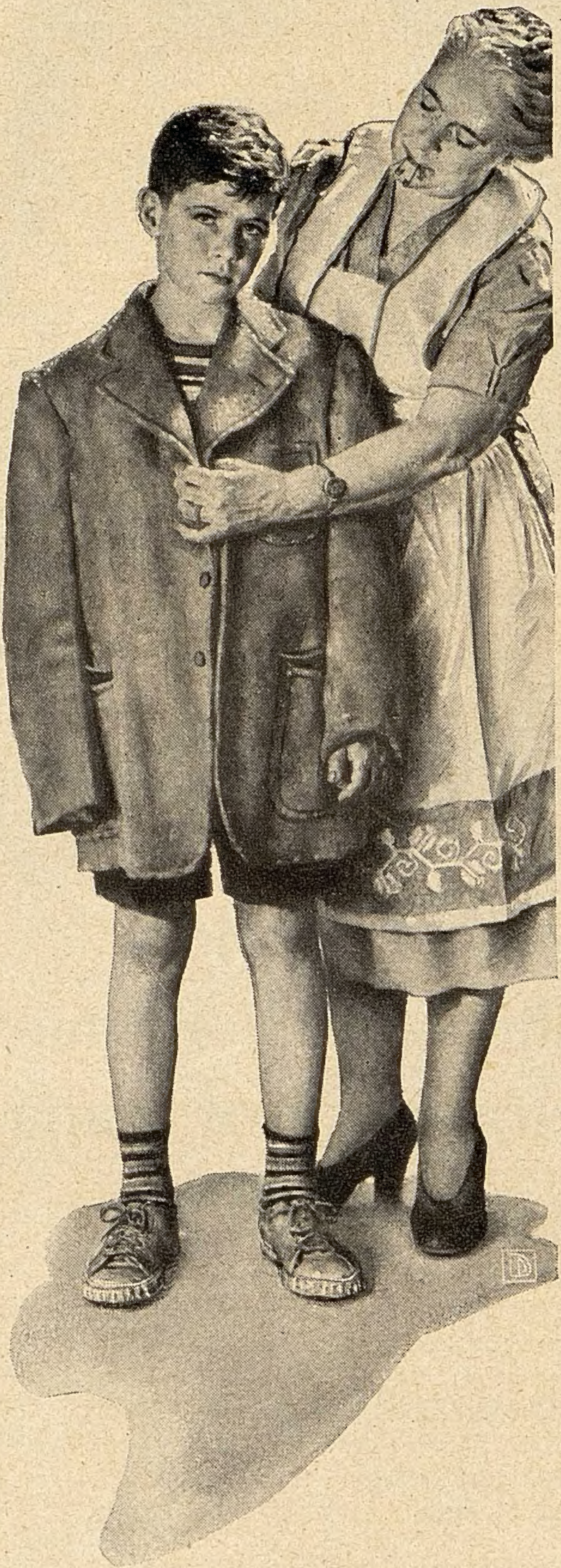
THROW back your shoulders, son, be proud! Things a lot bigger and more important than Dad's old suit are headed your way. Things like liberty, the right to speak your mind, to worship as you please. These are the most precious hand-me-downs in history—and we're fighting to *make sure* that you get them.

But some hand-me-downs we're *not* going to pass along—simply because we can do better. No one can improve on freedom—but we can improve some of the things that let us express it. Air conditioning, that gives us free choice of the climate we want; television, that frees us to look beyond the horizon. Electronics, plastics—and lots more that are going to make your life freer, fuller, richer.

It's an exciting, wonderful world you're growing up to, Junior. Because we're handing down to you the same things that have always made America strong and great—and because we're adding many new things to make it even more wonderful. So, when you're thinking about these better hand-me-downs, think of us. We're thinking of you! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Paul Hunter, Publisher.

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NEXT WEEK

NOVEMBER 7, 1942

THE SAINT IS IN WASHINGTON!

"Could any one be killed here?" asked the strange girl in the Washington bar. Simon Templar, that reckless debonair gentleman adventurer known as the Saint, answered her question—facetiously at first, then seriously—and found himself involved in as perilous a bit of intrigue as had ever come his Saintly way. You'll read about it in The Saint Steps In, a new mystery serial beginning next week.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS OF NIPPON REALLY ARE LIKE

What they are like all too often—with wounded or prisoners at their mercy—no longer needs telling! But is it true, as is said, that they thrive on tropical heat? Scorn tropical diseases? Love their Axis "brothers"? William S. Munday, Australian war correspondent, really does know all about those "monkey men." He tells the eye-opening facts.

WILL WE HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT?

Does America, the best fed country in the world, face universal food rationing? Will we soon be eating grass as a salad, and stinging-nettle purée and beetroot buns, as the British do? In a fact-crammed article, of interest to every one who owns an appetite, Frederick L. Collins reports the latest news from the food front.

AND: Alan Hynd continues his masterly account of the activities of saboteurs and counterespionage by the F. B. I. . . . William du Bois, Shirley Warde, and Elick Moll contribute fiction of sparkle and interest. . . . Irving Wallace gives you a vivid pen picture of the movie star who has become America's War Baby: 1942. Altogether an issue spiced with a variety of features, pictures, and fun.

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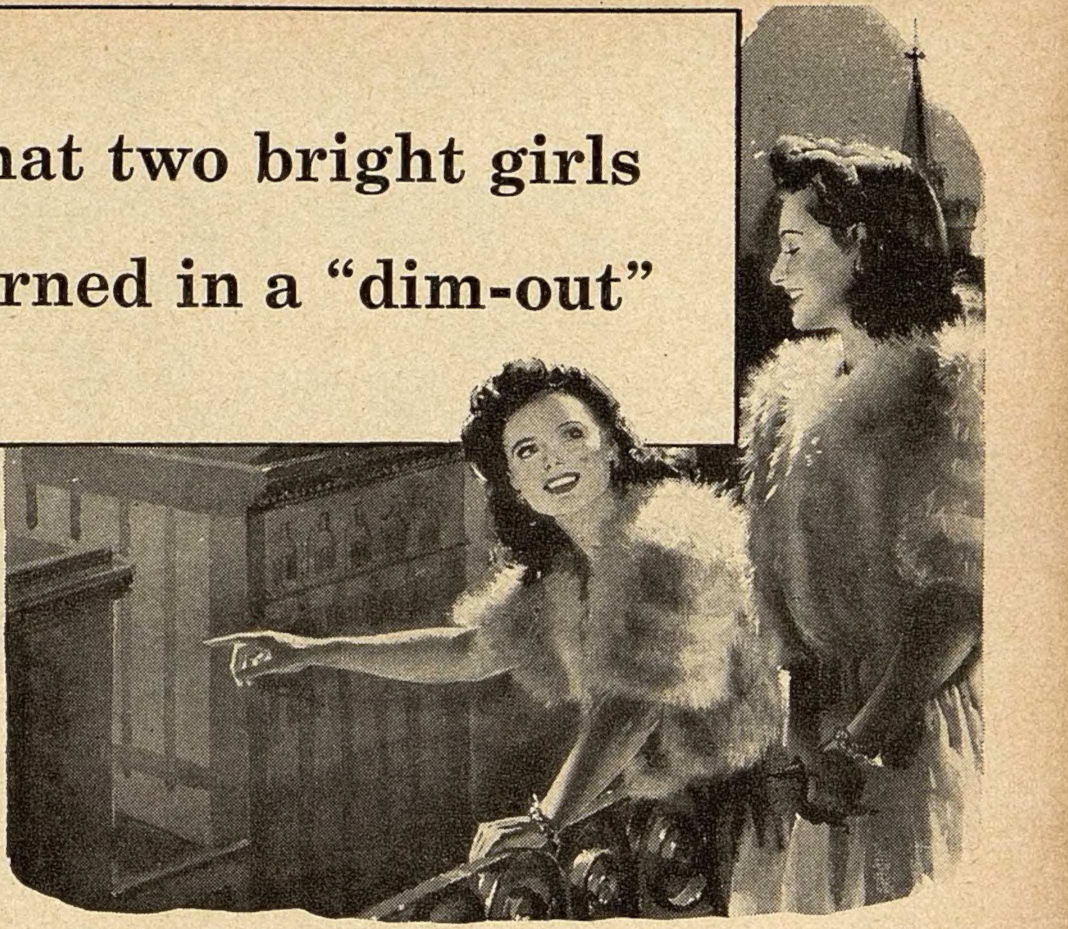
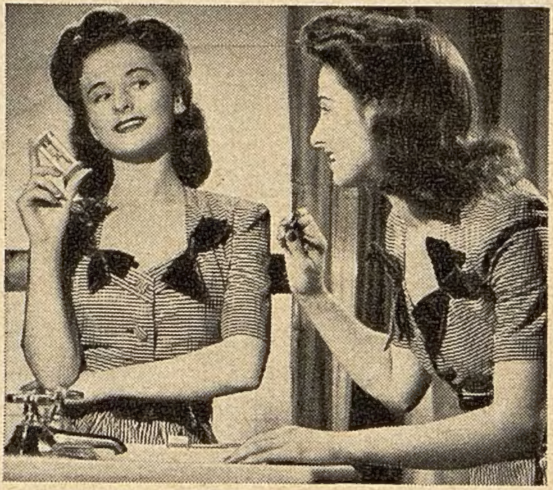
What two bright girls learned in a "dim-out"

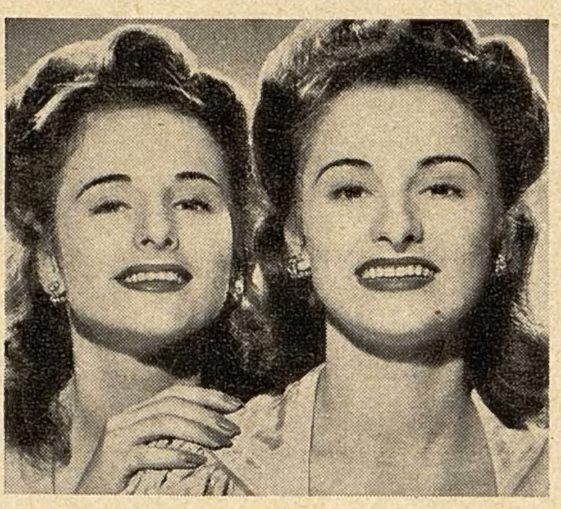


Chicago Twins, Amy and Lee La Beau, get visible proof that it takes Pepsodent Powder to keep teeth at their brightest.

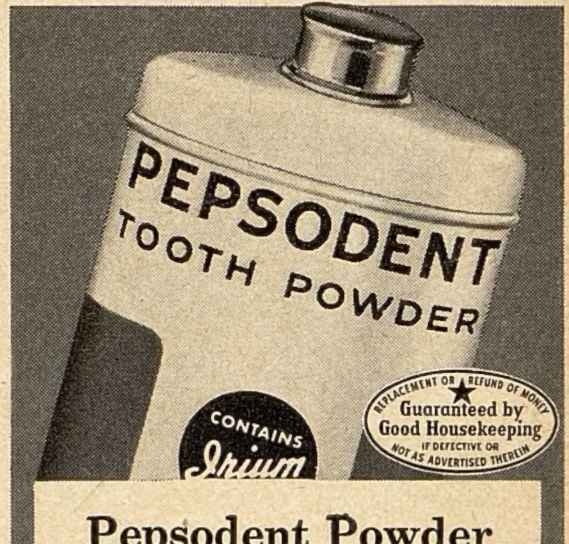


In a test "dim-out," the Twins learned why it is important to choose the right dentifrice. Both had used Pepsodent. But Amy switched to another brand for test purposes. Both girls followed an identical procedure—used the same kind of tooth brushes, even timed their brushings by a minute-glass. There was one difference—Lee used Pepsodent, Amy used another well-known brand.

Amy was warned when her smile began to "dim-out". She remarked: "Lee's teeth kept on sparkling as brightly as ever. But mine! . . . They actually lost lustre. And they didn't feel as smooth and clean as when I used Pepsodent. I knew Pepsodent made teeth brighter. But who would dream another brand could cause them to dim! I'm back on Pepsodent again . . . and I'll never change!"

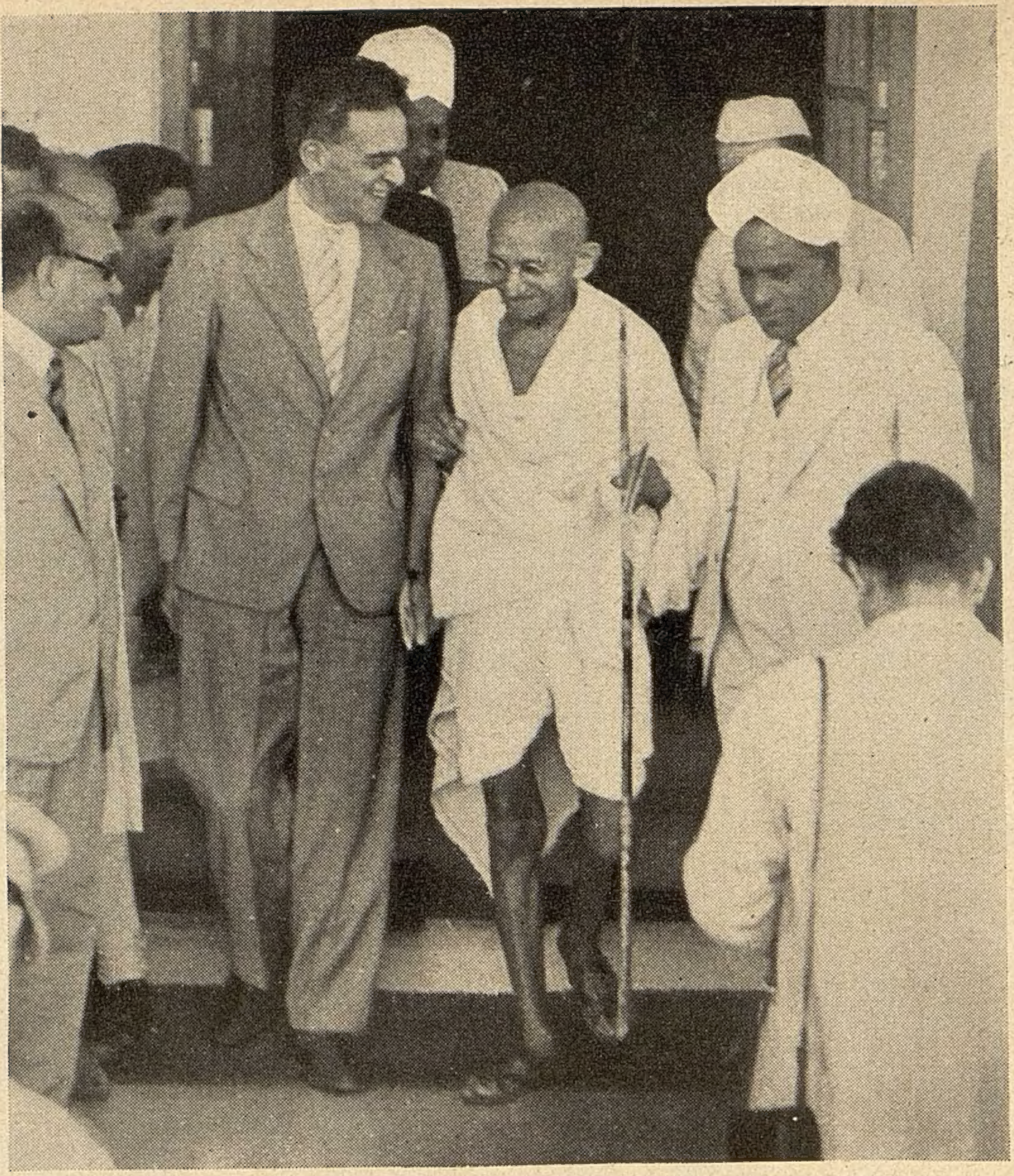


La Beau Twins confirm: Independent laboratory tests found *no other dentifrice* that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent Tooth Powder. By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth *Twice as Bright* as the average of all other leading brands!


PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
CONTAINS Irium
Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If defective or not as advertised therein

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

LIBERTY
Oct. 31, 1942



Sir Stafford Cripps and Mohandas Gandhi last spring when an effort was made to solve the problem of India's independence.

A SOLUTION ON INDIA

THE current differences between the British government and the peoples of India are tangled into such a knot it would take a Solomon to arrive at a just and fair solution. No Solomons appear to be active at present in international politics, and if one was around, unlike his predecessor, he'd have no power to enforce his decision.

We, ourselves, frankly are unable to resolve the controversy into its basic elements and sift the grains of truth from the chaff of accusation and counteraccusation.

As the matter now stands, Britain is in an awkward position. Pledged to fight to the death to restore liberty throughout the world, she raises doubts as to her sincerity by continuing to deny liberty to the 390,000,000 people of India. She attempts to resolve these doubts by promising India complete independence "after the war" under certain terms and conditions.

This is unacceptable to the Indian leaders, partly because of the conditions, mainly because they bit before at the same bait. India was promised independence for its help during the last war but never got it. Naturally, they are somewhat skeptical of Britain's promises now that she finds herself again in trouble.

The Indian leaders want immediate independence and a chance to fight with the United Nations. Britain says immediate independence would lead to chaos because of the many conflicting elements within the Indian state. She cannot risk Indian factionalism with the Japs at the border.

This seems to sum up the situation as it stands today, except, we must add, the rift widens daily, leaders are under arrest, fighting goes on between the people and the British, and the Japs are licking their chops.

Now, there seems to be a simple and easy solution to this difficulty, provided both sides are sincere in their protestations. America set the example and proved that it works in the case of the Philippines.

Let the British Parliament pass a law right now providing for full and complete independence for India, effective, say, January 1, 1948. By that time the war should be won. India will have had five years to prepare for independence. British interests in India will have had five years to withdraw. This is the procedure the U. S. A. followed in the Philippines and the record of how it worked is written for the whole world to read in the heroic defense put up by the Philippine people and in the blood of Bataan.

If Britain is sincere in its wish to grant India freedom, this suggestion removes the qualms on which is based the refusal to act now. The strength of India's millions would be thrown wholeheartedly into the struggle to defeat Japan and it is likely their internal differences would vanish in the heat of this common effort. After the Japs are licked, it would be deplorable if the Indians fought among themselves, but it would be no direct concern of the British government, provided they sincerely intend that India shall have her freedom.

Unless some such solution can be provided by British statesmen, India is a gone goose. It may fall anyhow to the fanatic might of Japan. If it does, such action as above, if taken now, would remove from Britain the blame of the democratic world and the feeling it could and should have been otherwise.

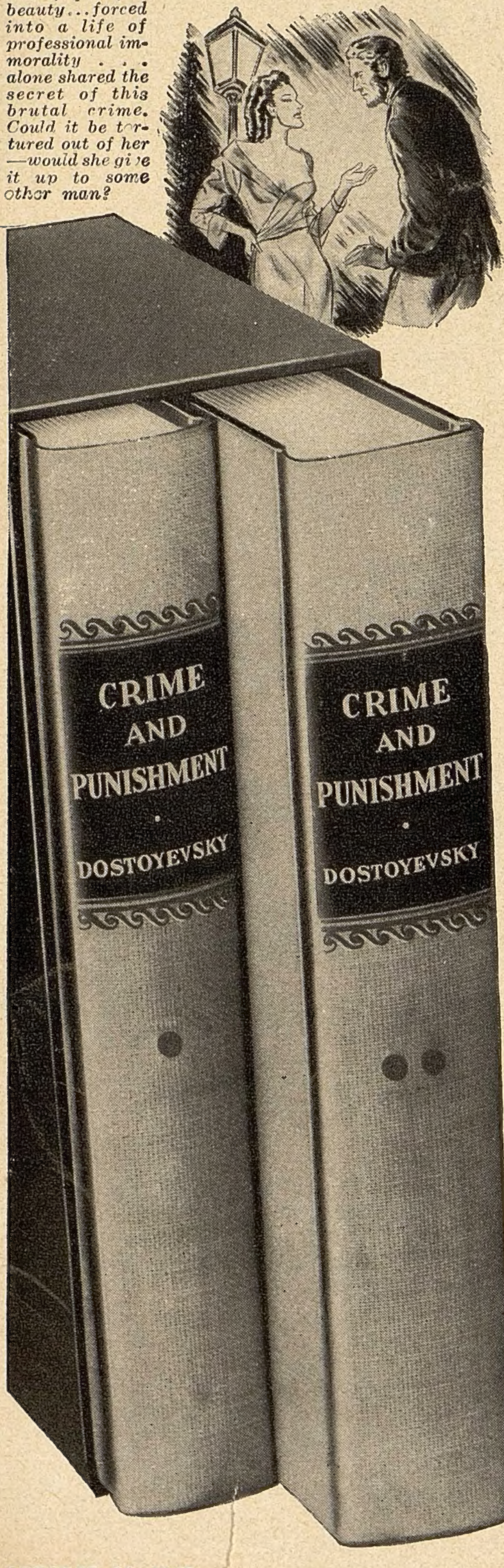
Paul Hunter

FREE ...the most gripping murder story ever written!

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by Fyodor Dostoyevsky



Sonia in her thin, pitiful beauty... forced into a life of professional immorality . . . alone shared the secret of this brutal crime. Could it be tortured out of her—would she give it up to some other man?

YES, yours FREE—in two handsome volumes—CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, the most gripping murder story ever written! What motive had the gentle young student for murdering, with inhuman savagery, an old hag and her harmless half-witted sister? He scarcely knew them; and he took nothing of value, although he had plenty of time!

Would his street-walker sweetheart keep his secret safe—or would she sell it as she so often sold herself? And why, although in mortal terror of being caught, did the murderer scream taunting clues at his pursuers? Besides—another suspect, with a very good motive for the murders, had *already* confessed!

You will shudder at the terrible penalty the killer pays, even *before* he is trapped. The cleverness of the one man who finally tracks him down will astound you. The stormy character of Sonia, the destitute harlot who befriends him, will shock you. You will hate—and pity—the shameless rake who attempts to seduce and blackmail the murderer's sister. And you will be hypnotized at the murderer's mad urge to *reveal himself*—even when fleeing capture and almost certain conviction!

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SABOTAGE IN THE U.S.A.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

How did the G-men learn, in time, that saboteurs were to be landed on our shores? Here begins a thrilling account of facts until now withheld!

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Editor's Note: The facts presented in the following series have been obtained from official sources in the United States government. Liberty is presenting them to its readers in the belief that if the public is informed, in detail, about the actual operations of German spies and saboteurs, good Americans the country over will be equipped with the precise knowledge that is necessary for combating the still present menace of enemies within our borders.

Many of the names in this chronicle have appeared in the newspapers, in reports of what happened to their owners. This is the story which didn't appear—the story of how it all came about.

WHEN an executioner in the District of Columbia's old red brick jail pulled the switch on six Nazi saboteurs on the second Saturday in August, Uncle Sam was only partly finishing something that had begun at the pier of the S.S. Deutschland in Hamburg, Germany, three years and two months before.

On a June day in 1939 a tall, stooped man of middle age arrived on the Deutschland from the United States. German born, he had become a naturalized American citizen three years previously and had lately been employed as a draftsman at the Consolidated Aircraft plant in San Diego, California. He was on his way to visit his mother, two brothers, and a sister at Mülheim-on-the-Ruhr.

The traveler, William Sebold by name, was making his way off the pier when he was approached by two Gestapo agents. They took him into a stuffy cubbyhole and began to question him about production in the California plant.

When the import of the questions dawned on Sebold, he told the Gestapo that he was a loyal and patriotic American and that he didn't intend to divulge any information of value to a potential enemy of his adopted country. He had forgotten about the incident by the time he arrived at Mülheim. A few days later he received a letter from Berlin, signed by a Dr. Gassner of whom he had never heard, and reading as follows:

My dear friend:

I would like to see you on July 8 in the Hotel Duisburgerhof in Berlin at noon. I would like to go over old times with you. I got your address from a mutual friend. If you realize what is best for you, you will by all means keep this appointment. I will recognize you.

Half curious, half enraged, Sebold kept the appointment. Dr. Gassner was a fat, oily man of middle age who spoke English quite well and who had visited the United States numerous times. He laid his cards on the table. He said that war between Germany and the United States was inevitable and that the Nazis were looking around for an American citizen to assume a vital role in an espionage set-up in New York, the members of which had already been selected. "And we have decided, Herr Sebold," he said, "that you are just the man we need."

Sebold reaffirmed his loyalty to the United States. "But," said the doctor, "you fought for the Fatherland in the last war and were wounded while fighting in the Somme on the western front."

"You seem to know a lot about me," said Sebold.

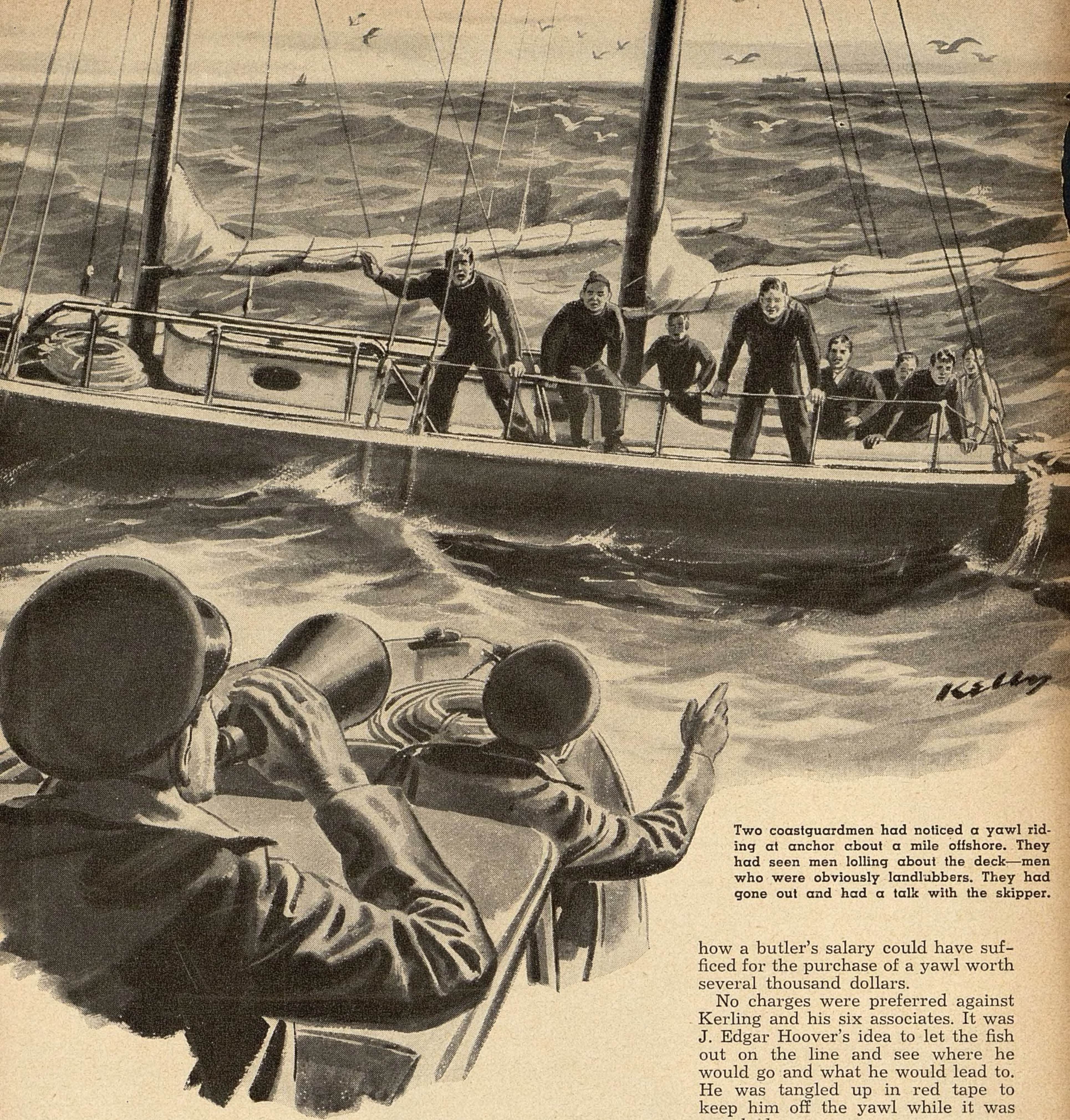
"We know everything about everybody we are interested in," Dr. Gassner said. "And now, Herr Sebold, either you will do as we say or we will find—shall I say *means?*—to deal with your mother, brothers, and sister. Your first step will be to attend an espionage school that we operate in Hamburg. Everything will be explained to you there."

Sebold went back to the Rhineland to try to think his way out of the dilemma. If ever a man was torn between two loyalties, it was this man. He wanted no harm to befall his adopted country, yet he knew what would happen to his blood kin if he didn't do the bidding of the Gestapo.

Weeks passed. He was stalling for time. Every so often he would return to his hotel after a day spent with his family to find that a secret agent had been in his room. The Gestapo, like Satan, was in no hurry. But, just to make assurance doubly sure, it went through Sebold's luggage and stole his passport.

Late in September he shook off men who were shadowing him and went to the American Consulate at Cologne and told his story. He was advised to find out more about the Nazi plans for the espionage ring in New York. He couldn't. The Gestapo was cagey.

On October 26, 1939, diplomatic dispatch No. 487 left the Cologne Consulate for the State Department in Washington. In that pouch was intelligence relating to the Gestapo proposition to William Sebold. Secretary of State Hull took the matter up personally with President Roosevelt. F. D. R. was outraged. Lindbergh and other isolationists were taking the



Two coastguardmen had noticed a yawl riding at anchor about a mile offshore. They had seen men lolling about the deck—men who were obviously landlubbers. They had gone out and had a talk with the skipper.

stump and assuring the people that Hitler had no designs on the United States. The President knew better, but he couldn't say anything.

A month before word of the Sebold matter reached Washington, there had come to light a happening off the shore of Long Island which J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, regarded with gravity. Two coastguardmen, patrolling waters of the Atlantic, had noticed a yawl called the Lekala riding at anchor about a mile offshore. Through their binoculars they had seen seven men lolling about the deck, men who were obviously landlubbers.

The guardmen had gone out to the yawl and had a talk with the skipper, a surly-looking young man named Edward Kerling. The fates had much in store for this man Kerling. He was one of the six who were to die in the electric chair in the District of Columbia in August of 1942 after landing on these shores from a submarine.

He was defiant that day in the fall of 1939 when the Coast Guard questioned him. He said it was nobody's business what he was doing on the yawl, whither he was bound, or how he had come into possession of such a craft. So he was taken ashore and quizzed. It turned out that he was a butler employed in Short Hills, New Jersey. The Coast Guard wondered how a butler's salary could have sufficed for the purchase of a yawl worth several thousand dollars.

No charges were preferred against Kerling and his six associates. It was J. Edgar Hoover's idea to let the fish out on the line and see where he would go and what he would lead to. He was tangled up in red tape to keep him off the yawl while it was searched.

It was carrying enough concentrated food to last a crew for several years. That didn't add up, and led to the conclusion that it might have had a rendezvous with a German submarine. Geodetic surveys disclosed that the waters where it had been spotted were ideal for a sub to lie on the bottom of the ocean until it was time to surface.

The F. B. I. kept on the trail of Kerling and his six friends, and was hardly surprised when they went over into northern New Jersey and became immersed in German-American Bund activities, then thriving in that territory. J. Edgar Hoover wasn't being fooled for a minute. As long as three years before, he had suspected the German plan of espionage and sabotage for the war that was coming. Berlin, he inferred, was going to organize espionage rings whose sole purpose would be the gathering of information to be transmitted to Germany. In the Reich, saboteurs would be trained in accordance with that information. When war began, the saboteurs would come to these shores in submarines and, if feasible, by parachute from planes. Just how accurate Hoover's deductions were we shall learn as we go along.

The American Consulate in Cologne received instructions from the State Department that William Sebold was to pretend to fall in with whatever plans Berlin had for him. Dr. Gassner was quite happy when Sebold told him that he guessed he had always been a German at heart and that he was ready to serve der Führer.

Sebold was sent to a boardinghouse on Klopstock Street in Hamburg, operated by a fat middle-aged woman bearing the name of Mrs. Gut. It was plain to him that the Gestapo had taken over Mrs. Gut's place. Everybody in the boardinghouse—and there were young men and old men, girls and middle-aged women—was being trained for espionage work in the United States and South America.

Sebold was told that his training would take two months and that he would major in photography and radio. The photographic training stressed microfilms. A microfilm is a piece of celluloid about half the size of a postage stamp and is used in a camera with a special reducing lens. Such a film can easily be concealed under the tongue or in the hair, or it can be specially treated, swallowed, and later retrieved. When it reaches its destination, it is enlarged so that whatever was photographed — the typewriting on a sheet of paper, for example—can be discerned by the naked eye.

JUST where his knowledge of microphotography was going to fit into the future scheme of things, Sebold wasn't told. He was shown precisely how to construct and operate a shortwave radio set. He was informed that upon his arrival in the United States it would be up to him to buy the parts for and build such a set, but he was cautioned not to buy all of the parts in one place lest suspicion be aroused.

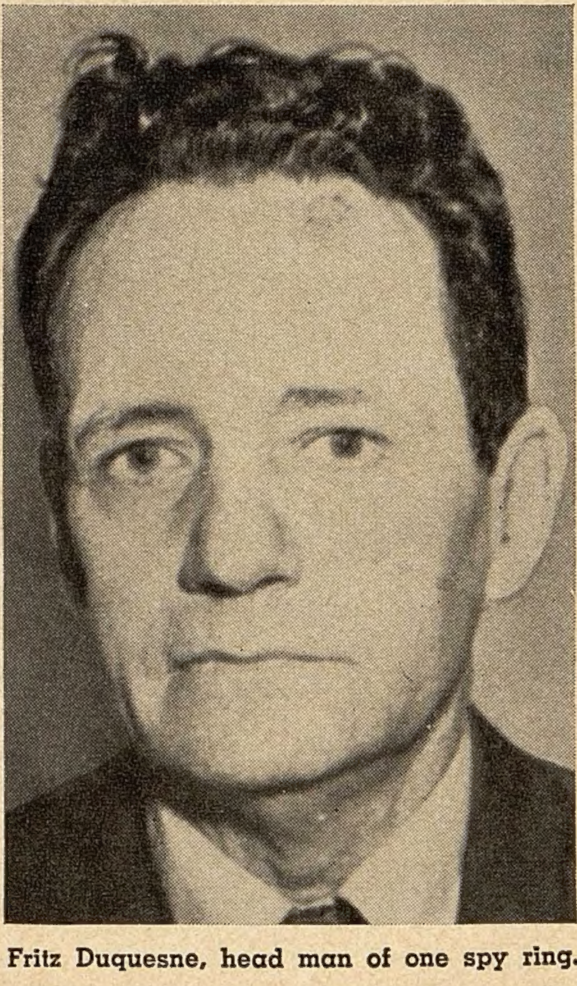
Next, he was given a course in Morse international code. That was the code, he was told, that he was to use in his communications with the Reich after he began operating in the United States. But it wasn't a simple matter—not by a long shot. The Germans had had bad luck with their codes in the last war, and they had never forgotten it. They had learned to their sorrow that Herbert O. Yardley, who was chief of the Cryptographic Bureau of the State Department in Washington, was the world's outstanding authority on breaking down even the most complicated code. But the Huns had smartened up a lot since then. They had thought up a new type of code that couldn't possibly be broken down.

The new code, as it was explained to Sebold, was far too complicated to be fully detailed here. A couple of the scheme's salient features will give you an idea of it. The first step was to add to a basic number, 20, numbers derived from the date on which the message was to be sent. If Sebold was to send a message on March 28, he would add to 20 both 3—March being the year's third month—and 28. His total number would be 51.

Then he would take a copy of a designated best-selling novel and turn to its page 51. There would follow calculations, quite complicated, based on the frequency with which certain letters appeared in certain lines of that page of the book. You can see that the code was thus changed every day, and that even if any outsider caught on to the formula or system, he would still be in the dark unless he knew what book was being used as the code's master key.

Having completed his studies, Sebold was informed that he was to sail on January 30 from Genoa for New York aboard the United States liner Washington. He was given four microfilms, the contents of which were unknown to him. A Gestapo official told him: "These microfilms are identical. You are to give one each to four different individuals." He had to commit to memory the four names and addresses. Topping the list was the name of Frederick Joubert Duquesne.

THAT name rang a bell in Sebold's mind. Fritz Duquesne, he knew, had worked as a German spy in the first World War time, and was a handsome Boer, now in his late fifties, and a dyed-in-the-wool knave who would gladly do anything in his power to harm England. "Duquesne is in charge in New York," Sebold was told. "You will get your instructions from him. That Wall Street address he has is an office that he uses as a front."


Fritz Duquesne, head man of one spy ring.

The second name didn't mean anything to Sebold. It was that of one Lilly Stein, who occupied ground-floor quarters in an apartment building on East Fifty-fourth Street in New York City. "Miss Stein," it was explained, "poses as a model. She is invaluable because of her contacts with certain big men in Detroit factories."

The third name was that of Herman Lang. This man, Sebold was informed, was a naturalized German-born resident of Glendale, Long Island. He was, of all things, a foreman in the Norden bombsight plant where one of Uncle Sam's most secret and most vital products was manufactured!

The fourth microfilm was to be given to a man in the employ of the Sperry Gyroscope Company in Brooklyn, where part of the United States Army bombsight was manufactured. This man, Everett Minster Roeder by name, occupied no less a position at Sperry's than engineer and designer.

WILLIAM SEBOLD arrived in New York on February 8, 1940. At Quarantine, agents of the State Department and the F. B. I. boarded the ship. One of them gave Sebold a password and Sebold handed over the microfilms. He was told to proceed from the pier to Yorkville, New York's teeming German district on the upper East Side, and wait there until G-men contacted him under cover of darkness.

Meanwhile, one of Hoover's most valued associates had the microfilms enlarged. All of them, as Sebold had been informed, were identical. The message for Duquesne and his three associates was in German. Translated, it read:

1. Find out if International Telephone and Telegraph have offered the French and English governments a new procedure of bombing which works as follows: The airplane is directed by some sort of ray against the target and crosses a second ray, shortly before reaching the target, by which the bombs will be released. Try to get hold of all particulars pertaining to the construction of the device, and find out how it has worked in tests and whether there have been negotiations with the French and English governments with a view to selling it to them.

2. There is said to be a branch factory of the French plant of Potez at Montreal. Find out the exact location, type of aircraft manufactured. . . . Are they building fighters? . . . How many a week? How many employees?

3. Find out all you can about Professor ———, an expert for chemical warfare. . . . He is supposed to have developed a new means of protection against mustard gas . . . by which cloth uniforms are impregnated. . . . What is the chemical make-up of the new protection? . . . Is it still being tested by the Army or have orders for it already gone to the chemical

(*Continued on page 41*)

A KISS FOR MISS BLISS

BY HOWARD BRESLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROMANO

Meet Jojo, the Wonder Girl! A rollicking tale of an army brat, an innocent rookie . . . and a brass hat's mistakes!

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THIS war is strictly from Hitler. I mean it stinks. Strictly from Hitler is what the kids at school called anything that curdled them. I mean—anything from a man to a theme. Like, for example, we always said that about Miss Bliss. The *real* Miss Bliss—the charm lady up at school. She gave out with the Emily Post. You know. How to stand so your form doesn't look like a fork in profile, and the proper modulated tone to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Watterson?" Don't ask me why Mrs. Watterson. I don't know any Mrs. Watterson, either. But I am kind of in sweat and fret about Miss Bliss. Suppose the War Department or the F. B. I. or somebody grabs her. That will be distinctly a problem. I shall have to confess. I will have to go to General Upshaw and say, "It wasn't she. It was me." Because it was me. Distinctly.

You can blame the war, and that's no dream. Because of the war, they transferred the Loot Col—that's father—to Fort Monaga. Because of the war, Mary—that's my sister—decided to grab the ring with Jake. That's Mary's Casanova, a tank captain. So mother and Mary took a powder to Chicago to buy rags. And then the Loot Col had to fly to Washington on account of a brass-hat lost a memo. Oolie broolie! You get it? Because of the war, Miss Josephine Patrick—that's me, Jojo the Wonder Girl—arrived at Fort Monaga, and found that my whole family had rode off in all directions. But, distinctly—my whole family!

Monaga was a brand-new army post to me. Mother had sent directions about trains and things. Three pages of directions. Honestly, you'd think a girl of sixteen had no brains of her own. Ask the conductor where to get off! Don't mothers live in a world of their own?

I took a cab from the station. The post is practically a week's gas ration from anywhere. It sits right in the middle of a prairie. It's bounded on the north by a river you could spit across; on the east by a tree; on the south by another tree; and on the west by something that may have started out being a tree but gave up quick. That's all, brother.

Not that it wasn't big. It took the cabby forever to find Officers' Row. I got a real good gander at the post. Barracks and barracks and barracks. New shiny wooden ones, and all tacked onto the original fort like a bustle on a bathing suit.

Officers' Row looked like home. I mean it was like all the other army posts. A line of brick houses exactly alike, drawn up and ready to march. I've always figured that one time the War Department bought whole blocks of Baltimore and shipped a block to every post.

Anyway, I paid off the cab in front of the one with the sign that read: "Lt. Col. E. B. Patrick." I wrestled my bag up the walk and kicked open the front door.

"Hey," I screeched. "Here's the blitz!"

Blackout. Not a sound. The place was as empty as Hirohito's head.

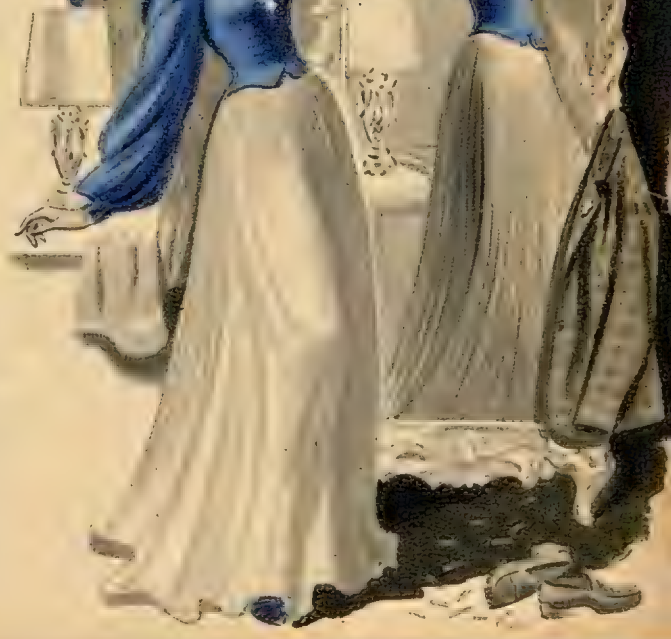
I went out and took another reading on the sign. It was the right house. Then I wandered through every room. Mary's clothes in the room I'd have picked. Mother's and the Loot Col's in the big room. But no family. I felt like the walking dead. I mean low. Distinctly. The stiff upper lip went jelly and the eyes started to give out with dew. I sat down on the living-room floor and shifted into a low-moan note.

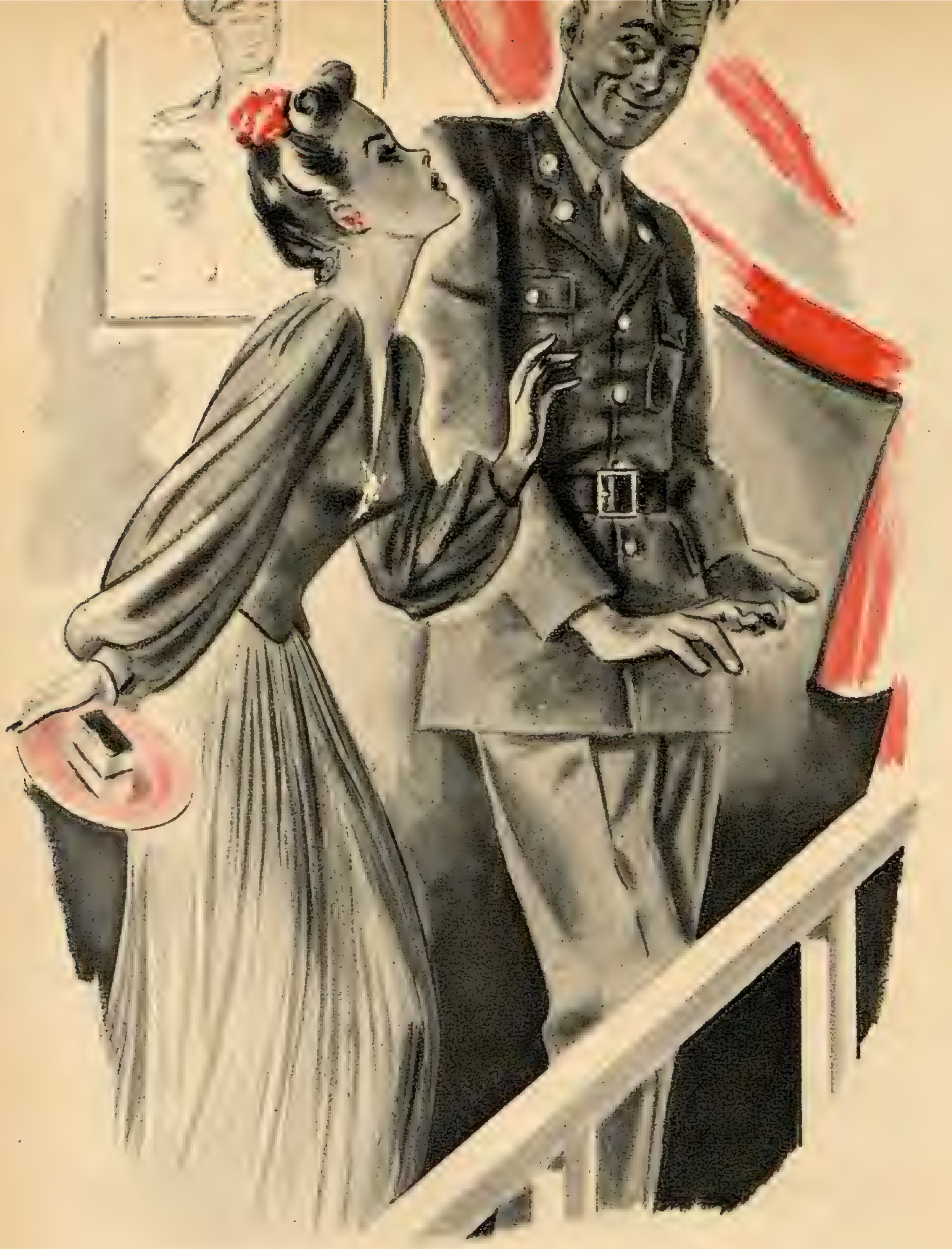
Sunset gun sounded. I jumped. It snapped me out of it. It was like a home-coming salute.

"Jojo," I said, "you're back in the army now. Wipe your nose and use your head."

I started to cook with gas. I didn't know what was featuring with everybody missing, but I stopped worrying. I remembered that I was a day early on account of not stopping off to visit my roommate's home. I figured the Loot Col was on duty, and mother maybe at an officers' tea. I hadn't gnawed hash for hours and my stomach was vitamin vicious. I charged the

When I looked in the mirror I swooned. I mean I was a fever—out of this world.





I took a step forward. "Please, what is it?" He choked a bit, but it came out: "Buck."

kitchen and found that the icebox was full.

I was tearing apart some cold chicken when the phone rang. Feeling on the up beat again, I waltzed over and picked up the receiver.

"Well, dill," said I, "spill."

The phone sputtered like a wet firecracker. I suddenly remembered I was on post.

"Who—who is this?" asked a voice.

I know voices, and I'm army from way back. This voice was stars on shoulders. For father's sake, I had to get back in step.

I gave it the business. I used a tone that was three fourths Miss Bliss and a jigger of throat that I picked up from that Sheridan woman in pictures. It has been known to cause devastation among the boys at Regal Prep.

I said. "You must have the wrong number."

"Oh." The sputtering stopped. "This isn't Colonel Patrick's quarters?"

"No." I rolled the word slowly.

"U-m-m-m-m." This was an older *u-m-m-m-m* than Regal Prep, but the same effect. "General Upshaw speaking. Who is this?"

I raised the sights a bit, increased the range, and let the general have a barrage. I said, "Why, general, this is Miss Bliss. I'm so glad you called. I was just going to call you."

"Oh, were you?" General Upshaw chuckled. "Were you, indeed. And—er—and what for, Miss—er—Miss—"

"Bliss."

"Of course. Miss Bliss."

"Why, general, you've forgotten all about me."

"Nonsense, my dear. Nonsense," said the general, "Just—er—surprised, that's all."

Poor Loot Col, I thought, with that for a C. O. I decided to get off the wire. I said, "Well, it's nothing that can't wait if you're busy."

"Entirely at your service, my dear. Look. Perhaps you could join me for cocktails?"

I bowed to myself in the hall mirror. Nice going, Jojo, I complimented me. But I couldn't carry this too far. If General Upshaw came to our house, he'd know darn well who I was. I stalled. "Isn't that against regulations, general?"

"Not mine," said the general.

"Oh, no," said I. "I mean mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes." I was all tangled up in the thing. I had to really push the brain on all cylinders. I gave it a quick check and came up with the Idea.

"Yes, general. The U. S. O., you know."

I heard the general's take. But I was going ahead with the build-up. I said: "We hostesses have our rules, too. It's all in the letter our office sent from Washington. About me. Coming here."

"I—of course. I remember."

"Well, here I am."

"You—you're a hostess."

"Oh, general," I said. "You're not one of the old-type officers who don't approve of what we're doing? I'd hate to think—"

In wartime generals gag on the word "old" as if it was poison. General Upshaw said quickly: "No, no. I—you're more than welcome. I—I didn't expect to see you before the dance tonight."

Oh, I thought, a dance. I said: "The dance is for the enlisted men, isn't it? The boys?"

"Of course, but—"

"And I'm a hostess for those boys, too. So you see I can't very well associate with the officers. Not until my duty is done."

"Oh," said the general, over his head. "I see."

"But I'll be around. Good-by, General Upshaw. Thank you for everything."

I hung up. I started trying to make the Idea solid. There were a thousand or so soldiers at Fort Monaga. The kids at school had burned green to think of me among all those tanned supermen. I'd let them burn. But I knew mother, and I knew soldiers. To mother I was a child; to any soldier I was the daughter of a lieutenant colonel. With both I was marked lousy as a date doll.

But, said Jojo to Jojo, mother was vanished and gone. And nobody at Fort Monaga knew me as a Loot Col's daughter. There was a dance that night.

"Exit Jojo Patrick," I said. "Enter Miss Bliss."

I TOOK the stairs three at a time. Mary's evening gowns got a going over that nearly opened their seams. I settled for a green-and-white job that I was mad for. A full white skirt, and green from the waist up, with bishop sleeves. I picked the sleeves on purpose. Freckles.

I can wear Mary's shoes. I grabbed the highest heels I could find. Lucky they were on a green pair.

The dress needed a slight retread. After all, Mary's a knockout. But with a hem, and a belt to keep it snug at the waist, and a rhinestone clip at the V of the neckline, I was set. The clip was needed reinforcements. Distinctly. The way that dress was cut, I could understand why Mary was the rage of the Fourth Army.

The phone rang again when I was in the tub. That was the first time it ever happened to me. It made everything perfect—I mean, it showed that life was really like the movies.

I dripped downstairs and answered.

"Miss Bliss?" asked General Upshaw.

He caught me with my panties off.

Literally. I said, without thinking. "Yes."

"Ah. You are at Colonel Patrick's. I've been trying everywhere."

"Oh," I said. "Is this Colonel Patrick's?"

"Yes, but it's all right. Colonel Patrick's been called to Washington. And Mrs. Patrick and her daughter are out of town—off post, as we say."

"Thank you," I said, and meant it. That left a clear field and a fast track. One thousand soldiers. Even if half of them were goons and meatballs, that left plenty of glamour-pusses. I felt distinctly patriotic.

General Upshaw said: "Suppose I drop by for a moment. I'd like to discuss your work."

No dice. I ducked that. I said: "I think I have an engagement. Let me call you back." We left it at that. I knew I had to avoid officers like the plague. One bump into some friend of the Loot Col's and the jig took off straight for the stratosphere. Besides, the enlisted men were younger.

I DRESSED. I put my hair up in rolls on top. When I looked at myself in the mirror I swooned. I mean I was a fever—out of this world. Honestly, that girl in the glass was at least twenty-two. I had to dilute the lipstick a bit. There was no sense in looking old before my time.

The dance was easy to find. You could hear the post cats jive for miles. And were those boys sending. Murder, mother! After we take Tokyo the Japs will hear some music for a change. It might make a world of difference in their nasty disposishes.

There was a big sign outside the hall—U. S. O. DANCE. I took a deep breath and went in with banners flying.

It was an easy crash. There was a squad of privates hanging around the hall, and the first thing I knew I was surrounded.

"Alone, lady?"

"Going my way?"

"Can I help you, ma'am?"

"Cookie!"

"And to think I waited to be drafted!"

The girl on the door—a blonde cuddlecat if I ever saw one—gave me a wave. She shouted at me: "You Miss Bliss?"

I gave her the nod.

She poked a package at me and bellowed: "Compliments of General Upshaw."

The privates clammed down like I was a spy. Not a sound. I opened the package. In the silence the paper crackled like an antiaircraft battery. A corsage in a cellophane box. Gardenias.

I gave the privates a quick once-over. They were smiling but careful. It called for assault tactics. I dropped the cellophane box in the blonde's lap and winked.

"This," said I, "is an enlisted man's war."

It was maybe rough on the general, but I wasn't there to dance with him. And those privates looked superbrown and cute. Anyway, gardenias make me sneeze.

We swept into the dance. Me and my squad. I started high and never slowed. There was plenty of breakage; I hardly went three steps before another male broke in. I'm mad for those service dances. Girls are distinctly in the priorities class.

Those soldiers couldn't do enough for Miss Bliss. It was a lot more attention than I ever got from those buckteeth babies at a prep school prom. These were grown men with keener talk and much more interesting names. Distinctly. I danced with Adams, Bramovich, Vavallo, David, Ericson, Jarret, Mawson, O'Gorman, Smith, Toner, and so forth right down the alphabet to Zabriski. Some of them were terrific rug cutters; others galumphed around like their feet were live things and dangerous.

One private didn't dance. He didn't even talk. But every time the band stopped or I paused for breath, up popped this boy. He'd smile and hold out something he'd brought. Ice cream, a glass of punch, a bottle of coke, three kinds of cake. I decided maybe I'd better get him dancing in self-defense.

That's a lie. I mean, I wanted to dance with him. He wasn't any R. Taylor, and I ain't woofin. The boy was tall and thin, all arms and legs. But he had taffy-colored hair and big brown eyes. Really big. They looked like a scoop of coffee ice cream in the middle of a white plate. I mean, each one looked like that.

The eyes, and his smile, did it. I had a rag doll named Clara—years and years ago, of course—that had a smile like that. You know. Broad and silly, but kind of comfy to have around. Maybe that was it. Maybe the boy reminded me of Clara.

I looked at him over that third piece of cake. I said, "How nice! Did you bake it yourself?"

He just shook his head.

"I don't think I caught your name," I said.

He just smiled.

WELL, I was no violet as Jojo Patrick, but as Miss Bliss I had more nerve than the Commando men. I insisted. "What's your name?"

He licked his lips and took a step backward.

I took a step forward. "Please. What is it?"

He choked a bit and grunted, but it came out: "Buck."

"Buck. I like that. Buck what?"

This time he really edged away. He blushed. I took a firm grip on his uniform lapel. I mean, he looked as if he'd scoot like a scared chipmunk.

"Please again," I said, batting my eyelashes.

He looked down and scraped his feet. Then he whispered it: "Dumguard."

Luck is distinctly a funny business. Any other time I would have laughed. He expected it. He was all tightened up like a puppy who's been yelled at. I was too surprised to laugh.

Because Dumguard was a terrible tag for a recruit to carry. It's army slang for the worst sort of goon soldier. It's old-fashioned, of course, like saying "necking" instead of "crush party," but the army remembers things. And *Buck* Dumguard. Ooolie droolie! It couldn't have been worse if it had been Joe Rookie.

Somehow I managed to get the punch line right. I gazed straight into those brown eyes and said: "We really should dance. A soldier named Dumguard and a hostess named Bliss."

Buck grinned, but shook his head. "Can't dance."

General Upshaw saved the day. At that very moment a sergeant came across the dance floor. "Paging Miss Bliss," he called. "Paging Miss Bliss."

I ignored it. But Buck turned, and the sergeant saw him.

The sergeant made a beeline. "Miss Bliss?"

"Yes."

"Note from General Upshaw." He handed me a paper, and waited.

I unfolded the note and read it. It said: "My dear Miss Bliss. Since the dance is nearly over, may I escort you home? I would like to discuss some matters of morale. Perhaps we could share a bit of supper. With anticipation, HENRY CLAY UPSHAW, Brig. Gen."

"THIS way, miss," said the sergeant, half turning.

"Sorry," I said. "But I'm engaged for this dance."

I nudged Buck. "This gentleman."

"Oh," said the sergeant. "Him."

I didn't like the tone. I stuck my chin out. "Yes, sergeant! Him!"

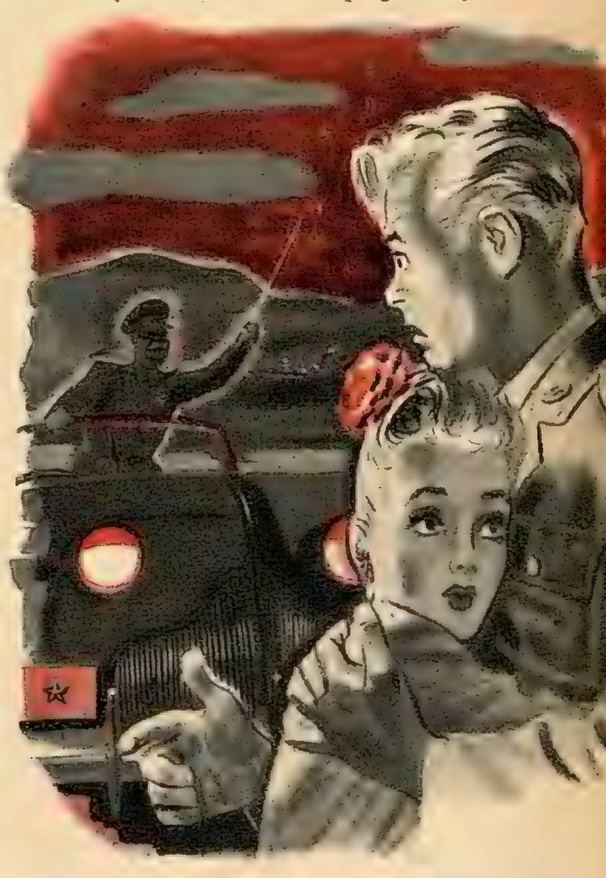
Buck gulped. The sergeant scowled. "But the general—"

"The general," I said, "will have to wait."

"You don't know him," said the sergeant.

"And he doesn't know me," said I. The music started up, and I turned to

(*Continued on page 51*)



Then the headlights were on us. We stood there like two goons in each other's arms.

Harry Warner, President of Warner Brothers and benevolent tyrant of the studio.

WARNER BROTHER NUMBER ONE

An amazing combination of father confessor and Big Boss, he transformed a $60-a-month barn into one of the world's largest studios

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

He is convinced that the good old days were terrible.

He is one of the few multimillionaires who voted and worked for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940.

One of the greatest makers of stars, he is seldom in their company.

The undisputed ruler of 500 motion-picture houses and the largest studios in the world, he works in what is probably the least pretentious office in Hollywood and spends a good part of his day taking telephone messages intended for his secretary.

"Gentlemen," he told some senators in Washington, "I am of Hollywood and yet I have managed to remain married to the same woman for the last thirty-four years."

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A SHORT, wiry, gray-haired man in a blue double-breasted suit, apparently a little ill at ease in a place jammed with Confederate soldiers, storm troopers, pirates, and R. A. F. flyers, was walking slowly along a narrow sidewalk. Every half dozen steps or so he stopped, picked up something from the ground, examined it carefully, and shook his head.

"Who is that little guy?" asked a huge Gestapo man of his companion, a pretty young girl in a silver lamé court presentation gown.

"Oh, nobody," she said, giggling. "Nobody at all. Just the fellow who runs this studio. Harry Warner, searching for shoe nails as usual."

"Searching for shoe nails? Have you lost your mind?"

"No," said the girl gravely, "I have not; but it's a long story, and I am too hungry to tell it now."

It *is* a long story, and a very strange one.

It is quite true that Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers, a motion-picture company with a weekly pay roll of $600,000, is forever on the lookout for shoe nails. He even dreams of them. At least once a month he wakes up in a cold sweat, having just had that nightmare again. For the *n*th time in his life he saw himself as he was fifty-four years ago, an undersized kid of seven in a cobbler's shop, who always kept a fistful of nails in his mouth so as not to waste time picking them up from the floor. He swallowed hard, he choked, and he woke up—in his comfortable bedroom on his ranch in the hills just outside Hollywood.

Other men in the United States have worked their way up from poverty to great riches. Harry Warner's case is unique not because he started at the bottom and wound up at the top, but because today, at sixty-one, having survived five major depressions and weathered heaven knows how many financial storms, he is convinced that the good old days were terrible and that Horatio Alger was either a knave or a dupe. He is willing to back that conviction with money. He is one of the few multimillionaires in captivity who voted and worked for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940.

Nothing about his appearance, manners, habits, or conversation suggests a motion-picture magnate. In a crowd he would pass for a retired business man living on a modest income. One of the greatest makers of stars, he is seldom in their company. The orig-

More than 3,000 people work for this studio, and the pay roll amounts to $600,000 a week.

Olivia de Havilland, one of the Warner stars.

inator of some of the noisiest and most spectacular promotion campaigns, he shuns the limelight. The undisputed ruler of five hundred motion-picture houses and the largest studios in the world, he works in what is probably the least pretentious office in Hollywood and spends a good part of his time taking telephone messages intended for his secretary. Other motion-picture magnates vie for the privilege of entertaining visiting royalty and celebrities; but Harry Warner is content to sit at his dinner table with people whose names can seldom be found in the phone book, let alone the Social Register or Who's Who.

Last year, when he appeared in Washington before a bunch of senators who were investigating so-called "subversive propaganda in the motion-picture industry," he summed up his life in one sentence. "Gentlemen," he announced, "I am of Hollywood and yet I have managed to remain married to the same woman for the last thirty-four years."

NEWCOMERS on Warner's lot in Burbank find it difficult if not impossible to understand what the Big Boss is all about. His quiet outspokenness leaves them stupefied. To a famous European director who was put in charge of a million-dollar picture he said, by way of introduction, "Never mind giving me your name. I know all about you. You are the guy who is ten days behind the shooting schedule. You cost us a helluva lot of money."

Having thus dismissed the great genius, he plunged into a lengthy conversation with the third assistant of the head of the wardrobe department. The fellow was about to walk down the aisle with his dream princess, and Mr. Warner was anxious to give him certain pointers on how to be happy though married.

As a rule, it takes a newcomer from two to five years to realize that although Warner Brothers is a company capitalized at millions and millions of dollars, with its stock quoted on the Big Board, Harry Warner's regime is still that of a benevolent family tyrant. Everything pertaining to the private lives of his employees interests him greatly: ailments, new family arrivals, buying and selling and renting of houses, wedding anniversaries, graduation dates, etc. He has been known to prescribe for head colds, to advise changing insurance policies, to suggest ways of reducing interest on the mortgage, and to act as a supercombination of father confessor and one-man Salvation Army.

OUT of 3,411 men and women who were employed in the Warner studio on the eve of Pearl Harbor, only 232 had been with the company for less than one year. More than half had been on Warners' pay roll for as long as ten years. As motion-picture companies go, hiring and firing at the drop of a hat, this constitutes a veritable world record.

It stands to reason that a "big happy family" which counts among its members such prodigal sons, prima donnas, and firebrands as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, George Raft, Ann Sheridan, and Olivia de Havilland (to mention but a few) is bound to have more than its quota of troubles. But Harry Warner never lets the temperamental outbursts of his beloved children upset his mental equilibrium.

When one of his "daughters" (who feels mercilessly exploited because she has to work for a niggardly $1,500 a week) storms and raves and threatens, he listens to her sympathetically, shakes his head exactly at the moment she would expect him to, then sighs and says: "There is a great deal to be said for your point of view. Now, if I were you, here's what I would do. I would go see Jack"—his brother Jack Warner, who until joining the army was in charge of production—"and say, 'Jack, how about meeting each other halfway? I realize that I lost my temper, but on the other hand—' "

It goes without saying that an

George Raft and, below, Ann Sheridan are also members of the studio's "big happy family."

Inside the studio the cast of a Warner Brothers picture prepare to rehearse a scene.

Errol Flynn, player of swashbuckling roles.

actress intelligent enough to realize that Harry Warner is running Warner Brothers invariably follows his advice and gets what she wants, or at least part of it.

However, once in a while the water hose of Mr. Warner's wisdom fails to put out the fires of imaginary resentment. Then exits the father and steps in the Big Boss. The latter, a man who parlayed a sixty-dollar-a-month barn into the largest studio in the world, never forgets that stars come and go but the industry remains.

NOT long ago, when the top executives of his company were wringing their hands because a certain actor threatened to walk out on a picture already in production, Harry Warner happened to arrive in the dining room just in time to overhear their hysterical conversation. He stopped on the threshold, listened for a moment, then said, raising his voice: "I've no patience with you! All you worry about is that guy. You must think of this company as a whole, and to hell with that guy. Put some one else in his place—I don't care who." And he started to move toward his place at the head of a very long table. On his way he noticed a handsome young fellow who was busily munching roast beef.

"What's your name?" asked the Big Boss.

The young man got up and explained that he was one of the newly appointed associate producers.

"Put him in that guy's place," said Harry, addressing the crestfallen executives.

For a moment all was silence. Then Harry's brother Jack spoke up. "It's a fine idea, Harry," he said, laughing nervously. "There is *only* one trouble with it. After this handsome young man appears in a couple of pictures and begins getting fan mail, he'll be just as difficult to handle as the guy we are discussing now."

"Oh, yeah?" said Harry, and looked down at the by now thoroughly embarrassed associate producer. "Then I say," exclaimed Harry, "to hell with you too!"

Eccentricity? Not quite. Rather, a very sound, if somewhat drastic, point of view based on long, long experience. In his thirty-five years in and around the motion-picture business Harry Warner beheld some weird spectacles. He saw fifteen-dollar-a-week shopgirls reach the fantastic heights of stardom ($100,000 per picture), only to fall immediately afterward into that well known Hollywood abyss marked "has-been." He watched great directors of yesterday build million-dollar palaces in Beverly Hills, only to sell them a few years later for the interest on the mortgage. He followed the manipulations of his powerful competitors, who began by denying him even the right to distribute pictures in what they considered their territory, but who finished by walking into his office, hat in hand, begging for a job, any old job. The passing of the years left in their wake some odd case histories. Their contents varied, but the moral was always the same. The individuals, be they producers, stars, or directors, mattered but little. The industry was the thing.

ONE morning, alighting at the gate of his studio, Harry Warner saw two men. One of them, a dashing young fellow, was going out; the other, a middle-aged, prematurely gray-haired man, was going in. The former had just rejected an offer of $7,000 a week because he fancied he was worth at least $8,000. The latter used to get $5,000 a week in the silent days. He had just been rehired at ten dollars a day. Harry watched the present and the past pass each other in the gateway; then he shuddered and thanked his Maker for having helped him to stick to his formula through fat years and lean.

What was important, what was directly responsible for transforming an outfit that used to produce quickies into one of the largest motion-picture companies in the world, was Harry's determination never to overrate the importance of stars, but to concentrate on finding good stories and to concoct daring promotion schemes.

It was twenty-five years ago that the head of Warner Brothers first displayed his flair for finding "great properties." Up to that time he had tried his hand at almost everything. He repaired shoes and bicycles; he managed his father's meat market; he sold soap, and ready-made clothes; he ran a bowling alley; he speculated in scrap iron, hogs, real estate; he made and lost several fortunes distributing pictures and trying to build up a chain of film exchanges; he helped his three younger brothers to run nickelodeons—but he was still nowhere.

Then, one day in 1917, he read that James W. Gerard, former American ambassador to Berlin, had written a book entitled My Four Years in Germany. The book was a sensation. "There is a terrific picture in it," said Harry to himself.

He jumped up, grabbed his hat, and rushed to the hotel where Mr. Gerard was staying. The latter had never heard of Harry M. Warner or of the existence of Warner Brothers, but he did hear from William Fox, one of the most prominent picture-makers at that time. In fact, that very morning he had received a letter from Mr. Fox containing a check for $75,000. "I think," said Mr. Gerard, "I shall accept Mr. Fox's offer. Seventy-five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

MR. WARNER admitted to himself that seventy-five thousand dollars was indeed a great deal of money. It was about ten times more than he and his brothers possessed at the moment. Aloud he said, "I believe, Mr. Gerard, that I am in a position to make you a better offer."

And, trying not to look at that awe-inspiring check on Gerard's desk, he began what was possibly one of the greatest sales talks ever given this side of Suez. It was his contention that a percentage deal with the Warners was infinitely wiser than that miserly offer of seventy-five grand. He trotted

Bette Davis, bright star and Oscar winner.

Edward Robinson, specialist in gangsters.

Joan Leslie, one of the newer Warner stars.

out a formidable array of arguments, proofs, and examples.

Gerard heard him through.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Warner," he said. "I won't say yes or no now. I must do some thinking. As I have to go West anyway, to visit some relatives in Montana, suppose we adjourn this meeting and see each other again in your studio in Los Angeles."

Harry thought of that sixty-dollar-a-month barn in Hollywood where his brothers, Jack and Sam, were shooting quickies (their entire equipment consisting of a small camera brought from New York in a wardrobe trunk) and his heart stood still.

"Mr. Gerard," he said, "I wouldn't dream of dragging you to Los Angeles this time of the year. It's hot and sticky and most uncomfortable. Let's meet in your place in Montana."

"But I do want to go to California," insisted Gerard. "I have lots of friends in San Francisco."

"That's fine, Mr. Gerard. I love San Francisco, too. Suppose we meet there two weeks from now."

And he rushed out without giving Gerard a chance to mention the word "studio" again.

No one was more surprised than Harry Warner when, a couple of weeks later, James Gerard returned to William Fox a check for $75,000 and closed a percentage deal with the Warners.

But the real surprises were yet to come. What Mr. Gerard experienced in his four years in Germany was nothing in comparison with what Harry Warner went through in the following four months. First, he had to raise money. That was difficult enough. Most of the people he approached knew that he was in despair, and the terms on which they were willing to advance the necessary funds made Hetty Green look like Florence Nightingale. Eventually, after what seemed like centuries of agony, Harry met a kindhearted gentleman who agreed to let him have $30,000 in exchange for 52 per cent of the net profits. He felt better. All that stood between him and the making of the picture now was a trifling matter of another $20,000. He managed to raise that, and still to salvage a certain amount of the remaining 48 per cent of the stock for himself and his brothers.

"Our troubles are over," he advised the family.

He should have knocked on wood when he made that announcement. Their troubles were just beginning. They discovered very soon that their powerful competitors were prepared to move heaven and earth in order to keep the Warners from invading the Big League. No motion-picture theater on Broadway displayed the slightest inclination to accommodate the Warners and their picture.

One night, when Harry and his brothers were racking their brains in their New York office, a visitor dropped in. He was a man with "important connections" and he minced no words about it. It was his intention, as well as that of the interests he represented, that the Warners should either sell them the completed screen version of Four Years in Germany for less money than it cost them to produce it—or else. "Or else" covered plenty of territory. A guaranty of boycott, blackmail, and so on.

When the visitor finished delivering his speech, Harry's younger brother, Albert, a husky fellow who stands six feet three in his stocking feet, jumped up and said, "I give you exactly three seconds to get the hell out, or, so help me, I'll throw you out of the window!"

The visitor beat it. But his departure did not mean that the Warners had found a theater willing to show Four Years in Germany. There they were, with eight reels of what had all the earmarks of a smash hit in their vault, but not a friend in the world.

"I shall never forget that night," sighs Harry. "That was the nearest I ever came to committing suicide. Four Years in Germany was a great picture, but a much greater picture could have been made of Four Warners in Search of a Theater."

Mr. Van Ryn will tell more of the story of Harry Warner in an early issue of Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS

1. What is the difference between Rockefeller Center and Radio City?

2. Who would be most at ease wearing a cestus: Gypsy Rose Lee, Joe Louis, or Miss America?

3. What motion picture featured characters called "Thumper," "Flower," and "Man"?

4. Kilkenny cats, Donnybrook Fair, imbroglio, rapprochement. Which of these terms is out of place?

5. How far is Gibraltar from Africa—14 miles, 140, or 1,400?

6. Who wrote these lines:

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world"?

7. A year or two ago you couldn't help seeing New York City's flag at the World's Fair. Can you describe it?

8. Distinguish between a copyright and a patent.

9. Is it Missouri, Missourri, Misourri or Misouri?

10. What is the Ruml tax plan?

11. The R. A. F. is sending "lemonade" to Nazi territory. How come?

12. What are Nazi von Papen's and Ribbentrop's jobs?

13. What is the religious tenet of Jehovah's Witnesses which leads to trouble?

14. What and where is the Giant's Causeway?

15. Approximately how many daily newspapers are there in the U. S.: 200, 2,000, or 20,000?

16. Is Sanskrit a brand of coffee, a fighter plane, an O'Neill play—or something else?

17. Through the Louisiana Purchase the United States acquired at least a section of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska. If you had wished to contribute twenty acres, would your share of the cost have been 80 cents, $80, or $800?

18. Who is James C. Petrillo?

19. What is Yom Kippur?

20. Do you know the name of the Maritime Commission's chairman?

(*Answers will be found on page 53*)

LIFE OF TH

If you join a Fighter Squadron in the Far East and find 'em gloomy, don't fret! They'll get over it—here's how

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FLIP, I say to myself as I spread my feet against the roll of the U. S. S. Hornet and look around the ready room at the long-faced pilots of the Eighth Fighter Squadron, what's wrong with this gang of men anyway? Are they sorry for themselves because they're at sea on the biggest and best aircraft carrier in the world? Are they worried because any minute now they'll be up in the air scrapping with Japs? Are they seasick?

"Charlie," I say to my section leader, "why are they so sad?"

"They're not sad, Flip," says Charlie. He ought to know—he's been with the Eighth Fighter Squadron since the war began, and every one's his pal. I'm only new, just out of combat training. But I know trouble when I see it in a man's eyes.

"What this squadron needs is a dash of zip," I say. "It needs a shot in the arm."

"Let the squadron alone, Flip," says Charlie. "The squadron's touchy. The squadron's on edge."

"The squadron's dead," I tell him.

It's not right for fighting men to be so gloomy, Flip, I say to myself. It isn't healthy. This is up to you, Flip. Be gay. Be cheerful.

The prize sourpuss of them all is in a far corner by himself, frowning at a chart. He looks up quick when I start to sing.

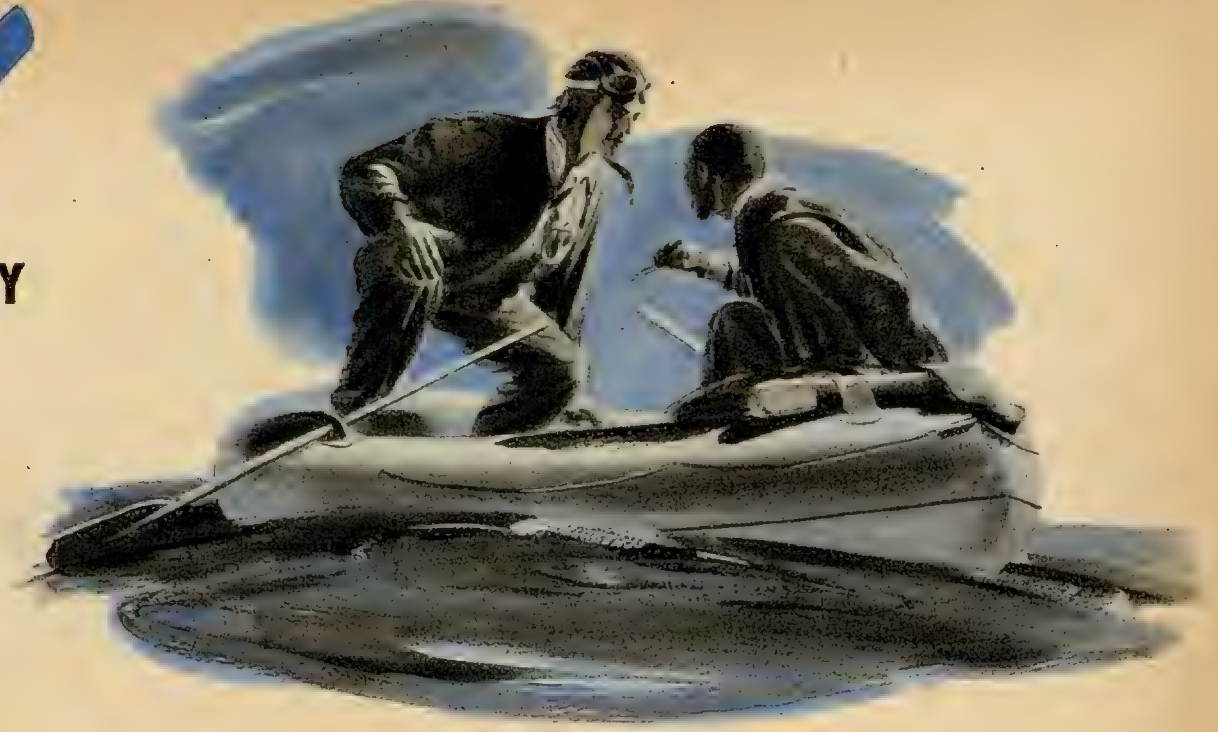
"I'm warning you, Flip," says Charlie.

Good old Charlie! At Floyd Bennett Field I was the life of every cadet party they had. At Pensacola I was so funny I brought tears to the eyes of an

PARTY

BY GORDON RAMSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



When I reach over to grab him, he pulls a knife from his belt.

admiral's wife. So why worry about a measly handful of fighter pilots? Sing right into their faces, Flip, I say to myself. Break 'em down. Be irresistible.

THE song is one that makes the Japs out to be comical little nitwits. It's good for a howl at the end of every line, and I figure the Eighth Sourpuss Squadron will be rolling in the scuppers at the last verse. But they don't even smile.

"Holy Pete!" I say. "Can't you guys laugh?"

Nobody answers. Instead they all look at the prize sourpuss. He pushes aside the chart and stands up.

"I'm Hoot Borden," he says, as if that should shut me up. "Nobody makes fun of the Japanese around here."

"Why not?" I say. "They are funny, aren't they?"

"No," he says.

So, just for Hoot Borden, I slant my eyes like a Jap. I show my teeth. I yap like an excited Jap on the telephone. It's a wow of an imitation, but Hoot Borden doesn't laugh. Instead, he turns red in the face.

"You're pretty cocky for a kid just out of training," he says.

"Well—I'm an American," I tell him. "I've got a right to be cocky."

"Oh, sure," he says.

"And I'm in the United States Navy," I say. "I can fly higher and fly faster and take off from a carrier quicker than any other pilot in the world. Not just me—all of us," I say. "Three for one—that's how we measure up with the Japs."

"You've got a lot to learn, boot," he says bitterly.

"Six for one, then," I say lightly. "Have it your way."

Nobody laughs but me. Charlie is tugging at my sleeve to shut me up, and all of a sudden I get some sense.

"All right, Hoot," I say. "No more wisecracks about the Japs. O. K.?"

"O. K.," he says.

He sits down and picks up his chart again, and the lines of worry come back into his face. The rest of the pilots glance at me sideways, and I get the idea they're glad just a little bit anyway that I tried to break the ice. Maybe it was the wrong subject, Flip, I say to myself. Maybe something else would be better—something nice and safe and inoffensive. I think for a while, and then I clear my throat and start to talk.

"One good thing about most dames," I say cheerily, "is the way they fall for a guy with wings."

Charlie sinks into his chair and puts one hand over his eyes and groans. Every one else brightens a little and looks up quick—every one but Hoot. He throws me a dark glance and then keeps studying his chart.

"One fell for me at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel the night before I reported aboard," I go on gaily. "There were men on hand from every branch of the army, navy, and Marine Corps, but she went for me like a pigeon going home. And she was no leftover, boys—take it from me. She was right off the big burner."

I'm not kidding. I really met a dame at a U. S. O. lobby party that last night in Honolulu, and she really was a dilly. Both shoulders loaded with creamy blonde hair, and when she turned to look at any one it fell across her cheek in a big soft wave. Point by point I describe her to the boys, and they melt and go soft.

"I even got her photo," I tell them. It's in my inside pocket and so I dig it out. "'With love to Flip—Julia McKay,'" I read from across the lower right-hand corner. "That's how crazy she is about me," I say.

"Crazy, period," says one of the boys.

But he smiles. He actually smiles and holds out his hand for a look at the photograph. But before he can even touch it Hoot Borden throws back his chair, rushes across the ready room, snatches the picture away from me, tears it into small pieces and throws them to the deck.

"What's the matter now?" I say. "Can't a guy even talk about women in this squadron?"

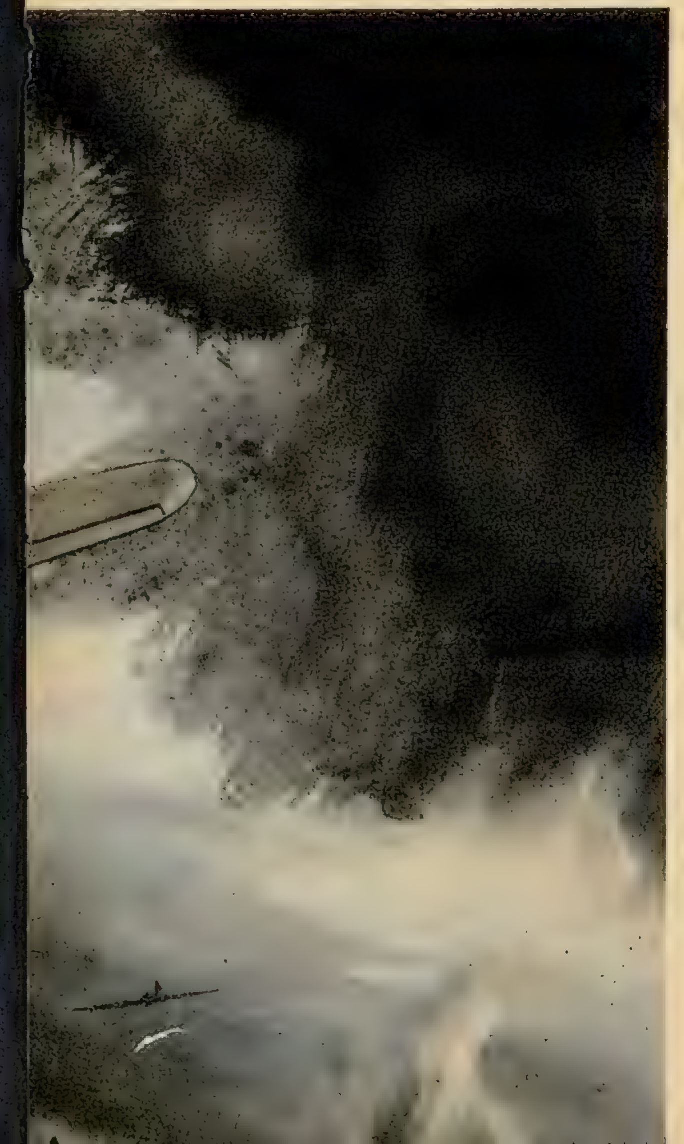
"Not that woman," he says. "Not in that way." His breath is coming fast and the knuckles on his closed fists are white and tight. "You make her out to be an easy mark—a Royal Hawaiian pick-up," he says.

"Well, isn't she?" I say. "She dances with any one who's got legs."

"That's her job with the U. S. O.," he says—and then he swings at me hard with his right fist. It grazes the stubble on my chin and knocks me back against the bulkhead. I bounce off and land one on him. Then my arms are pinned from behind and a couple more of the boys are between me and Hoot and I'm struggling to get free.

All of a sudden the loud-speaker clears its throat and starts to talk. It talks big:

"Enemy fleet reported three hun-



"You asked for this, Nip," I say. My guns rip open. All at once the yellow plane goes into a spin and black smoke swirls out of its tail.

dred miles northwest. Ready all pilots. Ready all pilots."

They let go my arms. Bells go off all through the big ship. Men run along the flight deck over us. Motors start to roar. The loud-speaker says the Jap fleet is one large aircraft carrier, two heavy cruisers, six destroyers. It says we're going to attack.

"I'll see you later—after the action," says Hoot Borden.

"O. K. by me," I tell him. He's still hot and so am I.

I buckle my straps and fix my helmet and all I'm waiting for is the word to go. Charlie's putting on his gloves.

"Tell me, Charlie," I say. "What's eating this guy Borden? Is he a sorehead? Did he fall from a plane on his head?"

"Hoot's all right," says Charlie. That's all he intends to say, but suddenly he opens up. "Remember that first day at Pearl Harbor, Flip?"

How could I remember that? I was still in college then.

"The Eighth Fighter Squadron was there, waiting to join one of the carriers at sea," says Charlie slowly. "They couldn't do a thing. They just had to stand still and watch the Japs pound hell out of the anchored fleet. Then they were in the Java Sea on the Langley. She was sunk, remember? Hoot was twenty-six days on a rubber raft after that fight. Then the Lexington. Everybody knows what happened to the Lexington. So now they're so sore they're sick."

I laugh.

"I don't mean body-sick," he says. "I mean soul-sick, way down."

"Rubbish," I tell him. I laugh again. "They're still alive, aren't they? They can still fly, can't they?"

"I'm talking to a stone wall, talking to you," says Charlie. "But whoever told you the Japs were comical sold you a bill of goods. The Japs are clever. The Japs can fight."

"You too, Charlie?"

He grins. "I was with Hoot on the raft," he says.

THE telephone talker is relaying orders from air-plot operations. A lot of details for bombers, torpedo planes, and fighters, but they all add up to one big idea—find the Japanese covered wagon and send her to the bottom.

"Fighters off," says the loud-speaker.

That means us. You'd think somebody would let out a whoop. You'd think somebody would yell. But the pilots of the Eighth Fighter Squadron move toward the door like pallbearers at a funeral. No pep talk, no fighting words—nothing. Just a bunch of sad-faced boys who've been licked too many times. It's wrong, Flip, I say to myself as I bound up the ladder to the flight deck. It's criminal.

"Give 'em hell, fighters!" says the loud-speaker from the bridge.

Now, *there's* somebody with fight. There's somebody with spirit. I lean out of the cockpit and give the loud-speaker a wave of my hand as I go by. My plane's a Grumman Fighter, the newest the navy owns. It takes to the air like a hummingbird. It's the best and fastest in the world. I feel fine.

I climb the spiral staircase and sit on the top rung, waiting for the others to come up. The ocean below is a big blue dinner plate with gray sardines trailing long white tails, and up from the back of one flat sardine come small flies that finally turn out to be bombers. Look at 'em, Flip—the biggest and strongest and most walloping bombers in the world! Why shouldn't I be proud?

"Flip!"

"Is that you, Charlie?"

"Don't sing over the radio. It's for orders."

"But I feel like singing, Charlie."

"Keep it for later," cuts in another voice. It's a voice with authority and I've heard it before, and when I look ahead at good old Charlie he's jabbing upstairs with his thumb. I look up, and—holy Pete! In the flight commander's plane I see Hoot Borden, sitting in the flight commander's seat!

"Course three four two," he orders, and the formation swings to the north and off we go.

SOME flight commander, Flip, I keep saying to myself. Some leader. All these bombers, all these torpedo planes, all these fighters taking orders from a sourpuss who thinks the Japs are good. It's wrong, Flip. It's crazy. But what can I do about it? What can I do to keep off Charlie's left wing in V formation and watch the ocean and wonder what's going to happen when we sight the Jap fleet?

We sight it sooner than I expect.

"Bombers and torpedo planes swing right. Fighters keep going," orders Hoot.

The bombers and torpedo planes make a ninety-degree turn and get themselves lost in a layer of clouds to the east. I look down through a narrow rift and see a Japanese aircraft carrier, with a big cruiser going along with her on each bow. See what I mean about Hoot? We're out to sink this ship, and when we see her, does he swoop down and paste hell out of her? No. Instead, he gives a scared little order and turns all our striking force into the safety of soft white clouds.

"JAP fighters coming," warns Charlie. "Zeros and 97s. Watch out for them—they're tricky."

"What's tricky about 'em?" I say.

"There's one on your tail right now," he answers.

I twist my neck, and—holy Pete!—screaming down at me is a little yellow plane with red jets of fire shooting out of its wings! Back goes my stick. Over I roll—and when I'm right side up again the yellow plane is ahead of me and I've got him right in my sights.

"You asked for this, Nip," I tell him.

I press the trigger and my guns rip open. They kick like mules. The Jap snakes and wriggles, but I keep him covered and I keep him warm. Everybody knows they hate close fighting. All at once the yellow plane goes into a spin and black smoke swirls out of its tail.

"Keep after him, Flip!" yells Charlie from somewhere. "Don't let him get away."

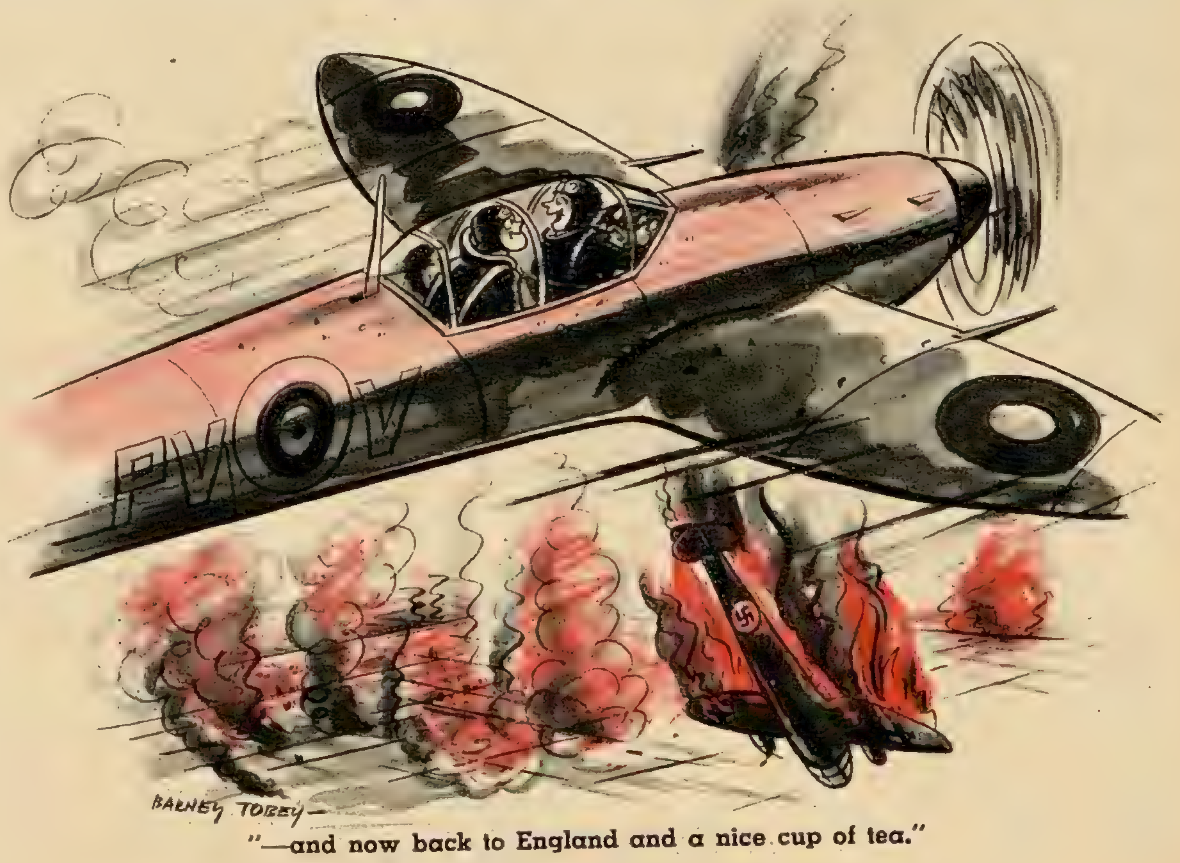
"How can he get away?" I say.

He's out of control now, spinning and slipping. He's bailing out. His parachute opens up and his next stop is the broad blue sea. Charlie's still yelling at me, but now I can't listen because I'm busy again. This time it's a gray plane, and it makes a long-distance pass at me and then turns and runs. Now, there's a smart Jap.

"Up, Flip! Up!" yells Charlie.

What does he want me to pull up for? It's me that's doing the chasing, isn't it? And what's the sense of being in the world's fastest plane if I don't ride down a Jap and knock him over?

All of a sudden my ears go "Whap!" and I feel the ship shake and there's an explosion at the back of my head. Holy Pete! I look around, and there's another yellow plane behind me, and



"—and now back to England and a nice cup of tea."

the guy inside is too close for comfort, and the best thing for you to do, Flip, I say to myself, is pull out of here and pull out of here, period.

Back goes my stick—but I don't nose up. Instead, I start to twist and I can't come out of it. I fight the controls and sweat blood, and before I think of hitting the silk it's already too late and I'm smacking the water.

I GET clear with the rubber boat before my Grumman Fighter sinks from under me, and then I see that while the Jap in the second yellow plane was getting me Charlie was getting him, and there he is in the water not a hundred feet away. He's tangled in his own parachute and he doesn't have a rubber boat.

I paddle over and straighten him out and pull him aboard the raft. He's a funny little Jap with his head plucked clean except for a soggy patch of pinfeathers just over each ear.

"Banzai," I tell him. It's the only Japanese I know.

"Prisoner, please," he says jerkily.

"Relax," I tell him. "Your worries are over."

"You my prisoner," he says.

He's not kidding. When I reach over to grab him, he pulls a knife from his belt. It pops open by itself, and he makes it plenty plain that if I move another inch he'll rip a hole in the rubber tubing and sink us both.

"Sit down," he says. "Be calm."

I sit down on my side of the raft and he sits down on his. I start to swear, and while I'm swearing he just grins and pulls the water and emergency grub to where he can reach them but I can't. Over his shoulders I can see our scout bombers coming in for a high-level attack. They're high up—so high the Jap ships don't even fire their antiaircraft.

"Ruse," he says. "Scout bombers try to draw off fighters so torpedo planes may come in for easy kill."

Maybe he's right. It wouldn't make sense any other way. Bombers have to come in low to hit a ship at sea.

"Ruse will fail," he says. "American leaders do not notice faulty and outmoded strategy of naval commanders. Before they do notice, war will be lost. For example," he says, and points to a bundle of rags floating in the water.

"For example what?" I say.

"Dummy pilot," says the Jap. "If thrown from plane and at same time release smoke from tail—very fine trick to make slow-thinking Yankee think fight is won. Not so," he says. "Remember?"

Holy Pete! I look close, and what I think is only a bundle of rags turns out to be a carefully stuffed Japanese uniform attached to a parachute! I remember all right. I remember the flash of white silk and the burst of smoke from the end of that first yellow plane.

"You're not kidding me," I say. "There were two yellow planes."

"So sorry," says the Jap. "Only one. Just me."

They teamed up on you, Flip, I say to myself bitterly. They made a monkey out of you. They sucked you in. I glance up again at our scout bombers. They're past the bomb-release point but they haven't released any bombs. It was a ruse all right, but it didn't work. They were trying to draw off the Jap fighters, but the Jap fighters wouldn't draw. It looks like another licking for Hoot Borden and the Eighth Soul-Sick Squadron.

When our scout bombers are directly over the Jap fleet, the first one peels off and dives straight down for the Jap carrier! Holy Pete! He pulls out of his dive a thousand feet above it and lets go a quarter-ton bomb. By this time the other bombers are screaming in, and the surprised Japs now know it wasn't just a phony threat to draw off the fighters but a dive-bombing attack going in high to get inside the antiaircraft defenses.

"Who's smart now?" I say.

"Not worried," says the Jap.

He can take it, and so can the Jap carrier. That first 500-pounder must have done some damage—but the carrier gets out of the way of the other bombers and shoots down two of our planes into the bargain.

It was a good try, Flip, I say to myself. Good try, but not good enough.

Then our heavy bombers show up, and this time it's the works. The Jap fighters go in to head them off, and our fighters get into it, too. The sky's full of black puffs and the planes are falling like flies. One of our heavy bombers drops a big pill right on the carrier's deck, and a column of dark smoke leaps up and blows across the water. I can smell the fumes from cordite and oil.

"Bombers cannot sink carrier," says the Jap.

He's pretty sure of himself. He's pretty cocky. Two of our heavy bombers tumble out of the sky. The others do their best, but their bombs drop in the water, and then they pull up and streak for home.

SUDDENLY I hear a roar of planes coming down the streamer of black smoke, close to the water. I duck when the first one goes over—and the Jap ducks. I can see the torpedo hanging down, ready for business.

"Carriers will shoot them down. Special guns," says the Jap.

His back is to the fight now. One by one the torpedo planes tear along that trail of smoke. One by one they go up to that carrier and pump in their tin fish. There's not much to hear except a dull sound every time one of them goes off, but there's lots to see. I see it, and I feel great. I feel like jumping up and down.

Instead, I pull a long sour face.

"Holy Pete!" I say. "All American planes shot down!"

"How sorry," says the Jap.

He turns for a look, just as I thought he would, and sees his own aircraft carrier breaking into flames. Before he realizes he's been tricked, I take a step across the raft and twist the knife from his hand. It somersaults into the drink. One more somersault and the Jap is there with it. He swims back and hangs on to the edge of the raft.

"Me prisoner now," he says. "Please—"

Let him soak a while, Flip, I say to myself. Let him get humble. So I keep him up to his neck in the water, and watch the Jap carrier go down head-first. Then I study the raft and wonder if I'll last twenty-six days on it, like Charlie and Hoot. But three hours later one of our amphibian scouts drops out of nowhere and picks us up.

"I hope I can find our carrier," says the observation pilot. "I hope the U. S. S. Hornet hasn't been sunk."

I don't say a word. I just hope the same and let it go at that.

HE finds the Hornet all right, and my Jap prisoner finds the brig, and I find the messroom full of Eighth Squadron fighters. They're banging at the piano and singing songs and feeling fine. Charlie lets out a glad yell when he sees me and slaps my back.

"Where's Hoot, Charlie?" I say.

"Look, Flip," he says. "Forget it."

"I've got to find Hoot," I say.

I go along the passageway toward Hoot's cabin. Everybody I meet says "Hi!" Everybody grins. I knock on Hoot's door and go in.

"Taking a shower," he calls. "Be right with you."

I stand at the washroom door. "That was a swell fight, Commander Borden," I say. "You timed it right and you hit hard and you kept hitting and you outguessed them at every turn."

"Well—thanks!" he says. "It's what you have to do—to beat the darn shavers. We can do it again. We can do it any time we want." He sticks his head out of the door. "Oh," he says. "It's you." There's a drop to his voice.

"Flip the nuisance," I say. "I want to tell you something—about that girl at the Royal Hawaiian."

"Yes," he says. "Julia." He comes out with a towel wrapped around him. "I was a little thick about her this morning," he says. "No reason to be. She's on her own, and anybody who can get her picture has the right to carry it around."

"Listen," I say. "Know how I got her picture? With a twenty-five-dollar war bond—and for another twenty-five-dollar bond she signed it 'With love to Flip.' Otherwise I was just shooting off my mouth," I say.

"Julia's a wonderful girl," says Hoot. "I've been in love with her for years. It started back home, before the war, when we were both kids." His eyes are not dull. How did I ever figure his eyes were dull? "Say, Flip," he says, like an old buddy. "They'll be pulling down another plane for you—why don't you skip out to the hangar deck and look it over? I hope you've learned something about fighting the Japs," he goes on, with a twinkle showing in his eyes. "I hope you've learned how it's done."

He grins and throws the wet towel at me.

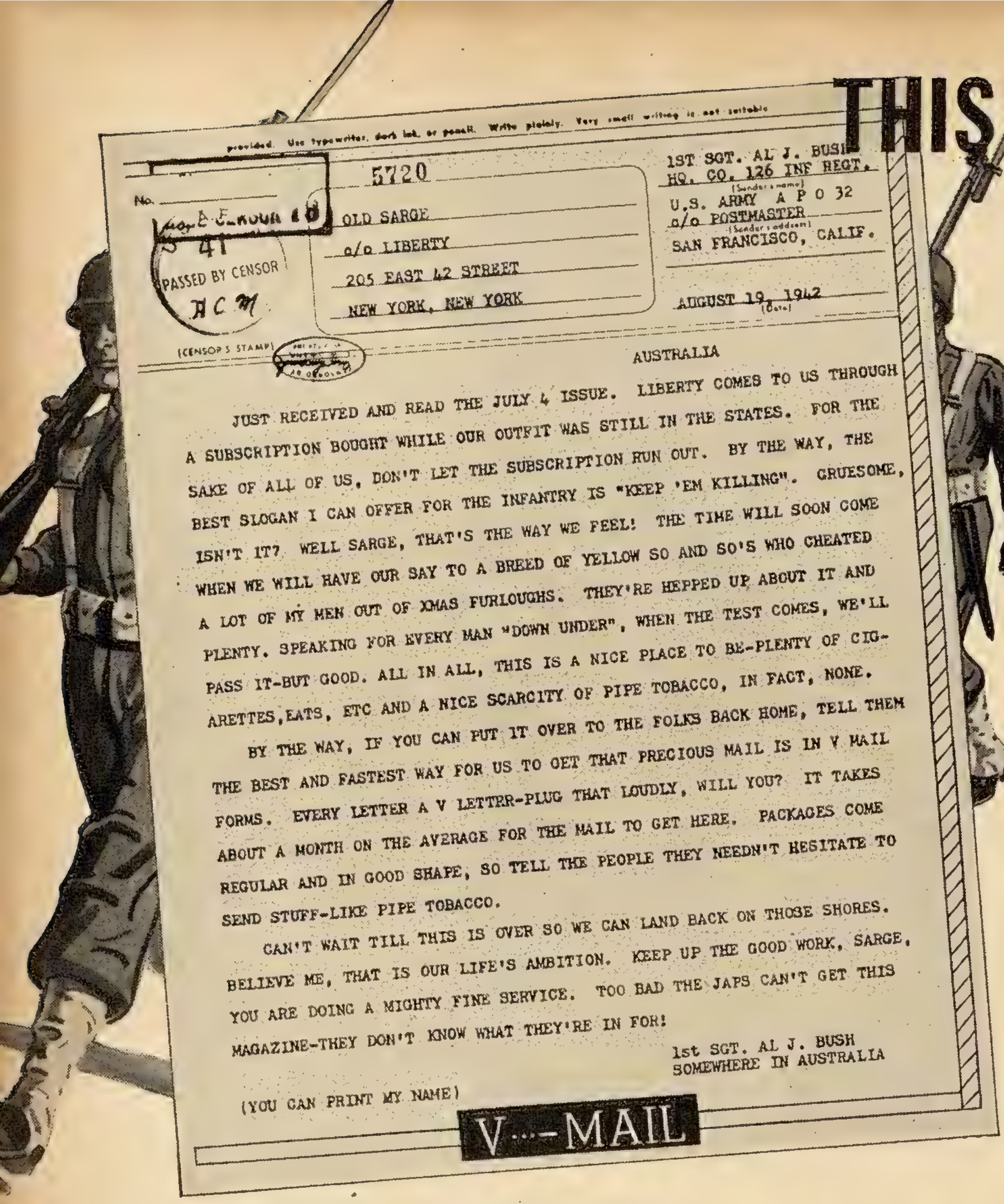
"Sure," I say easily. "Everybody knows how it's done." I roll the towel and throw it back. "It's done with mirrors," I tell him, and laugh.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable

No. 5720

PASSED BY CENSOR

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

OLD SARGE
c/o LIBERTY
205 EAST 42 STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

1ST SGT. AL J. BUSH
HQ. CO. 126 INF REGT.
(Sender's name)
U.S. ARMY A P O 32
c/o POSTMASTER
(Sender's address)
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

AUGUST 19, 1942
(Date)

AUSTRALIA

JUST RECEIVED AND READ THE JULY 4 ISSUE. LIBERTY COMES TO US THROUGH A SUBSCRIPTION BOUGHT WHILE OUR OUTFIT WAS STILL IN THE STATES. FOR THE SAKE OF ALL OF US, DON'T LET THE SUBSCRIPTION RUN OUT. BY THE WAY, THE BEST SLOGAN I CAN OFFER FOR THE INFANTRY IS "KEEP 'EM KILLING". GRUESOME, ISN'T IT? WELL SARGE, THAT'S THE WAY WE FEEL! THE TIME WILL SOON COME WHEN WE WILL HAVE OUR SAY TO A BREED OF YELLOW SO AND SO'S WHO CHEATED A LOT OF MY MEN OUT OF XMAS FURLOUGHS. THEY'RE HEPPED UP ABOUT IT AND PLENTY. SPEAKING FOR EVERY MAN "DOWN UNDER", WHEN THE TEST COMES, WE'LL PASS IT-BUT GOOD. ALL IN ALL, THIS IS A NICE PLACE TO BE-PLENTY OF CIGARETTES, EATS, ETC AND A NICE SCARCITY OF PIPE TOBACCO, IN FACT, NONE.

BY THE WAY, IF YOU CAN PUT IT OVER TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME, TELL THEM THE BEST AND FASTEST WAY FOR US TO GET THAT PRECIOUS MAIL IS IN V MAIL FORMS. EVERY LETTER A V LETTER-PLUG THAT LOUDLY, WILL YOU? IT TAKES ABOUT A MONTH ON THE AVERAGE FOR THE MAIL TO GET HERE. PACKAGES COME REGULAR AND IN GOOD SHAPE, SO TELL THE PEOPLE THEY NEEDN'T HESITATE TO SEND STUFF-LIKE PIPE TOBACCO.

CAN'T WAIT TILL THIS IS OVER SO WE CAN LAND BACK ON THOSE SHORES. BELIEVE ME, THAT IS OUR LIFE'S AMBITION. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, SARGE, YOU ARE DOING A MIGHTY FINE SERVICE. TOO BAD THE JAPS CAN'T GET THIS MAGAZINE-THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE IN FOR!

1st SGT. AL J. BUSH
SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA

(YOU CAN PRINT MY NAME)

V---MAIL

Your own V-letter (above) is a good loud plug in itself, Sgt. Bush. It reached me in just a bit over two weeks from the day you wrote it, and that's mighty fast work. V-mail forms are now available at every post office and on every rural route in the United States, and they're free of charge. Not only is V-mail faster but its use is a contribution to the war effort, since it saves vital cargo space.

* * *

WHILE I was in the Infantry I had my share of guard, K. P., garbage, coal, and sundry other details, all of which made me gripe no end. When I reached the Air Force as a cadet I thought I was through with all that sort of thing. But no, for I had K. P., and specialized in road cleaning for three weeks. That also made me gripe. Now, as I look back on it, I know that when I get my bars there won't have been a thing I didn't do myself and I won't feel at all bad when I have to make any of the men under me do them in their turn.

My real point is that the soldier's immemorial privilege to gripe is O. K. if the griping is done on the post and not in print. Since December 7 we have known that we're not on a short holiday from civilian jobs, and we'd better learn to take not only the bad with the good but also the worst. So let's beat our gums as much as we like among ourselves but when in public act like soldiers proud of our outfits and uniforms. How about it, Sarge?

T. P., Ellington Field, Tex.

You've got something there and you ought to make a good officer. There'll be griping as long as there are soldiers, but unless it's constructive and in the public interest the privilege ought to be a private affair in time of war.

* * *

A letter from my cousin, who is stationed in Alaska, says that any one in the Army can buy medals and wear them without earning them. Is this true? I hope not.

G. J. S., Niles, Mich.

Certainly not. The Articles of War provide penalties for the wearing of Army insignia, badges, ribbons, or medals by military personnel unauthorized to do so, and federal statutes do the same for civilians. Army regulations (600-40) prescribe who may wear medals and how they should be worn; others (600-45) provide for the award and supply of decorations. At most Post Exchanges a certificate signed by the C. O. is required before a sale can be made of a ribbon or medal and the WPB now requires authorized dealers to follow this practice.

Some time ago you stated that all officers received an initial clothing allowance of $150. Did you know that National Guard officers do *not* receive it?

It seems very unfair to the men who served through the peace years and who now see the new officers getting it while they do not. I wonder what the reason is.

First Lieutenant, Camp Shelby, Miss.

I can't give you the reason, but the decision was made by the Comptroller General's Department. War Department Circular No. 85, dated March 23, 1942, included the National Guard along with the Officers' Reserve Corps, Army of the United States, and Regular Army; but W. C. Circular No. 201, dated June 23, 1942, makes no mention of Guard officers.

* * *

My fiancé was drafted in May and shipped to a Southern camp. He has not been home since. Why won't the Army give him a short furlough so that he can come back long enough to be married?

Miss W. C. J., Springfield, Mass.

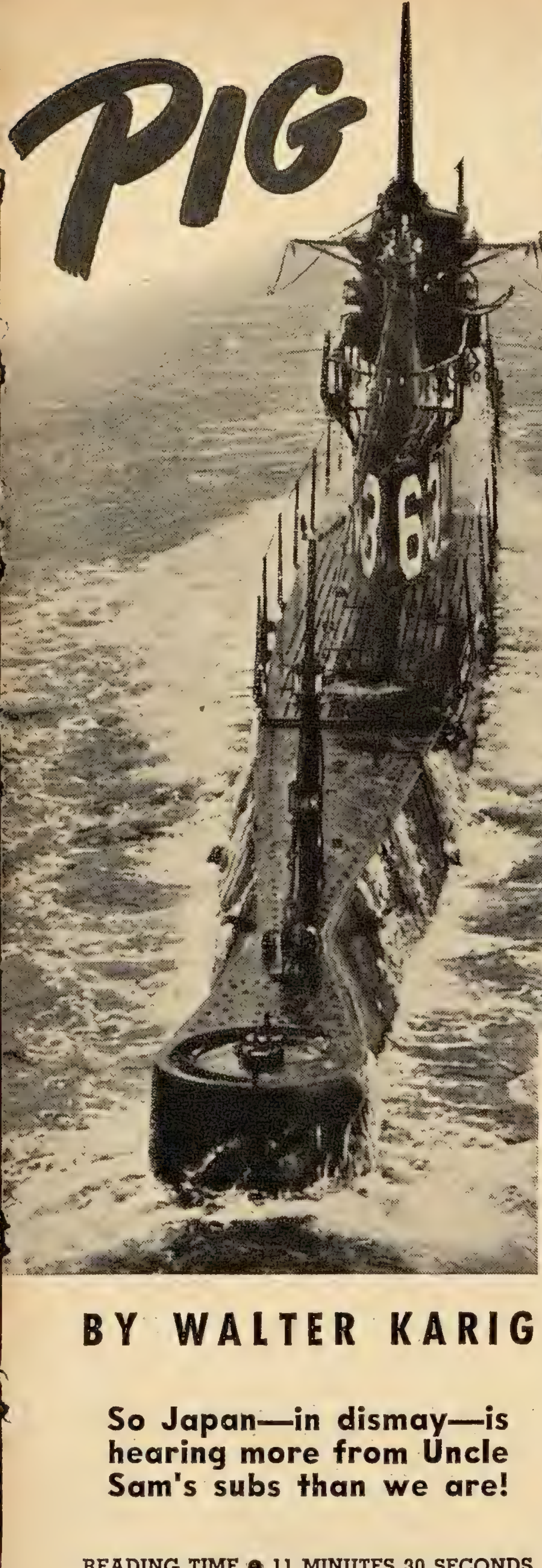
By regulation a soldier is entitled to a total of thirty days furlough each year, but the authority for granting it rests with the man's commanding officer, who must decide whether or not it is in the best interest of the Army for him to have any, part, or all of it, and how many days at a time. Wartime conditions and regulations govern and dozens of factors must be taken into account. You are naturally interested only in one man, but there are millions of other people waiting at home and each one wants some soldier to have a furlough. So there are bound to be a lot of misunderstandings and disappointments. That's war.

* * *

Back in September I printed a wail from a lad who was suffering from a bad case of limp and sticky playing cards. I didn't know the remedy but a lot of readers did—only each prescription was different. Here are some of them: nail-polish protector; zinc-stearate powder; white shellac; wash, starch, and iron hot; dry-starch; dip in alcohol, dry, dust with powdered wax, then polish; "stomp" with a hot iron and stack under pressure; buy plastic cards. Take your pick!

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

PIG BOATS DON'T HAVE PRESS AGENTS



Left: A "pig boat" just up from the depths. Right: Its second officer at the periscope as it dives again.

ALL OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

BY WALTER KARIG

So Japan—in dismay—is hearing more from Uncle Sam's subs than we are!

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HEAR the word "submarine," and what does your mind's eye see? A thousand to one, you get a mental picture of a Nazi U-boat skulking in the sea lanes off the American coast, waiting to torpedo one more vessel loaded with gasoline, bananas, sugar, or coffee.

But—we have 'em, too. And how! Say "submarine" in Japan, and the Nips would envision, not their Nazi partner's U-boats knocking off United Nations shipping, but, instead, a jittery nightmare of the American submarines that travel incredible distances into narrow seas dominated by Hirohito's navy—and send large elements of said navy to the bottom.

The troubles Hitler's U-boats have had in preying upon shipping in the Western Hemisphere seem trivial compared to the risks run and the difficulties coped with by these American submarines. The Americans must travel three or four times as far; they must penetrate deep into the Japanese naval and aerial lines of defense. When they make their presence known by a successful torpedoing, they call down upon themselves a concentration of antisubmarine forces that seems frightening to contemplate.

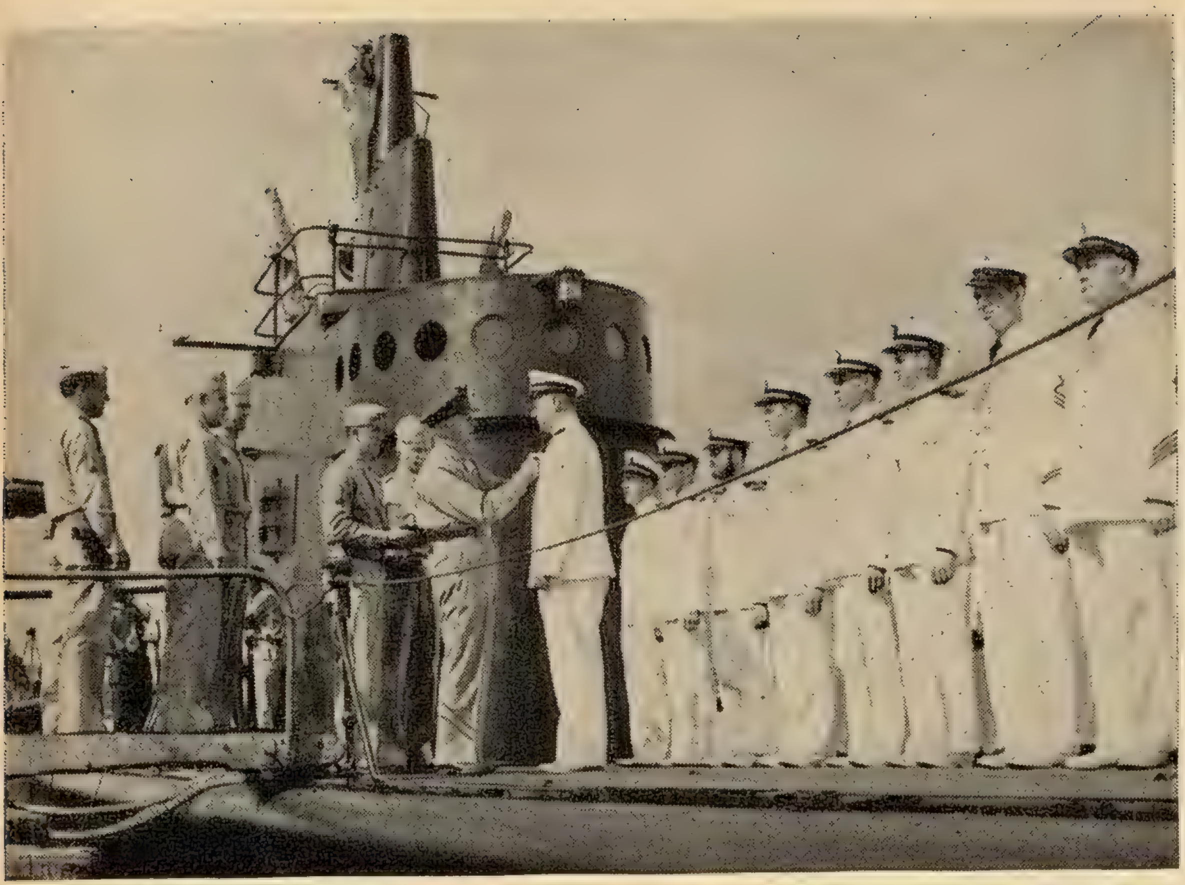
And yet the United States has lost only two submarines to the Japanese in actual combat, while our undersea cruisers have, among them, accounted for a third of all the warships Japan has lost since December, and for a quarter of Japan's destroyed shipping.

The most conservative score of American submarine successes as of mid-September reads: 1 Jap carrier sunk; 4 cruisers sunk and 7 damaged; 14 destroyers sunk (two or three may have been large sub-chasers) and 1 damaged; 5 large naval tankers sunk; and 35 auxiliary craft sunk and 15 damaged. Included in the auxiliary craft rating were six loaded transports sent to the bottom and two set on fire. So were at least two converted merchantmen heavily armed and equivalent to light cruisers or destroyer leaders. These figures do not include the sinkings in the Solomon Islands action, nor many merchantmen sunk.

On top of it all, in one of the most dramatic naval encounters, an American submarine sank a Japanese submarine just as an encore to its destruction of a 5,000-ton supply ship. The Navy only lists the enemy sub as "severely damaged," but here's the story:

The American submarine, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Elton W. Grenfell of Radburn, New Jersey, was nosing around in the waters off the Japanese coast without much luck. It was almost due to return to its base when a fine fat prize was sighted through the periscope—that supply vessel. Grenfell let her have it, and she went down with her rich cargo of munitions for the Jap army in the South Seas. Elated, Grenfell turned his sub's nose toward home, and then his sound apparatus picked up the noise of an enemy submarine. He ordered his craft's course changed to intercept it, and presently stuck his periscope above the surface for a looksee. Dead ahead and under way on the surface was a whopping big Jap submarine quite obviously looking for him.

Quick orders went to the alert crew standing tensely at their stations.



Lieutenant General Emmons pinning the D. S. C. on Lieutenant Commander Frank W. Fenno.

Three times did the tubes spit torpedoes at the hull of the Jap. Wham, *wham,* and WHAM! The Jap took an abrupt dive. . . .

Because Grenfell couldn't hang around to see if it came up again, he only received official credit for "severe damage" to the enemy; but he was awarded the Navy Cross.

The stories of the most dramatic and hair-raising missions which American submarines were called upon to perform cannot yet be told because they would divulge helpful information to the enemy, but all through the siege of Bataan and Corregidor American submarines bobbed up in Manila Bay, delivering munitions, medical supplies, and even mail to the trapped American forces, and took back out through the enemy lines—or, rather, under them—persons designated for rescue, including the last-minute evacuation of many army nurses.

Lieutenant Commander Frank W. Fenno's submarine ran that perilous gantlet into Manila Bay, and ran out again with practically all the state treasure of the Philippine Commonwealth. The young Westminster, Massachusetts, skipper was creeping along with his burden of gold, silver, securities, and precious human freight, which included ——— (censored), when a 5,000-ton Jap freighter crossed his bows. A brace of torpedoes, and a few score Nips joined their "honorable" ancestors and a valuable Nip cargo fell to Davy Jones.

UP out of nowhere came a Jap warship, hurling barrel-loads of TNT. "Well, he asked for it," remarked Fenno to his bearded crew, and—socko!—the warship took a nose dive, and the Yankee skipper proceeded on his way to deliver his cargo, also to collect the Distinguished Service Cross from the Army and the Navy Cross from his own service.

Lieutenant Commander Fred Warder of Grafton, West Virginia, bagged the greatest haul of enemy warships in the history of submarines. Hearing a tremendous commotion in the water one day, he thrust up his periscope warily and saw the horizon thick with Nip ships: transports, supply vessels, cruisers, and destroyers. He pumped torpedoes into that luscious target. The convoy scattered, all except a loaded troop transport, a cruiser, and a destroyer that came charging down the bubble-streaked path of the tin fish, heaving depth bombs, until another of Warder's torpedoes made an outsized depth bomb of the destroyer itself. After that—well, the Navy's terse report mentions in an offhand sort of way that he put a few damaging dents in a couple more cruisers "while engaged in routine patrol duty." He got the Navy Cross, too.

The submarine service is full of men who have waited breathlessly far below the surface while a berserk enemy pockmarked the ocean with depth bombs, which are metal cylinders about the size of an ash can, packed full of TNT. I asked one such man to describe such an attack from the receiver's point of view.

Perhaps, before we go into that, we ought to try to imagine what it is like to be in a submarine just under ordinary conditions. The undersea craft have the cubic capacity of, say, a good-sized two-family house. The interior is all but filled with a complicated mass of pipes, coils, wheels, dials, and gadgets. Into what space is left forty to sixty men are packed—picked men, all. When the submarine leaves its base for one of those "routine patrolling operations," the crew say good-by to the sun for six weeks or more. They live in an artificial atmosphere, under artificial light, in a moving undersea cave of steel.

The submarine travels under electric power. To charge its batteries it comes to the surface under the protection of night. During these brief black hours the crew can take turns on deck for a few lungfuls of fresh air. But they have to be on their toes every minute, ready to scramble below if a sneaking destroyer or a night-flying plane should roam into range.

Down below there is air conditioning, and chemical devices to keep the air from becoming over-moist or fouled from breathing. It would be no place for anybody who gets the jitters when confined in narrow quarters, and certainly no place for persons who crave privacy or who can't get along with neighbors. A submarine sailor must have no nerves at all.

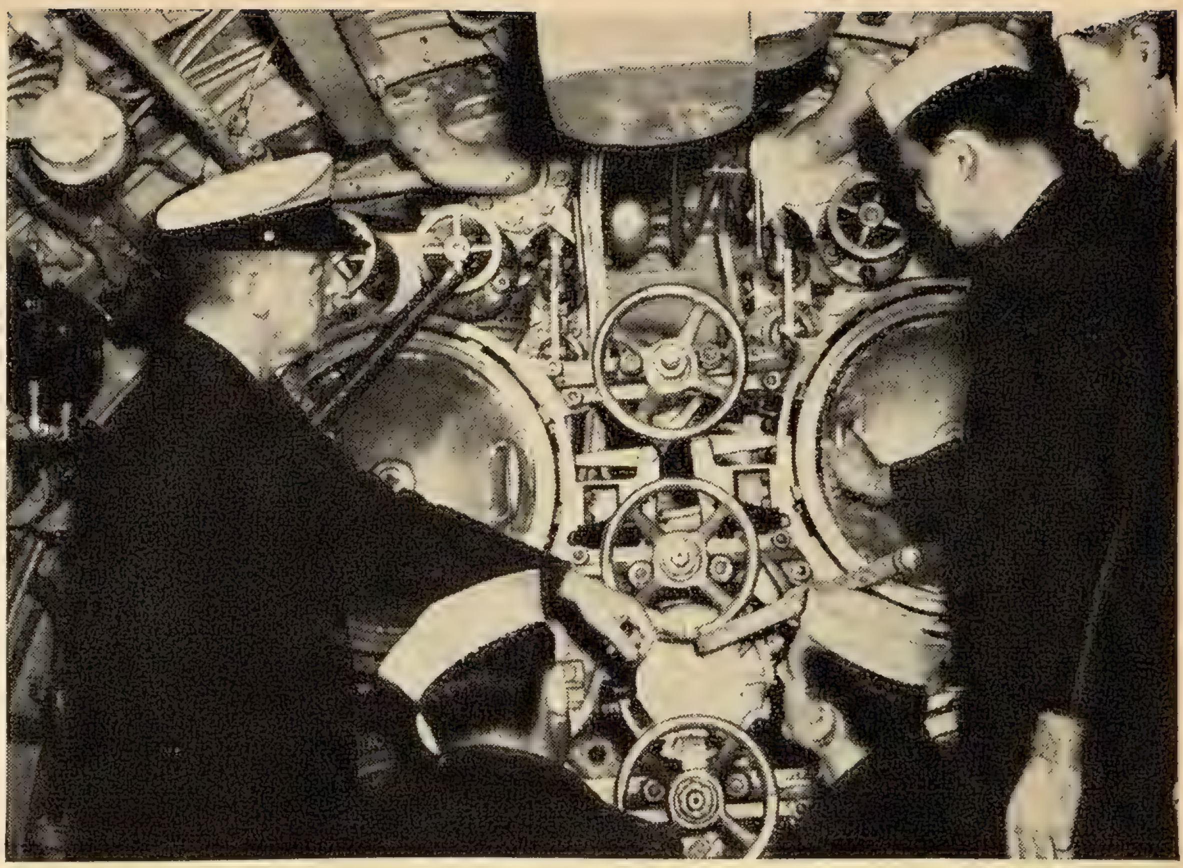
WELL, there they are, then; too much like sardines in a can to make that moss-grown metaphor sound funny. And all around them are tons of high explosives in the war heads of the torpedoes. Between them and the greedy ocean is a skin of steel.

And over them are a couple of destroyers and an airplane or two on antisubmarine patrol.

"You can *feel* a depth bomb before you hear it go off and get the actual shock of it," I was told. "It's like listening with your skin instead of your ears. It isn't sound, and it isn't like anything touching you. And right after that—*wham!* The noise is as if you were inside of a boiler and somebody dropped an anvil on it.

"Of course you will have dived as deep as you can. If you went any deeper, the water pressure would cave in the sides. They don't aim to *hit* you with a depth charge. All they have to do is come within a dozen yards or so, and when the ash can goes off the added pressure does the damage. If you move, the guy who is hunting you can pick up the sound on his sonic detectors and spot you, so there's nothing to do but sit tight. That makes the enemy roam around, heaving his TNT over the side on a blind chance of landing close enough.

"You just squat there and take it. *Wham! Wham! Wham!* The explosions come closer and closer. Pretty soon the ship starts to rock a bit, and the explosions seem to suck on your ear-



In a submarine's forward torpedo room the discharging mechanism is shown to recruits.

drums. Then there comes a big *WHAM* and you hear glass tinkling on the deck, and you know the shock has shivered a couple of your dials or gauges. The next *wham* isn't as loud. Pretty soon they stop. So you wait a while, because maybe the other guy is waiting, too. When you think he's tired of waiting, or you pick up the sound of his moving off, you clear out of there, or come up to periscope depth and see if by good luck maybe you can't wham him back."

That's all there is to it. No jitters tolerated. One jit, and the guilty party's career in the pig boats is through. No disgrace to him, but he'll think so.

They tell the story of a Negro mess attendant in one submarine that was lying on the oozy coral bottom in the Melanesian archipelago while a couple of enraged Jap destroyers wove a pattern of destruction around it to avenge a torpedoed sister ship. The sub rocked on its keel as depth charge after depth charge exploded. Everything breakable inside it was smashed. Precariously the Negro picked his way to the skipper's side and grinned. "Cap'n," he said, "we's sho' givin' them Japs hell, ain't we?"

NOTHING descriptive of our submarines can be said, of course, except that they are as good as any in the sea and the new ones are better than any the enemy nations have. They can dive deeper, swim farther, shoot harder, and hear better than you can possibly imagine. New or old, the American submarine service has hung up a record which the Nazis can't match.

It is not only the quality of the craft but the quality of the men. More navy men, from second-class seaman on up to the gold-braid personnel, volunteer for submarine service than can be accommodated. Why?

"The pay is better," one will tell you. "Diving pay" used to be 25 per cent above base pay, has recently been made 50 per cent higher and on a par with flying pay.

"The food is better," will be another answer. I have eaten navy chow on cruisers and destroyers from Iceland to Asia, and how there could be better food, better prepared in the narrow confines of a sub, I can't think. But I'm told there really is.

All the same, even though both pay and food are better, the fact is that men go into the submarine service because it is tops in adventure—more so than flying, because one is at it more constantly. Admission to the sub service is proof to the world that the successful candidate is flawless physically and mentally. To the young officer, it is the quickest route to a command, and he who wears the twin gold dolphins above his heart wears a badge that all the medals bestowable cannot overshadow.

The pig boats are the least advertised branch of the navy. There isn't a nickel's worth of glamour to them. You can't see them the way you see the navy airplanes. You don't hear as much about them, because where they operate the newspapermen aren't present. They have no press agents.

When one of them puts to sea, it is on its own for a month or two. It has certain definite orders. It proceeds here, then goes there, and at a certain date it comes back. If it doesn't show up on schedule, the naval authorities wait a decent length of time. Then the bulletin appears that "Submarine Q-999 is two weeks overdue and must be considered lost at sea. The crew's nearest of kin have been notified." But you haven't read *that* in the newspapers more than once or twice, have you?

All its time at sea the submarine is much more the hunted than the hunter. Airplanes can spot it lying submerged, warships can hear it night or day when it is in motion. It would be impossible to pay homage to the American submarine service without permitting the enemy undersea sailors to share the praise by implication, except for the nauseating barbarity so often demonstrated by the Nazi U-boat captains. They have shelled lifeboats; they have deliberately given the survivors in other lifeboats wrong directions for reaching safety. Such bestial behavior is the mark of men afraid.

Germany's U-boat men, you see, are *sent*. The American submarine men *go*.

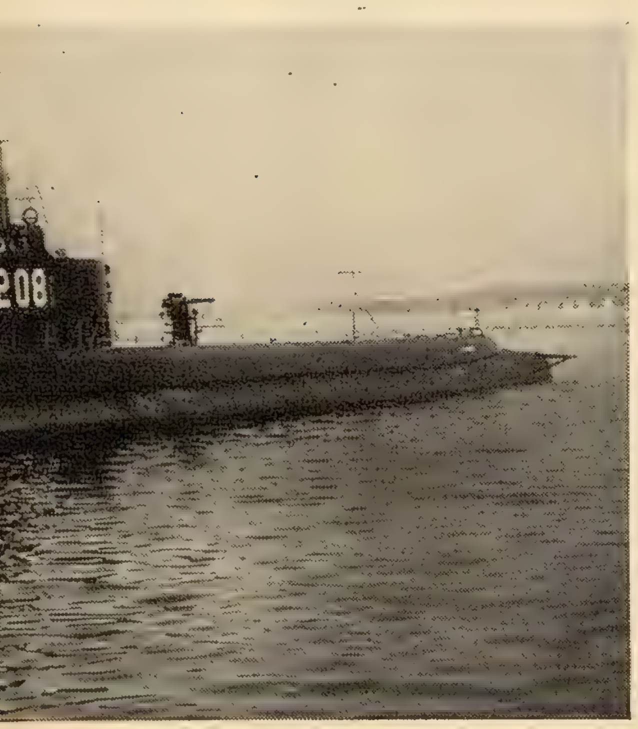
And they come back! They come back with their craft shipping water, steering by dead reckoning, perhaps, because their instruments have been shattered by concussion of a dozen depth charges—but nevertheless dangling the metaphorical scalps of the foe.

"Why, statistics prove it's safer to go to Japan in a submarine than to cross Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the Treasury Building," you will be told indignantly by one of the dolphin boys. "Statistics prove it's the safest mode of travel, including bicycles and scooters!"

STATISTICS, gentlemen of the pig boats, my eye! By my private statistics, you men have more guts per cubic inch than anybody on the sea or above it, on a day-to-day average. I have flown over some pretty weird territory, wet and dry, and have sailed in waters made dangerous both by man and by nature; but one of my life's greatest ambitions is to keep out of a submarine—an ambition so far fulfilled with unqualified success.

The pig boats—oh, yes, pig boats. They call them that because when a submarine division ties up to the mother ship, it looks like a litter of pigs nuzzling a sow. It *would* take a bunch of deep-diving desperadoes to think up a nickname like that, wouldn't it?

THE END



This submarine sitting for its portrait on the surface is the Grayback, SS-208.

BACKFIELD BEARS OF 1941

Ray McLean Young Bussey Bill Osmanski Hugh Gallarneau Bob Snyder George McAfe

FOOTBALL WILL NEVER

Or will it? Anyway, those Chicago Bears have added at least eleven stars to Uncle Sam's battle squads

BY EDWARD PRELL

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT was on January 4, 1942, that the 1941 pro football season really closed. That was the day the greatest football team of all time, perhaps the greatest sports aggregation in history, last played as a unit.

When the war split the Chicago Bears they were still a young team and, two-time world champions though they were, their power was still short of its peak. The war sent the "new Nagurski," Norm Standlee of Stanford, into the army as a private. George (One-Play) McAfee joined the navy. Ken Kavanaugh, the skyscraper end from Louisiana State, went into the Army Air Corps. All told, eleven Bears started concentrating on making a touchdown against the Axis.

There's professional football this fall, of course. Like their baseball brothers, the football people are keying their program with that of Army and Navy Relief. By the time these words are printed George Halas, the man behind the Bears, probably will be getting the salute rated by a lieutenant commander in the navy.

Yes, the war has taken the heat off the Bears. Even so, they appear to be still No. 1 in this first war year the rapidly growing National Football League has experienced. The other nine teams, too, have sent their share of young men off to war.

That January 4 game in the Polo Grounds was against the league's All-Stars, and it ended with a 35-to-24 victory for the Bears, their nineteenth of a twenty-game season. In thirteen league games they rolled up 466 points to their opponents' 170, by far the most overwhelming score production in pro football history. In the regular season they shattered eight league records, among which were most touchdowns, most points, most first downs, most yardage, most points after touchdowns—and most penalties.

Their one slip was back in November, when their ancient rivals, the Green Bay Packers, won, 16 to 14, and forced a play-off for the Western Section title, which the Bears won, 33 to 14. They followed this with a 37-to-9 rout of the New York Giants, Eastern Division winners, and topped off with that extracurricular spectacle on January 4 at New York in the snow.

The Bears, twenty old ones and eighteen new ones, had been in their Delafield, Wisconsin, training headquarters this fall only a few days when some of the freshmen caused a commotion. Overnight, a black-haired youngster from Colgate, William (Indian Bill) Geyer, was the talk of the camp and his name was even bracketed with that of the peerless McAfee. Indian Bill is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, and scored the East's only touchdown against the West last January 3 in the game at New Orleans.

Sure the Bears would miss Standlee, but wasn't Bill Osmanski still around, and hadn't he been just about the best fullback in the league until big Norm had come along? What was more, a giant with a life guard's tan soon gained some attention in the fullback department. He was John Petty, 228-pounder from Purdue, with speed, driving power, and a keen competitive spirit. The champions have another fullback, too: Gary Famiglietti.

The Bears' spectacular success with the T-formation man-in-motion offense made members of their organization targets of college coaches. Frank Leahy at Notre Dame picked off Bob Snyder, No. 2 quarterback to Sid Luckman, to help Frank install the system. Clark Shaughnessy, who with Halas had dreamed up the wondrous maneuvers of the modern T, relieved his collaborator of Jack Manders, the old goal-kicking specialist who last year had been moved over to the champions' coaching staff. Shaughnessy's at Maryland this year.

Snyder's going left a shortage at quarterback, the most important position in the T-formation set-up. Charley O'Rourke, who helped Leahy to his big season at Boston College in 1940, climaxed with a last-minute triumph over Tennessee in the 1941 Sugar Bowl game, was persuaded to come out of retirement and help Luckman run the Bears on the field.

And they still have Young Bussey, the same fellow who tried to organize a college football players' union while at Louisiana State University a few seasons ago.

Among the eighteen new players they brought in were line replacements. They were hard hit at left end, losing Kavanaugh and Dick Plasman. This still left four fine wingmen in Bob Nowaskey, George Wilson, John Siegal, and Hampton Pool. Connie Mack Berry, a National League roam-

Bob Swisher **Harry Clark** **Sid Luckman** **Ray Nolting** **Gary Famiglietti**

SEE THEIR LIKE AGAIN

er, was added, as was Clint Wager, a 6-foot-6¼-inch Minnesotan who had been turned down by the armed forces for being too tall.

Bill Hempel, a 243-pound tackle, was pulled back from the farm team in Newark. Stuart Clarkson was brought up from Texas Arts and Industries to help out at center. Bob Jeffries, a slick Missouri guard, was one of the twenty collegians drafted by the Bears. Of this number only seven showed up.

This picture of the 1942 Bears is as complete as can be drawn at this writing in these uncertain days. They appear just a shade less powerful than last year if the three new key men—Geyer, O'Rourke, and Petty—measure up to their indicated ability. Hugh Gallarneau, coming up to his second year in pro football, easily could be the Bears' leading scorer. This fleet halfback, a running mate of Standlee's at Stanford, was second only to McAfee last season as a spectacular climax ball carrier.

The Bears didn't just happen. Like all success stories, theirs is based on work, and more work. It is the story of a hard-working football genius and his aides who toil long into the night in a stuffy room in Chicago's Loop, fabricating the amazingly intricate plays of the modern T. Of loyal Bear alumni, scattered throughout the land, watching for just the right material. Of a man—the forty-seven-year-old Halas—and his co-workers who make pro football a year-round business.

Halas calls this Loop retreat the Burgundy Room because that's the color of the rug on the floor. Long hours are spent in it over plays diagramed with crayon on cardboard. There are endless showings of movies taken of the Bears' games.

Halas counts that day lost when he doesn't put in at least fifteen hours on football. He played end under Bob Zuppke at Illinois, and was at Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the first World War. Afterward he became one of the driving forces behind the formation of the National Football League.

Besides End Coach Luke Johnsos, he has two other famous professional football players and coaches as his assistants. There's Heartly (Hunk) Anderson, successor to Knute Rockne at Notre Dame and foremost exponent of line play. The backfield coach, Driscoll, is a Northwestern football immortal and one of the all-time pro-league greats. Halas as a Bear end and Driscoll as a Chicago Cardinal back were gridiron enemies for many seasons. Anderson, while still assisting Rockne at Notre Dame, kept his Sundays open to play guard for the Bears.

Those Burgundy Room sessions are also attended by Clark Shaughnessy.

Each June these football play makers bid good-by to their families and friends and come under the spell of Halas, to be free men again only when the season finally ends.

"George is in a daze all this time," reports his wife, Minnie, who is one of the team's most vociferous rooters. "He claims, though, that football is relaxation for him and that he could keep at it twenty-four hours a day!"

"Halas' capacity for work is incredible," says Jim Conzelman, coach of the Chicago Cardinals, who are politely mentioned as the Bears' cross-town rivals. "There should be a union regulation about it. If I phone him at his office at eleven o'clock at night, he's there, chipper as can be. If I give him a ring at 1 or 2 A. M. he'll still be there. Then if I want him at seven the next morning, he answers the phone in his office, as jolly as ever. I wish he weren't so happy about it!

"He's such a stickler for detail that he has the finest organization in the business. The one thing I don't like about him—speaking as a rival coach—is the way he keeps changing his offense around. He's forever figuring out new maneuvers from that T formation. He sticks in extra men in motion and you never can get set for him."

Jim can speak his mind so freely because his own boss, Charley Bidwell, is a great Bear rooter.

Zuppke, just before his last year at Illinois in 1941, somehow or other eluded Halas' sentries at the Bears' training camp and watched them getting ready to wallop the College All-Stars. Old Robert dashed up and down the side line, trying to keep up with the split-second handling of the ball. Later, at lunch, his eyes still blinking from what he had seen, he pulled himself together and exclaimed:

"The Bears are five years ahead of their time! George Halas isn't the 'father' of the man in motion, as credited, but he is the pioneer in synchronizing various T formations of the past and combining them with modern pass plays, with emphasis on the trap."

(The trap, sometimes called mouse-trap, is the maneuver which allows the opposing lineman to charge across the scrimmage line unmolested, to be cut down from either side behind the line just when he believes he is going to execute a beautiful tackle.)

"George," Zuppke continued, "has emphasized lateral movements of the T formation more than any one else. One man moving away, then another the other way in explosive style. Then *phftt*—the play is on, no one knows just where. It works in all directions from center, blossoms from there, decoys either to right or left. The plays have quality and quantity, and he has the talent to execute them."

On the football field Halas is a good-natured Simon Legree. Each player keeps a notebook, forming a manual of the complicated system, with emphasis on his own duties. The quarterbacks cram night after night.

Every year the Bears come up with stars who were unknowns in college. What did Halas and his associates look for when they were building football's greatest team?

"We want the boy who is expert in doing a particular thing," is the Halas recipe. "He has to be more than just a good steady player. He must excel as a passer, kicker, or runner. Likewise the lineman must not only be big and strong but smart and willing.

"It is our contention that the player who is a big shot on a college team usually is more or less through after taking the hard knocks for three years."

He offers some examples. Bob Swisher (now an ensign with Bernie Bierman at the University of Iowa Naval Training School) and George Wilson were ordinary players at Northwestern. Yet both became stars with the Bears. They still had competitive fire and dash. They were Halas pick-ups, as no other team had regarded them as being of pro caliber.

There was the case of Coach Johnsos. Several years ago Northwestern had a fine fullback, Walter Holmer. Halas wanted him the worst way, and made a visit to Evanston. Scarcely noticing the mild-looking, spectacled youngster in the room with Holmer, he got down to business. He finally signed Walter, and as an afterthought asked this Luke Johnsos if he played football. Getting an unenthusiastic yes, he invited Holmer's roommate to come out, too. Johnsos became a star, whereas Holmer never quite lived up to expectations.

The Bears' all-league center, Hell-dog Turner, a toothy blond giant from Sweetwater, Texas, played his football at Hardin-Simmons in his home state. George Musso, beginning his tenth campaign with the Bears, was just a big chunk of a man from little Millikin College in Illinois when he reported without fanfare. Ray (Muscles) Bray, one of the league's outstanding guards, played his college football at Kalamazoo, Michigan, Teachers. Ray (Dagwood) McLean, one of the pony backs and at 166 the lightest Bear, came from little St. Anselm's in New England. Ray Nolting, another backfield speedster, is from the University of Cincinnati.

Many of the 1941 Bears were picked up in the college draft. The team's roster is singularly free of men obtained in interclub deals. The Bears get their men fresh from the campus, those they know will meet all specifications.

The immortal Bears of 1941 made thirty touchdowns in their first five league games. Thirteen players divided the honor. Scoring backs were so numerous that the boys could easily have flipped a coin for the chance of making points. Yet, despite all this, McAfee stood out. Before the season was over, old-timers agreed that the game never had seen any one like him. They had said there would never be another Bronko Nagurski. But the 230-pound Standlee had them goggle-eyed as the season moved on. Like the Bronko, Norm carried through for yardage with half the opposing team riding him piggyback.

Last spring, when the professional football magnates were assembled to sort of feel their way along for 1942, they started informal nominations for the league's all-time backfield. Dozens of names were suggested. Hours later, when the debate was over, the 1941 Bears had three places: Luckman at quarter, McAfee at right half, and Standlee at fullback. The fourth all-time nominee was Sammy Baugh, Washington's passing and kicking genius.

This should give a rough idea of the Bears and the men who send them out on the gridiron, touchdown-bent. A rough idea, too, of what's in store for any members of the Hitler-Hirohito-Mussolini teams who may encounter any of those Bears who have been loaned to Uncle Sam for the duration of the fracas.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

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64		65				▨	66		67					
68						▨	69			▨	70			
▨	71					▨	72							

HORIZONTAL

1 What our marines have taught the Japs the wisdom of
8 Hitler will soon be sitting in, and feeling, a big one
13 If you must lie in the morning, here's the best place to
14 High-class gags
15 They have women in the upper story
17 He sure can take it
19 Something uppish about the Swiss
20 This is dirty and confused
21 There should be a stock gag for this one, but I cown't think of it—don't ox me why!
23 Both sides of any street
24 Globs floating in greasy water (pl.)
26 Little plugs for nervous people
28 Nixes (rare)
32 Area farmers sing their love of
36 Foxy little miss
37 Chilly spell
38 Greasy straw
39 What many comedians need
40 Something puzzling about these pix
43 Inept Zipper Entanglements (abbr.)
44 First thing you notice about Stinky
46 Jangle the nerves
47 Thumb thay thith fellow ith in thith
49 Expel personal termites
51 Head mechanics
53 Goose hearts
54 Best way to eat garlic
56 New York's new AM paper
58 By wartime decree, a new Labor Day
60 Dunk
64 It has a swell appearance, but it's really a pain in the neck
66 Medieval crooner
68 Main thing about American civilization
69 Greek lovers do it like an engine
70 Duck this
71 What Hitler splits when he chops off Cherman heads
72 Buttresses

VERTICAL

1 Mackerel with high blood pressure
2 Blowpipe, pierces eardrums with sharp pipsqueaks
3 I shutter when I think of this glass eye
4 Big things that ride on and weigh down long shots
5 Possess
6 Baby aunts that can grow into big aunts
7 Where Whirlaway goes for a whirl evenings
8 Consarn, as a furball feline
9 Comic-strip symbol of wifely authority (it's in the dough, too) (dial.)
10 Folks, they're electrifying
11 Fatheads, Emptyheads, Idiots! (abbr.)
12 Pounds and pounds and pounds
16 Unpermanent wave (fem.)
18 The dumbest thing you can eat as an appetizer
22 Redheaded dictators
25 Dumb Dora claims it's a racket, but they're really fine principles
27 Taste of tears
29 What I'd like to do to death and taxes
30 He pushes large fat things around dance floors at so much an hour
31 The part we're going to give the Axis
33 Paratroop victim, will yet expel airborne termites
34 A good looker
35 The pronoun animal
37 A rare good thing these days
39 Hitler's recently been reduced to calling on His aid
41 Dough, followed by inflation, after a period of rising conditions
42 Tags and tatters
45 Supreme eggotist
48 Artful fellow (abbr.)
50 Medieval personal loan society
51 Kind of figure a lady welder cuts around the plant
52 The kernels' quarters
55 Reasons why people see things at night
56 Blind pigs
57 He sure enjoys getting into a new suit and having a hearty meal
59 Fish hate games played around these things
61 Archduke
62 Diamid (No, I haven't a cold. I'm just bitter!)
63 Parking place
65 Heat, followed by an explosion
67 Neutrals Invite Extinction! (abbr.)

E	M	I	T	■	M	A	J	O	R	■	O	M	E	N
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M	E	S	A	■	C	A	R	E	S	■	T	E	D	S
P	E	T	S	■	T	R	A	S	H	■	E	R	S	T

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

All America Knows Budweiser... but Few Know This

THE STORY OF BREAD may well be called The Story of Civilization

Bread, the most venerable of prepared foods, has helped man, and man in turn has bettered the quality of his staff of life.

YEAST is the life of bread . . . and the story of yeast is the story of scientific research, uniform quality, mammoth production, modern refrigeration . . . and daily delivery to bakers in every city, town and village throughout the land . . . even by boat, by sled and by plane when other transportation is interrupted by floods and blizzards.

Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest sources of baker's yeast.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Our plant produces enough of the basic material forVitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.

CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

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Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

What to do about

IF YOU SAVED YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

Some of the ingredients of "Prestone" anti-freeze will last from one winter through the next—those, for example, which protect the car against freeze-up. But to give protection against freeze-up is only one function of a good anti-freeze. A good anti-freeze also performs other functions, just as important. One of these is to guard against rust and corrosion... which is why all good anti-freezes are "inhibited." These inhibitors do wear out; and when that happens the car is no longer protected against clogging and overheating caused by rust.

That is one of the reasons why you cannot use an anti-freeze indefinitely... why, for instance, we guarantee "Prestone" anti-freeze for "a full winter's use," and no more. *New, fresh anti-freeze is always to be preferred over anti-freeze which has gone beyond a single winter's driving.*

If, however, you decide to re-use your anti-freeze, take the following precautions:

If you stored your anti-freeze during the summer, take it to your dealer *before* putting it back in the car. There are 2 good reasons.

(A) To make sure that no dirt or foreign matter has spoiled it. (Cans frequently rust through from the outside and from the bottom.) Dissolved impurities will later cause rusting and radiator clogging.

If your solution is brown or rusty-looking, don't bother to take it to your dealer but discard it at once. Be extremely cautious in this regard. Your car is a valuable property: it is in the interest of sound conservation to take all reasonable precautions.

(B) To have the strength checked. You don't know, definitely, what concentration you had at the end of the season. If your anti-freeze was "alcohol base," you almost certainly lost strength before you took it out last spring. Even if you used "Prestone" anti-freeze, which contains no boil-away alcohol, have the strength checked just the same. You may have lost protection through careless filling, slop-over at the over-flow pipe, and leaks caused by road-shock and wear-and-tear during driving.

If you left your anti-freeze in your car, and have been driving with it all through the summer, point B becomes even more important, for obvious reasons.

These precautions are the very least you can take to protect your car. Remember, none of them will put back into the anti-freeze the rust and corrosion inhibitors which were there when you bought it last fall, and which have since been used up. This is one of the sound technical reasons why manufacturers guarantee anti-freeze for only one winter's driving.

PRESTONE

TRADE-MARK

IF YOU DID NOT SAVE YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

See your dealer at once... and get "Prestone" anti-freeze installed in your car.

As of the date this advertisement goes to press (approximately July 15th) it appears that there will be enough "Prestone" anti-freeze this fall—after Army, Navy and lend-lease requirements have been met—to supply all regular users. We make this prediction because we have increased our manufacturing facilities and because there will

HAVE YOUR DEALER CHECK YOUR CAR for leaks, rust, sediment, or loose connections which may have developed during summer driving. Make sure your "Prestone" anti-freeze is used in a clean, tight cooling system. Then you can *forget* the anti-freeze problem. You will be protected completely—against freeze-up, boil-away, dangerous and obnoxious fumes, rust and corrosion. You can place complete confidence in new, fresh, full-strength "Prestone"

nti-Freeze this Fall

YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT... ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Anti-Freeze

O. P. A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
$2.65 PER GALLON

EVEREADY
PRESTONE
TRADE-MARK
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

IT'S THE SAME "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE, no matter which container it comes in—metal can or glass jug. To conserve metals for wartime use, the familiar "Prestone" anti-freeze can was discontinued early this season, and the sturdy new glass jug was substituted. Your dealer may have cans or jugs or both. Buy either. No difference in the "Prestone" anti-freeze they contain.

Product of
National Carbon Company, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago and San Francisco

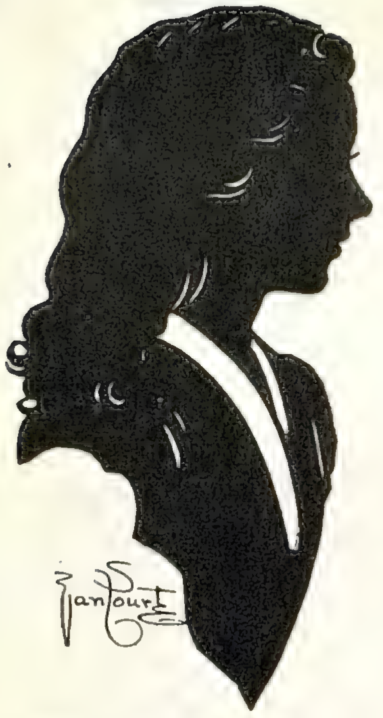
The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

1 U. S. GAL. NET
EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
PRESTONE
TRADE-MARK
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST
MADE IN U. S. A.

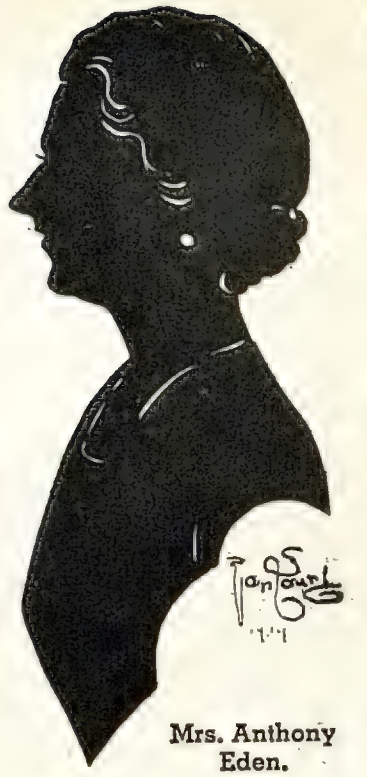
TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

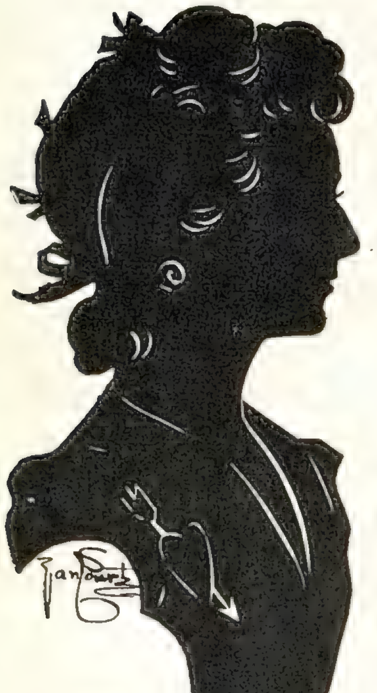


Vivien Leigh.

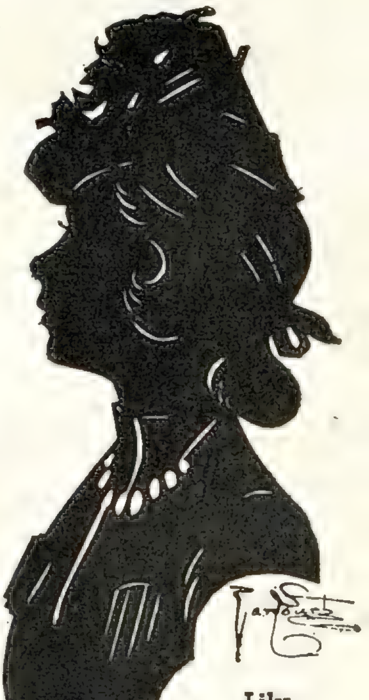


Mrs. Anthony Eden.

A SHARP pair of embroidery scissors and some sheets of black paper have introduced Nancy Van Court to famous people all over the world. She is our leading cutter-outer of portrait silhouettes. At a rush she can snip a celebrity's likeness in three minutes flat, though it takes longer to do a group of ten or more overlapping portraits all cut out of one sheet, an act she often performs at class reunions, official dinners, business conventions. She has done practically every noted person of the stage, screen, and politics. . . . Makes a thriving success of her unusual accomplishment, the talent for which she comes by naturally. Her father, Arthur Kilgore, was a California portrait painter, while one of her grandfathers, Alfred Sealey, designed the heads of the Presidents that adorn our folding money. . . . Trained from infancy as an artist, Nancy didn't do much about it until depression years, when she became a Wall Street widow with three small children and no cash. For fun she had long amused friends by cutting silhouettes. Necessity turned her knack to a profession, and brought quick results. Soon she could take her youngsters on a trip round the world, making silhouette pictures of celebrities to earn her way. Now she tours this country as a feature entertainer at big hotels and department stores. Her silhouette parlor game, Profiles, is a popular one-dollar gift. She has one son, eighteen, in the navy's flying force, and a daughter, twenty-one, working as an aviation mechanic.



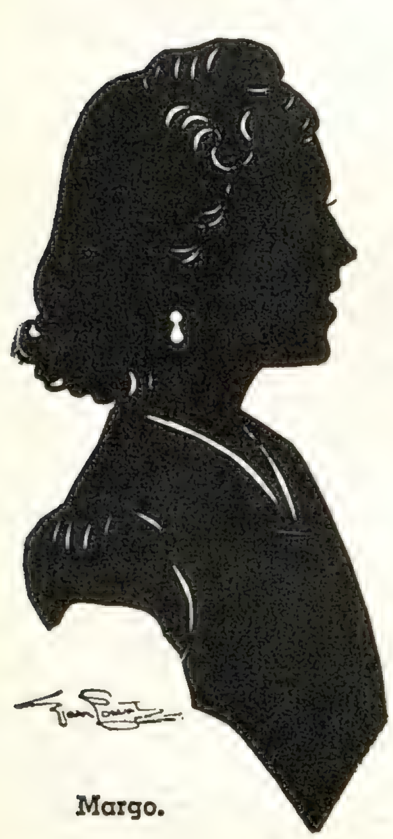
Joan Crawford.



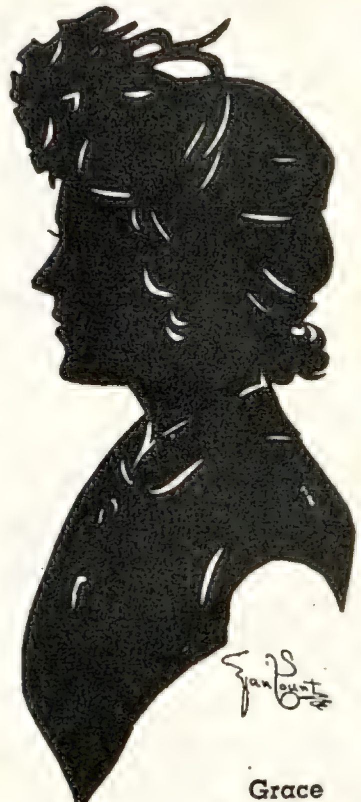
Lily Pons.

STYLISH eyebrows will be heavy this winter instead of plucked. I asked a make-up specialist why. He said, "Did you see the photographs of Commandos who took part in the Dieppe raid? Nearly all those boys have heavy eyebrows, and they're the outstanding heroes of today. You girls are notorious copycats. You try to look like whoever is most admired, male or female. Models and actresses are already inquiring how to grow heavier eyebrows."

WITH broom-mounted witches and jack-o'-lanterns we frolic innocently on Halloween—the night of spooks. Different, I am told, is the consciousness of ghosts in occupied Paris. . . . Never mind how this account reached me. It got here. . . . Nazi dignitaries requisitioned a lovely old mansion, formerly the home of a great French scientist. The invaders aren't comfortable there. Strange things happen. Best wines go sour; neatly filed army documents scatter; untouched doors open mysteriously, and in the dead of night scared Nazis hear the soft music of Die Lorelei—the siren song. A gray lady is said to appear, stretching forth arms that have no hands. . . . Experts sent from Berlin have failed to *unscare* the situation. Of three Nazis who occupied that house, one is dead, one in a sanitarium, and the present occupant is begging to be transferred. . . . Paris is an old and curious city. In the days of the French Revolution, so I've been told, there was a secret way of slipping through two miles of solid houses without ever setting foot on a public street.



Margo.



Grace Hartman.

DO you know about Truro, quaint old Massachusetts coast town with a high reputation for cooking? Phyllis Duganne, who writes fiction for Liberty, has shown me the new Truro Neighborhood Association cook-booklet, filled with old-time recipes. Booklet costs seventy-five cents. Here's one for *Cape Cod Chicken Stew:* . . . Separate fowl into joints. Dredge with seasoned flour. Try out ¼ pound salt pork in iron kettle and brown chicken joints in the hot fat. Put in just enough water to cover, and cook very slowly till almost done. Then add 1 sliced turnip, 4 carrots, and 4 parsnips cut lengthwise. Drop dumpling dough on top when vegetables are done. Thicken gravy and serve in separate bowl.

WINTER reading as educational as a cruise: Emil Ludwig's new romance-geography, The Mediterranean. (Published by Whittlesey House. $3.75.) Tells about Damarete, world's first political gold digger. She grabbed half a million for herself more than two thousand years ago.

Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd in the mystery melodrama The Glass Key.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Murder Mystery: THE GLASS KEY

ONE by one the celebrated bogeymen of the movies have had to submit to a softening-up process. Jimmy Cagney long since hurled his last grapefruit at a gangster's moll. Humphrey Bogart has sworn off snarling and shooting at innocent bystanders for the duration, transferring his screen activities to tracking down spies and fifth columnists. Edward G. Robinson no longer lords it over his underworld mob. Now comes the reformation of the most sinister bad man of them all, Alan Ladd.

If you saw young Ladd as the ruthless killer in This Gun for Hire, you will expect the worst in the way of pathological behavior from him in The Glass Key—but you will find him a reformed character. As Ed Beaumont in this adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's novel he endures epic beatings for friendship's sake; he solves three murder cases by bright brainwork, not brawn; he exchanges innuendoes instead of blows with the heroine.

Fortunately Alan Ladd is an excellent actor as well as an arresting personality, compelling your attention whether he is playing a killer or, as in this new film, a loyal lieutenant of a political boss. Whatever excitement The Glass Key can offer springs from Ladd's provocative performance.

Brian Donlevy is as boisterous, and as unbelievable, as most movie political bosses. As the lady he loves and loses to Ladd, Veronica Lake has a few scenes in which she tosses her tawny mane out of her eyes and confirms the impression that she is really a very pretty girl, once you get a good look at her. William Bendix, that tough marine of Wake Island, is seen here as a slugger who beats up Beaumont regularly and thoroughly enjoys his work.

Personality of the Week: ALAN LADD

IF you happened to be in Hollywood a few years ago and were hungry for a hamburger, you might have bought it from Alan Ladd. Not so long ago, when this same Alan Ladd was making his first visit to New York, he saw his name in lights on the Paramount Theater on Broadway.

Alan Ladd.

In the years between, Ladd had worked as a ditch-digger, a singer in a beer hall, a pipelayer, a newspaper reporter to earn money to stake him to a course in a dramatic school. Screen-struck, he haunted the studios but could never get past the gates. When he appeared on a local radio program, Sue Carol, actors' agent and former silent-screen star, heard him and was sufficiently impressed with his voice to send for its owner. She was surprised when, instead of the middle-aged actor she had expected to see, a shy, photogenic young man walked into her office. She signed him up, and within a week had him playing "bit" parts at various studios. It was two more years before he won an important part—that of the gangster in This Gun for Hire.

Sue Carol is now his wife as well as his agent—a happy ending to one of Hollywood's true success stories.

Comedy ad Lib.: THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

HOPE and Crosby, those intrepid Hollywood explorers, undaunted by their weird adventures in Singapore (in 1940) and Zanzibar (in 1941), set out on another expedition—to Morocco this time—and once again they have brought themselves back alive. In fact, they are fresher than ever. The same cannot be said for their script writers, who weakened somewhere along the road when they found that the oasis of fresh running gags they were heading for was just a mirage. Hope and Crosby, stout fellas, carried on—and all for the good of the picture, too.

It might not be a sound idea for all comedians to toss away their scripts, but with a team as generously endowed with high spirits as Messrs. Hope and Crosby, it seems safe enough. Their good humor is so contagious that their Moroccan adventures will have a reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles. Particularly when they engage in gallant rivalry for the hand of the lovely princess, Dorothy Lamour, and encounter difficulties with a jealous sheik.

Mr. Crosby catches up on his crooning when Miss Lamour selects him as her dream prince consort—and by a trick of the sound track we hear Miss Lamour crooning back at him in the Crosby manner; when Bob joins the chorus, Miss Lamour's throaty tones issue from the Hope throat. Those gag writers were not lost in the desert after all, it seems.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Pride of the Yankees, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific.

WISEACRE

She made herself beautiful, sleek, amusing, yet her happiness seemed wrecked. The story of a wife from the other side of the tracks

BY ALICE LENT COVERT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"WHEN I was a kid I used to read those king-and-beggar-maid novels. You know, the hero forgives her humble birth, raises her to his own station, and marries her. I guess even then I was skeptical of that ever-after ending. I always wished some one would write a sequel so I'd know what happened after the marriage, when the honeymoon had been a long time over. Well—now I know." Sandy looked about her at the charming room, at the plump sad-eyed woman who sat before her, and she said tightly, "The king comes to his senses, sees the girl for the phony she is, and—" She finished abruptly, "Bill wants a divorce."

"You're going to give it to him?"

"Of course. We decided it tonight—"

At the supper table that had been. They had eaten in one of the cold, constrained silences they had known so much of late. And then he had said, "Let's talk this thing out now."

"All right." She pushed her hardly touched supper plate aside and folded her hands on the table. "What will we say? That we've had so much fun, and isn't it a shame it has to end? Or that you'd give your right arm not to hurt me?" A muscle tightened in his cheek. He would have answered, but she rushed on, "No, Bill, let's not do it that way. You just say, 'I want a divorce.' And I'll say"—her hands, that had been gripped tightly together, relaxed against the white cloth and lay quietly. "And I'll say, 'But of *course!* Why didn't you ask me ages ago?' "

He looked bleakly at her. "I think I might have known you'd crack wise—even about this. Some day, Sandy, you're going to be faced with a truth, and you won't be able to meet it. Because you've dodged issues for so long it's gotten to be a habit with you." Then he turned away. Without speaking again, she let him go across the room and out of the door, slamming it behind him. Afterward she arose and went to the big mirror which hung above the sideboard.

"Hullo," she said to her image. "How do you like being a finished product?"

A smart image. Sleek pale hair, sleek pale skin, frost-blue eyes that had learned to be knowing. A wiseacre. Bill had called her that more than once lately. He had called her other things, too, all subtly unkind.

Looking back at herself as she was when she met him—that was like looking at some one else, a stranger. The same pale hair, but wild and fly-away then. The same blue eyes, but hot and wide and eager. The same generous mouth, but too shrill with excitement, too ready to laughter. She had been rounded and soft—not with this lean streamlined figure that was a dressmaker's delight. Her clothes had been all wrong then. Shoddy, pathetic, too brief and too gay. Bill used to laugh and tease her about "that green velvet monstrosity" she was wearing the night they met—

The night he picked me up—that's what it really was. I'd had a sundae at Allyn's. When I went to pay for it, I'd lost my change. The clerk was impolite, and Bill came to my rescue. We got to talking, and he asked to take me home—

Quite a change in little Sandy Bell from Tenn Street. Not in Bill Trask, though; nothing save a few gray hairs in the dark waves at his temples. Still tall and straight, his gray eyes quiet, remote; his fine-cut head still a bit arrogant. *No, I was the one who changed, because I thought he wanted me to.*

But he had loved her. At first, after that night he took her home, she had been surprised when he kept coming back. Mom and dad had been surprised, too, and a little suspicious. They were strict about him for a while. They didn't know what to make of Bill. He was from Circle Drive, and his father was an important man in an uptown bank. He might not be on the level.

So for a time, when he got to calling regularly, they had to stay in, with dad sprawled out on the lounge in suspenders and sock feet; and mom padding around the house in felt slippers and an old Chinese kimono. Sometimes mom got upset with Floyd, who was ten and impudent, and harangued him right in front of Bill.

After Sandy knew she was in love with him—and she thought maybe he was with her—those times at home scared her. Nervously she watched Bill's face for signs that he might hear her in mom's nagging; see in the untidy, cluttered house a sample of the way Sandy would take care of a home. She really didn't know the first thing about housekeeping; mom had always done it all. But for Bill she'd learn, you bet!

Katie, coming in at the swinging door, brought her back to the present with a jerk. "Mist' Trask gone off wifout his dessert!" she announced indignantly. "Dat man don't eat enough vittles t' nourish a sparrer! Look here—you gonter eat your dessert, ain't you, Miss Sandy?"

"Not now. I—think I'll lie down for a little while."

She had lain across her bed for an hour or more, not sleeping but with her eyes closed. Her thoughts wheeled in aimless circles about her. There was nothing to think now, save all that had been thought before. *I knew it was coming—we've been drifting apart for so long. And everything I've done to try and bring him back to me has only made it worse—*

His family will be glad, of course. They've never thought I was good enough for him—

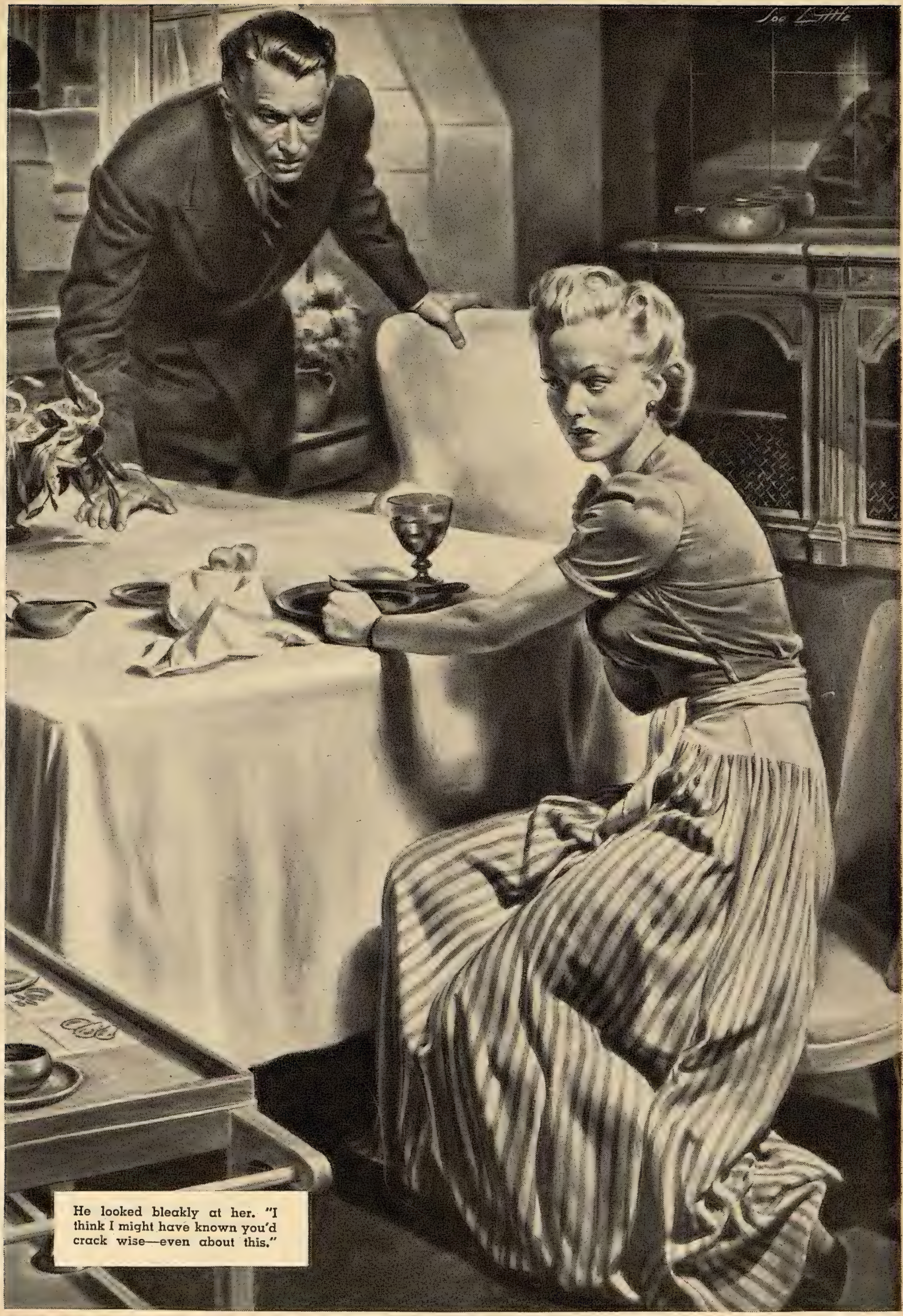
WHEN she had come downstairs again Bill had gone out and the little house was quiet save for the vague sound of Katie's maneuverings in the kitchen. At the living-room door Sandy paused in surprise. A plump oldish woman was sitting beside the hearth, looking at a magazine. She glanced up at Sandy's step. "Oh, hello. Katie said you were lying down, so I told her not to bother you."

"I'm glad you came, Ellen." She went forward and dropped on the divan.

Ellen Glasby cocked her gray head to one side and demanded, "Have you been crying?"

"No. I—have a headache."

She knew that she would tell Ellen presently. Because she had to talk to some one, and Ellen had been her friend for years, long before she had fallen in love with Bill Trask from Circle Drive. The plump woman had been the girl's schoolteacher in the shabby school on Tenn Street, back in



He looked bleakly at her. "I think I might have known you'd crack wise—even about this."

the days when the Bells lived across the tracks, on the wrong side—

She's the only friend I've kept from the old life. Something tightened inside her. *I think she's the only friend I've kept from anywhere.*

After a little, Sandy leaned forward to say tautly, "Ellen, did you know that my marriage to Bill would fail? That it couldn't last?"

"So that's it."

"Yes. That's it." Then she told her about the king-and-the-beggar-maid and the ever-after marriage that was over.

"FROM the day I walked into Mrs. Trask's house," she said, "and Bill said, 'Mother, this is the girl I'm going to marry,' I think I knew the Trasks would defeat me in the end." Her eyes clouded with remembering. They'd been sweet, Bill's family. Polite and smiling and never letting her know by a single word or gesture that she wasn't the girl they'd have picked. "But they *smothered* me, Ellen! They were so perfect, so utterly right—and I was scared. I wanted so badly to have them like me, because of Bill, but everything I did was wrong—"

Nothing had been hers. Not the planning, nor fixing the little house Bill's father bought for them. Mrs. Trask did it all. (*"Blue for the living room, I think—don't you, Sandy dear? The material Bentons' showed us is lovely, and that shade doesn't show soiling so easily."*)

"Ellen, all my life I'd dreamed of a living room with white woodwork and bright chintz—but I wouldn't have dared—"

"Why?"

She said helplessly, "I was afraid of his mother. Afraid she'd think I sounded silly. And then—Bill liked her suggestions—"

She had not been able to learn to cook well, either. (*"Sandy, my dear—you'll have Katie to cook for you, of course. She was with the Andersons for years, and she's a perfect gem. Even so, a wife needs to know about the planning of meals and their proper preparation—"*)

"But I couldn't learn, Ellen. She was awfully patient with me, I guess, but I had the feeling she expected me to flop. Katie adored me from the first, for some reason—and I was never afraid to ask her advice on anything—only it didn't help when his people came to the house. I was always terrified—" She moved nervously, reached for a cigarette and then checked herself abruptly. In a sharper voice she said, "I never liked to smoke. I made myself learn because Bill's sister laughed at me when I was so awkward about it. She smokes like a chimney."

She was quiet for a little. Then she began to talk again, jerkily. "There were so many things, Ellen—Bill and my folks. He never criticized them, nor seemed to look down on them—but I was always afraid he *would.* I couldn't have borne it! His people are so—so *impeccable,* and you know how the folks are. I kept them apart as much as I could. I didn't want him making comparisons.

"Sometimes we'd go to visit them, Bill and I. But you know how the house always is—upside down and smelling of cabbage and kerosene. Bill never had to live like that. He doesn't know what it is, living from hand to mouth—"

"He wouldn't have minded your giving them things, would he?"

"The times that I did, I didn't tell him. It wasn't so much on account of Bill—but I couldn't have anything said or thought about the Bells taking Trask charity. His mother always made me feel so—so *guilty* about dad! Once some one asked me what he did, and before I could say anything, Mrs. Trask cut in, 'Oh, he's retired,' and then switched the subject. I wanted to say, 'My father was a drayman for twenty years. He worked like a dog, and then he hurt himself in a fall off a truck. And ever since, people have been trying to make up their minds if he's really sick or just plain lazy!'"

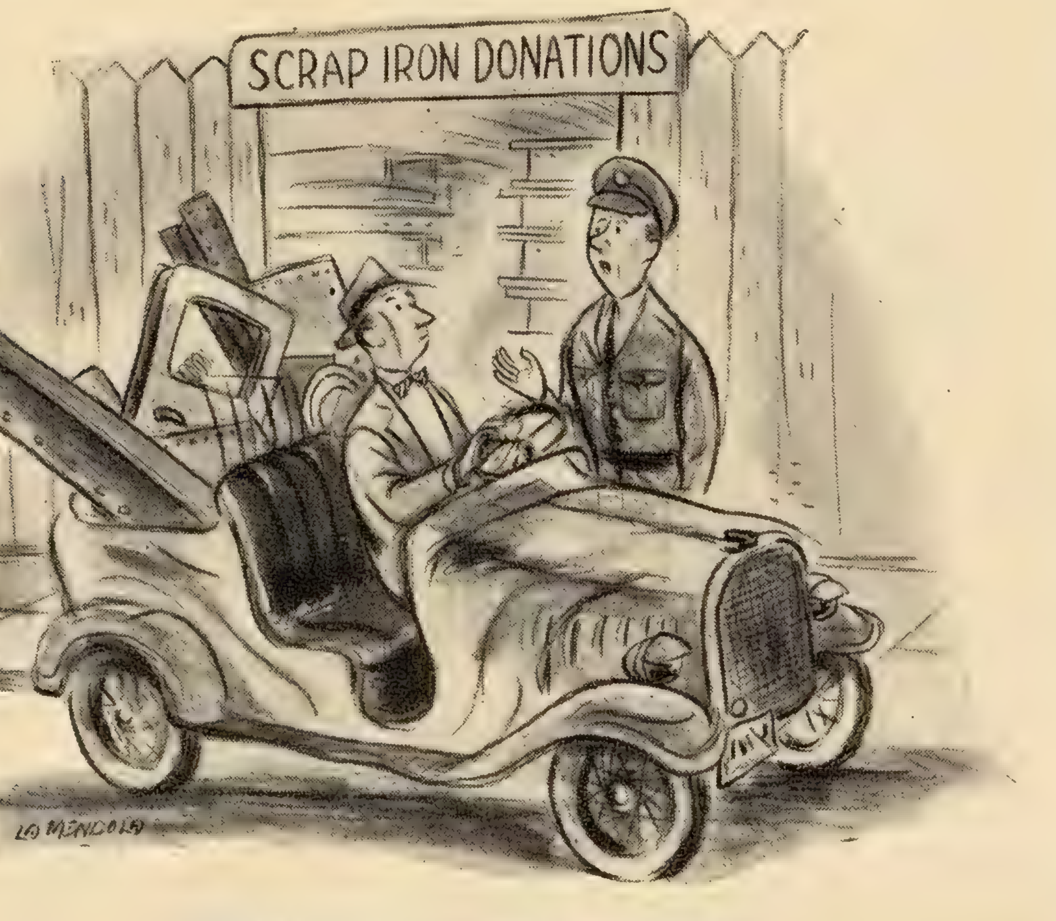
"And these are the things that have ruined your marriage."

"They're just a part of the whole. I've never had any identity, Ellen. At first I was afraid to open my mouth, because when I did try to enter into a conversation, I always blurted out something that sounded horrible! Kathryn used to bring those friends of hers home from the university—they were smooth, and they made me feel so terribly young and dowdy and ignorant! I tried so hard to be like them—copying the way they dressed, the way they talked and walked and moved. Bill would get into discussions with them, and they'd argue away into the night about things that were Greek to me—politics, sports, national affairs." She laughed bitterly. "I read until I was dizzy, but when I'd try to say something intelligent to Bill, he'd look at me as if I'd lost my mind and tell me not to worry my pretty head about things that were way over it, anyhow. And if any one who was new to the circle asked my opinion on something, he'd laugh and say, 'Oh, Sandy wouldn't know—she's strictly a nitwit! All she cares about is me!' So there was bound to come a time"—her voice slowed—"when caring about Bill wasn't enough. And there was nothing else for me to do. Katie ran the house. If I tried to darn one of Bill's socks, it puckered, and he'd tell me to let Katie do it, that was what we paid her for."

"So you built yourself a shell."

"I SUPPOSE. Oh, Ellen, I was *miserable!* I got to where I was actually ashamed of loving Bill—of remembering that my people were poor and had always lived on Tenn Street and I wasn't bright enough to talk sense on Circle Drive—*I was so ashamed of being ashamed all the time!"* She put her face in her hands. "And then—when I needed a baby—Bill just looked surprised and said, 'Sure, honey—some day. But we can't afford a nursemaid right now, and Katie has her hands pretty full.' A nursemaid! He couldn't believe that I could take care of it myself—that I wanted to—" Her voice leveled out, became calm again. "After that, I think I died a little inside. Something was happening to Bill and me. I couldn't seem to reach him any longer—maybe I really never could. I know I was young and dumb, but I was *alive!* I wanted to grow up and know and care about what was happening to the world, and why—but they wouldn't let me.

"Oh, I was entertaining enough. Anything I said was good for a laugh—especially if I tried to talk sense. *'Isn't that Sandy a screwball!'"* she mimicked bitterly. "The life of the party and not a brain in my head. Kathryn's friends drank, more or less, and I found out that when I'd had a



"Shall we unload it, or is the car included?"

couple of highballs I could be even funnier, because I wasn't scared any more. So there it was—and somewhere along the way we gradually got lost, Bill and I. I got to smart-cracking so much it got to be a habit; and because I'd been hurt, I wouldn't show any sentiment at all. Not even for him. Now—the world's in a mess, and life has gotten to be a serious proposition. And Bill doesn't want a dimwit for a wife any more. Me—I've had eight years of trying to be somebody else. Now I'm going to be myself. I'm going to work with my hands—and I'm going to find some one to talk to, some one who'll think I've got some sense. Only, first, I'm going to give Bill his divorce." Her smile was tight-lipped. "Incompatibility—"

There was hurt in the older woman's eyes, but she said gently, "You come and talk to me whenever you want. I think you've got sense—"

"Ellen—thanks. You never did let me down, did you?"

SHE told Katie the next morning. Without preliminary. "Bill and I are getting a divorce. I'm going to close the house, so I—won't need you any longer." Against the Negress' sudden outraged grief she said sharply, "Please, Katie, there's nothing to be said! I'm sorry."

Katie was not to be put down. She declared brokenly, "Fo'kses ought'n ter fight so's they cain't be fixed! What wid a war goin' on an' peoples bein' so onhappy all over God's earth, ain't no room for nice fo'ks lak you and Mist' Trask afightin'."

Sandy called Ellen Glasby. "I'm going home. Back to Tenn Street. I've a little money in a savings account, and it'll be a help to the folks—"

"You haven't seen Bill?"

"He didn't come home again."

Mrs. Trask telephoned. "Sandy, my dear—what is this Bill tells me? You children aren't really separating?"

"Yes. We are."

"But are you sure it isn't something that can be worked out?"

Sandy said, with quiet anger, "It's something that hasn't worked out in eight years. I'm sorry. I'll keep the divorce just as quiet as I possibly can—I owe you that much." Then she hung up.

It was good to be at home again. The house was the same, except that it had grown shabbier. Quieter, too—without Floyd rattling and banging about the place. Floyd was in the navy now, at Pearl Harbor. His picture was on mom's dresser—a strapping, grinning kid in uniform. "Complained day and night because his pa and me wouldn't sign the papers before he was of age to go," mom said. "Maybe I was selfish—but seemed like I just couldn't give him up." Floyd had been gone nearly two years now. Two years that mom hadn't had either of her young 'uns in the old house that had always been so noisy and alive.

As for Bill and Sandy—maybe mom had always been talkative, but she asked no questions now, made no comments beyond: "I'm sorry, child. We wanted you to be happy, your pa and me."

"Is any one ever happy?"

Mom looked surprised. "Why, honey, I guess most ever'body is, a part of the time. What a thing to say!"

"Have you been?" The question was almost accusing.

"Yes—" Mom's answer had little of hesitation. "Mostly, I've been right happy. We've had our ups and downs, pa and me, but there wasn't any place either of us would rather have been. Oh, I reckon we bickered a lot of times, and maybe complained a mite, but when there was trouble, seemed like we always stood together closer then ever. Bein' close to somebody, that always sort of takes the edge off things—"

Looking keenly at her, Sandy discovered that the aging face was calmer than she had remembered, the voice less shrill. The kitchen they stood in was shabby and disorderly—but with the comfortable clutter of living.

Sandy felt baffled and cheated. *I needn't have wasted any pity on mom.* Haranguing, laughing, scolding mom—she'd found what Sandy had missed, right here on Tenn Street with her own kind of man!

I was a fool to think I could cross the tracks!

In a month she did not hear from Bill, except through a lawyer, stuffy Maddox Wainscott. He said, "I feel it might be better form if you wait for some time to file. I understand neither of you plans to marry again—"

"No. It doesn't matter how long it is"—Sandy was proud of her airiness—"just so it's good and permanent!"

"Now, in regard to a settlement—"

She stopped smiling. "The Trasks don't have anything I want. I'd like to make that clear. They've nothing—money or property—that I'd have on a silver platter!"

"But Bill feels—"

"I feel," she said blandly, "that Bill is a stuffed shirt! Will you tell him that for me?"

BACK in the house on Tenn Street she sat in the living room for a long while, staring at nothing. At last mom said, "You're still a mighty lot in love with your husband."

"Yes." She wanted to be utterly honest. "I'm in love with him the way he was when there were just the two of us. Before I learned that love has trappings. I don't suppose I'll ever get over it completely."

Mom sighed. "No, I don't reckon you will. A woman never does. Not right down inside her."

Even with the hurt, and the trying to hide it, it was fun at home. Every one was talking war, scanning newspapers and hanging on radios to see what would come of the United States' negotiations with Japan. Sandy read and listened, too, and it was gratifying to have mom and dad listen with respect to her opinions. Sometimes Ellen came over of an evening, and they sat and talked—about how men like that could be so mad with the lust for power that they lost all their human-

1917 WAR *RUN BY* **TELEPHONE**

1942 WAR *RUN BY* **RADIO**

For Instance...

... during the grand wind up of the three-day battle of Midway—two American pilots in radio conversation.
Pilot Number One: "Do you see any gas coming out of my plane? There's no fuel on the gauge."
Pilot Number Two: "Yeah—you got a hole in your tank." ...
(news item)

... a pursuit pilot who fought as a soldier on Bataan reports on a Jap landing party: "They have the best equipment I ever saw. Everybody had special field radios" ... etc.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
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RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

ity, their feeling, their decency. About the Man in Washington—and thank goodness, if it *had* to come, they had a man like that at the helm. And Ellen said one thing was certain: when *this* was over, the world would move ahead to better things than it had known before, because that was the way mankind seemed to learn best, through suffering and bitter experience.

Sometimes mom said wistfully, "I worry some about Floyd—but then, I've got no call to. He's just one out of thousands—"

Sometimes Sandy had to be alone, and then the hurt was there. The pain and the remembering, the knowing that Bill thought he had rid himself of a wife who was shallow and brittle. A wiseacre.

AND then all that went into eclipse. On a Sunday afternoon. She was in her room, lying across the bed, half drowsing. Downstairs, the folks were hanging over the radio, as usual.

Her door opened suddenly. Mom came in, white as death, to gasp, "Floyd— Oh, Sandy, my boy!"

She staggered as if she would fall. Sandy eased her to a chair, cried out, "Mom darling! What is it?"

Dad came in the doorway. He went to mom, knelt beside her chair. "Get hold of yourself, mama," he said unsteadily. Her arms went about his neck, drew him to her.

"He's yours, too," she said in a dead voice. "Don't let me be a coward!"

The panic was a live thing, smothering Sandy. She flung herself forward. "What's happened to Floyd?"

"We don't know." She thought that all of dad's overworked life, his suffering, brimmed in his eyes. "Maybe nothing. Maybe—" His hands were holding mom tenderly, as if she were a child. "It's begun, daughter. They've attacked the harbor. There's a lot of our boys dead—"

There was a lot of confusion after that. People calling, dad saying endlessly, "We don't know. The gover'ment would rather we don't wire. They'll let us know as soon as they can—"

Bill telephoned, grave with sympathy. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you." *I could say I need him, and he'd come. But I don't need him.* "It's happened to so many families. There's nothing any one can do."

After a while there were casualty lists in the papers, but Floyd's name was not among them. The days slid by. Mom came out of her first panic and was so brave and cheerful that Sandy was frantic with the want of something to do. *I've got to be useful. I can't just sit here idly. It's everybody's war. I've got to be in it, too.*

The Tenn Street Red Cross station started a first-aid school. Sandy went. At the Red Cross sewing rooms a brisk woman showed her how to knit, gave her drab-colored yarn to take home.

"But this awful color!" objected Sandy. "Why not send the boys things in cheerful shades?"

"Why not paint targets on their backs?" snapped the brisk lady. Sandy felt her face grow hot. Beautiful but dumb!

She was lost in the hustle and roar of an angered nation going to war. There was so little she could do, really. If I'd known what was coming, I could have used up some of my spare time during the last few years learning to do useful things—I can't even knit decently. Nobody would feel the lack if I didn't knit a single sweater.

When she tried to say something of the sort to her mother, mom said calmly, "My stars, I guess if every one felt like that, the boys would have to wait an awful long time for their sweaters!"

Every one was busy at something or other, and things were all changed around. None of the things which had been important before mattered now—or maybe they were even more important. Maybe they were the very things that were being fought for, only they had to be relegated temporarily to the background because of the fight itself.

But not Bill's and my trouble, she thought miserably. That isn't important now. Not two people who got their lives all ruined while around them people were putting up a battle—to hang onto the very things we were throwing away.

She had a lonely left-out feeling.

And then there was the letter from Floyd! Scrawled boyish lines that fused and merged into one brief sentence that flamed up to warm the hearts of the people on Tenn Street. "I'm O. K." *I'm O. K.!* Mom simply gave a white shaky smile through her tears and whispered, "Thank God!"

Dad said, "He'll get to see some real excitement now—"

"People are calm over here. They won't take this sitting down. Tell mom I'll be along home one of these days, but first me and the other boys got a job of work to do—"

Bill telephoned. "I heard about Floyd. It's—swell—" Then: "Sandy, I'd like to see you. Will you drive out into the country with me, somewhere we can talk?"

She hesitated and gave in. "All right—"

THEY drove to Esteban Park for lunch. Bill was changed, somehow. Quieter, with some of the arrogance gone and a suppressed eagerness in its place. When they had eaten, he told her, "I've enlisted."

She sat quietly, searching her mind to be sure what she felt. Bill had always an awareness of all that went on about him, a terrific interest. She said, still-voiced, "I—think I knew you would." And, "When do you leave?"

"Tomorrow."

"You—don't know where you'll be, I suppose?"

"I'll be at camp for a while, of course. After that, they don't tell you where you're headed. I've had National Guard experience, and I've asked for active duty. I'd like to get in this."

She tried to think of Bill lying injured on a battlefield somewhere. Mangled and dying. Missing. Her mind fled from the picture. He was talking again. "I thought, since I'm leaving, that you and I—" His words turned clumsy. "There wouldn't be any need for you to go ahead with the divorce, unless you wanted to, that is. You could keep the house—maybe your family would like to move over there with you. And the folks would see that you were taken care of—"

COME ON! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN HAVE A BARREL OF FUN
APPLES

No move to take her in his arms. No plea for reconciliation.

Anger was a release from the tenseness that gripped her. "Are you being heroic, Bill? Or generous? I don't need to be taken care of. I'll manage beautifully. Please run along to Tahiti or Timbuktu or wherever you're going, and don't worry about me!"

You couldn't have taken me in your arms and said, "Maybe we were both wrong. Let's try again." You don't know I'll die a thousand deaths while you're gone, waiting for word, hoping you're safe, knowing I've no more right to hope than a million other women! You couldn't give me back my right to worry about you—my right to share my own responsibility—

HIS voice came at her, wooden and accusing: "I guess I got a little mixed up. The way things are, some people have sort of shed their phoniness, and I thought— Oh, forget it!"

The car fled homeward along the smooth white mountain road, with the two of them sitting white-faced and grim. Sandy was thinking, Can I have been hoping that something would happen to patch it up? He was only being sorry for me because I'm a shallow fool and some one has to take care of me—

They rounded the corner and came upon the wreck without warning—a black roadster sprawled in a ditch, the roadbed torn where its wheels had skidded in the soft shoulder. The driver lay inertly across a door, his head and arms hanging downward across the jagged, shattered glass.

Bill brought his machine to a stop. Instantly Sandy was out of the car and running forward.

There was an ugly gash across the forehead of the unconscious man and the front of his white shirt was sodden with blood. Sandy gasped, "He's badly hurt. Help me get him out."

They pried the door open, eased the man onto the ground. Sandy tore the shirt from his shoulder. From a deep slash in his forearm blood spurted with the rhythm of each heartbeat.

Bill said, "We'd better get him to a doctor—"

DON'T TRUST HIM HE'S A TOAD-STOOL PIGEON

Sandy was on her feet, lifting her skirt. Her hands wrenched at the hem of her slip. Straps gave way and she pulled the garment down. "Give me your knife—" She took the necktie from the unconscious man's throat, thrust it about his arm and knotted it. Then she slipped the knife through the knot, began to twist. "My slip"—she said breathlessly—"tear it into strips."

He stared for a second and then obeyed. "There's water in my thermos. Ought I to try to give him some of it? It might bring him to."

She snapped, "Never try to give an unconscious man a drink!" without pausing in her work. She finished with her tourniquet, fastened it securely, and bound a strip of cloth about the arm. "It's checked. He hasn't lost a lot of blood yet." Experimentally she felt his arms and legs. "There don't seem to be any broken bones, and he's breathing pretty regularly. I think we can move him without doing any harm—"

They got him into the back seat. "Drive carefully," said Sandy, "but fast. And give me your watch—that thing has to be loosened every few moments."

When they had gone a mile of the twenty they must cover back to town, Bill said wonderingly, "You probably saved his life. Artery, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Where did you ever learn to do that?"

"AT the Red Cross station. I've been going to first-aid classes." Her chin wobbled. "I knitted a muffler, too. It's a crooked muffler, but a darn nice big one, and somebody will be glad to get it." Suddenly the tears started. "And Mr. Gillespie, at the station, said I'm an A-1 driver and I can qualify for the ambulance corps, if they organize one, and I know about Pearl Harbor, and Manila, and—and I knew about Munich and Dunkirk and the isolationists—and I wanted a baby like everything!"

Bill tried to say something, but she sobbed, "Shut up! I never wanted to be a wiseacre. I wanted to learn to cook and sew, and I hated bridge!" She dabbed the tears from her eyes and got to her knees on the seat, so that she could reach back and loosen the tourniquet on the unconscious stranger's arm. "You never let me have a chance to show you if I had any sense—you just took the Trasks' word for it that I didn't. And that's another thing. My family's just as good as yours! B-better!"

Bill got a word in edgewise. "I never could be sure what you thought. You always acted ashamed of them."

"Ashamed?" She glared at him. "That's not true—I *never* was!"

"You didn't want me to go down there, and you didn't seem to want them at our place—"

She crumpled against the seat, aghast. "And *that's* what you thought?"

"I always liked your folks. They're fun—only I never got a chance to be around them very much."

"I didn't think you wanted to," she wailed. "I was afraid you looked down on them because they lived on Tenn Street. Oh, Bill, I've been an awful snob!"

"You changed so—" he muttered. "It seemed as if all you cared about was fixing your hair and drinking highballs and parroting the latest wisecracks—"

"No! I wanted to be treated like an intelligent, normal grown-up—but everybody thought I was just a dizzy kid! I worked so hard learning not to be ignorant and silly—I tried to be like Kathryn—"

"Kathryn's a drip," he said morosely. "I never thought she was good for you, but I could hardly say so—"

WHEN they drew up in front of the hospital, there was a flurry of activity. The injured man was wheeled on a stretcher into the receiving ward, vanished behind white doors. In the ensuing quiet, Sandy said, in a faraway voice, "I hate blood—" and then she fainted.

She awoke with her head on a pillow and her hand in Bill's. When he saw that her eyes were open, he said to her:

"I've heard of women who are cool in a crisis and then pass out afterward. How do you feel?"

"All right—" Her voice was a bit weak.

"The doctor says your patient is going to be O. K., thanks to you. Feel like scramming out of here? I want to get you alone—" Then he came to his knees beside the couch. "Darling, we've both been fools, but I've been the biggest. When I took you riding this afternoon, I was intending to ask you to come back to me—the way you used to be, funny, and excitable, and lovable—"

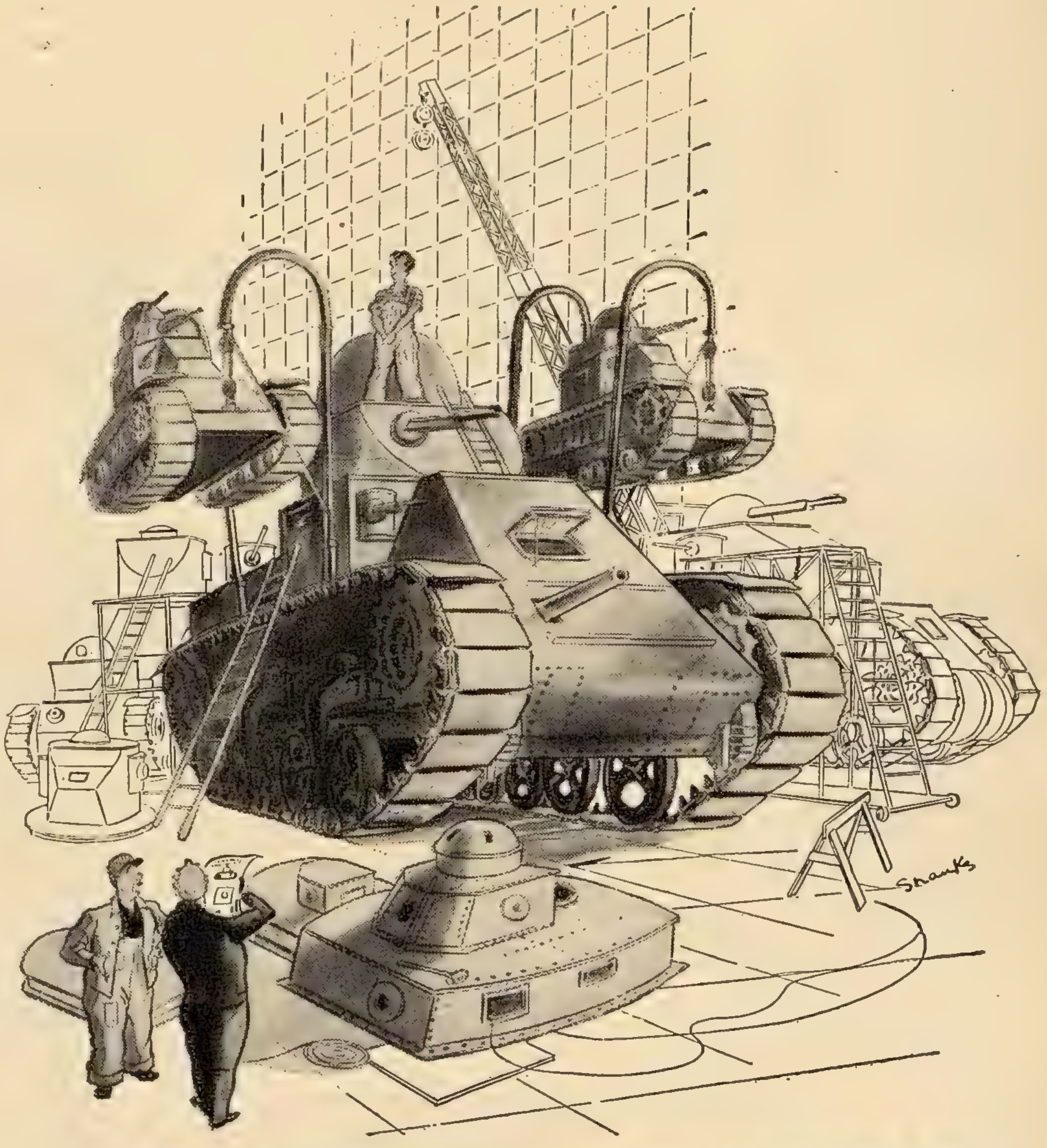
"And intelligent," she said firmly. "I read the papers."

He kissed her. "I'm coming back. And when I'm home again, we'll have fourteen kids, and evenings we'll all sit around the fire. I'll tell them how their mommy drove an ambulance in the world's last war— *'Once upon a time, there were three dragons known as the Axis partners—'* "

"But that was a long, long time ago—" She clung to him tightly. "Bill—even if you have to go so far away that you can't come back until it's over—it won't be long. You heard what Churchill said—by 1943 we'll be taking the initiative—"

To the doctor who looked in at the doorway Bill said proudly over Sandy's head, "My wife reads the papers."

THE END



"I know it isn't according to specifications, but he's an old Navy man!"

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

THE RESTORATION OF 10B

BY STANLEY C. VICKERS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WITH the usual end-of-day feeling, George unlocked the door of the tenth-floor apartment and stepped into the living room. The Venetian blinds were down and the room had the neat appearance of one which has been tidied up, then abandoned.

Although he knew instinctively that Kay was not there, he poked his head through the half-open door which led to the dressing closet and bathroom. He laid his hat on the bureau and deposited next to it the things which jammed his pockets to and from the offices of Wright & Dixon, Naval Architects: pipe, pouch, loose change, fountain pen, billfold. Then he hung up his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and doused his face with cold water. The feeling that he had done all these things in their habitual order many times before suddenly weighed on him.

Before he could settle in the chair by the window with the evening paper, he noticed a message lying on the shelf of the open secretary. He pounced on it.

Dearest,
Sarah Bennett dropped into town. We're having supper together, as she leaves in the morning. Would have waited for you but was afraid you'd have to work late. Will be home at respectable hour.
Miss me, KAY.

George stretched, raised the blinds, and looked out over the city. It was the first time in almost two years that Kay hadn't been home of an evening or with him. They liked to do things together.

George felt guilty in experiencing an exhilaration that this evening was his own.

He ignored the paper. Instead he shaved and showered. His new suit was hanging on the closet door. He looked critically at himself in the mirror when he was through, and liked what he saw. As he was leaving, he turned back and scribbled a note below Kay's on the scrap of paper.

Honey,
Went out to eat. Might catch a movie after. Hope you had fun. GEORGE.

ON the street, walking toward a subway, he felt strangely gay. Whenever he had walked the streets, ridden the subways, or dropped in some place for lunch since their marriage, it had all seemed part of an established pattern. A married pattern. When he returned home he hurried, and always by the same route. Now he was in no hurry and there was no route.

He got off the subway at Forty-second Street and wandered aimlessly about the Times Square area before the window invitation of a hotel taproom attracted him. He entered and settled himself with contented nonchalance at a small corner table and ordered a whisky-and-soda.

After the second one, George felt definitely gayer. He began to notice some of the people at the bar. One tall redhead caught his gaze and he stared back at her boldly, surprised at himself. He was on his third drink and had progressed to half-smiles with the girl at the bar when somebody called his name. He saw a fellow in a plaid sports coat weaving through tables toward him.

"Tommy!" George exclaimed. "Well, for—where the devil you been hiding?"

"Haven't seen you since we worked together on Long Island," Tommy grinned. "We can exchange histories later. Are you footloose tonight?"

"Whadda you mean?"

Tommy leaned toward his ear. "There's going to be a little party upstairs. I've got an in on it. We need an extra man."

George chuckled. This was perfect. "I'm a married man on a night off, Tommy," he said slyly.

"Be good for you." Tommy's voice sank to a whisper again. "It's O. K. No foolin'. Bunch of old sorority sisters or something. The single ones are lookin' for excitement and the married ones are lookin' for change."

George began sensing scruples which he knew he could squelch. "I haven't eaten," he said doubtfully.

"We'll have some sandwiches sent up to the suite later on," Tommy said. "This'll be fun, no kiddin'. The four gals are all high now. Get in early and take your pick. My only stipulation is that I get Sarah."

"Sarah who?" George questioned, waiting to tell Tommy with a roar of laughter that the little woman had gone out with a Sarah.

"Sarah Bennett. Don't tell me you know Sarah! Why, she just blew in this afternoon. From Ohio, I think."

"Who are the others?" George asked leadenly.

"Hell, I can't remember their names," Tommy replied impatiently. "You know how introductions are at a cocktail party. What's the matter?"

George leaned over his drink. This, he guessed, was the way things happened. Everything rosy, secure, then, suddenly, a tenth-floor apartment tumbling down around your ears.

"Listen, Tommy," he said, standing up. "I'm a little tight. My head's buzzing. I'm goin' for a walk and maybe grab somethin' to eat."

Tommy shrugged and began scanning the bar for some one else he might know.

THERE was no doubt in George's mind as to where he was going. He was going home. But he took a long time getting there because he walked. What then, he wasn't sure. That was why he wanted time to think. He felt white-hot with rage at the thought of Kay fooling around with fellows like Tommy. Not that Tommy was a bad sort, but it *was* fooling around—behind his back.

And then, riding up in the elevator, George felt sad almost to the point of tears. *He* had felt like fooling around tonight, too. There had been the girl at the bar. The redhead. He had enjoyed that. And he *had* been at the point of accepting Tommy's invitation.

But, dammit, it was different for a man. A man couldn't get drunk and be taken advantage of—or could he? George wasn't sure. All he knew was that he felt terrible.

He turned the lock and kicked open the door of 10B savagely.

Kay sprang from the armchair where she had been reading. "Oh, I've been so mad at you!" she bubbled. "Sarah started a party at the hotel where she's staying, and I rushed home to change and get you. We had a gang of girls from school. It would have been fun for an old married couple." She walked over and kissed his unbelieving face. "Why, you've been drinking, George—and behind my back!" she scolded laughingly.

He hugged her gratefully and penitently. "Let's just you and me sail out to a movie."

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 for the five next best.

SABOTAGE IN THE U. S. A.

Continued from Page 10

industry? If so, to what firms and to what extent?

4. Find out everything possible about new developments in the line of antiaircraft guns. We want to know the weight of the gun in firing position (four-legged cross mounting), caliber, weight of shell, weight of cartridge, muzzle velocity, highest elevation, range vertically and horizontally, firing speed, fire control. Manufactured by whom, and how many? Delivery dates? Give particulars about gun-manufacturing firms, name and location, how many employees, work capacity.

5. Is there anywhere in the States an antiaircraft shell with so-called electric eye being manufactured? If so, find out everything you can about experiences gained in tests . . . how are not-exploded shells being rendered harmless before reaching the earth? How many meters or feet must the projectile be distant from the airplane in order to be exploded by action of the reflected ray?

6. Get copy of United States Senator Barbour's Espionage Law.

7. Keep us up to date in all developments in the aircraft industry. Always keep an eye on all that is going on at the leading plants, especially Curtiss, North American Aircraft, Glenn Martin, Douglas, Boeing, United Aircraft, Lockheed, and the leading motor plants, especially Wright and Pratt & Whitney.

8. The Bell Corporation is said to have developed a cable of high-frequency service. . . . Find out if it has been introduced into the American Army, in what frequency range it is used, structure of cable, diameter, covering, and capacity of conduction. In what lengths is it being used, surface or underground? What do the plugs look like? Is there any special equipment for laying the cable? Get hold of a sample.

9. What is new about anti-fog devices?

10. What is new about bacteriological warfare from airplanes? All details.

11. Find out all about new gas-mask developments and give details.

12. Pertaining to Sperry Range Finders, find out if latest range finder is equipped to register changes in altitude and how it is being done.

13. Find out if there are going to Europe whole units or single aircraft with personnel of the U. S. Army and Navy as camouflaged Volunteer Corps. Report immediately when there are any signs of mobilization like calling up volunteers, establishment of Drafting Offices and calling in of reserve officers and reservists on a large scale, shipment or take-off of U. S. A. units and shipping of large amounts of war materials out of U. S. Army and Navy stores to Europe. State name of steamer and date of departure. Use code for cable reports.

A CAREFUL perusal of the microfilm questions made it obvious that, while Berlin was groping in the dark as to certain phases of preparedness activity in the United States, as to others its espionage system had been all too successful. But the questions left no vestige of doubt about Hitler's intentions regarding the United States. Evidently Duquesne and others had been at work for a long time, and had been thorough. Some of the questions were based on facts that could have been obtained only by the wiliest espionage agents.

The microfilms themselves were given back to Sebold, and, as instructed by the Gestapo, he called on Duquesne at the Wall Street address. Duquesne, the personification of caution, whispered to him, "We won't talk here; you never know where the F. B. I. has planted a dictograph." So the two went to a cafeteria, and there Sebold handed over one of the microfilms. "What's in it?" asked Duquesne. Sebold said he didn't know.

Duquesne said, "I despise the English. They mistreated my family in the Boer War." He went on to give Sebold details of his activities in the last war—details that happened to be accurate. Among other things, he had gone to South America and posed as a botanist gathering rare flora for the Royal Botanical Gardens in Amsterdam. He had packed incendiary devices in boxes containing plants and bulbs, and had "entrusted" these boxes to seamen on war-supply ships bound for Europe. His devices had started fires and caused explosions at sea, and he had got more than a score of freighters that way before pulling up stakes in South America simultaneously with the arrival of British Intelligence operatives who had learned about him from a survivor off one of the vessels.

HE had even more ambitious plans for the second war between the United States and Germany. He was working, he divulged, on details for firing the French liner Normandie, then berthed at a Hudson River pier in Manhattan; and he had gathered considerable data from workmen employed in the General Electric plant at Schenectady, New York, and the duPont powder works at Wilmington, Delaware, with a view to sabotaging those two plants.

He spoke knowingly of armament and aircraft production figures in plants from Pennsylvania to California and from Massachusetts to Florida. When Sebold reported back to the F. B. I., it turned out that Duquesne had been calling the shots with sinister accuracy.

Sebold's next move was to deliver the microfilms to the other three spies whose names he had been given in Germany. They were not so talkative as Duquesne. Roeder and Lang, in fact, acted as if they didn't quite trust Sebold.

In the meantime he was making purchases of equipment for the construction of a short-wave radio. The F. B. I. had picked out for him a cottage in a lonely neck of the woods near Centerport, Long Island. Two F. B. I. agents were assigned to work with him. One had been a radio operator for five years and could send thirty words a minute in code; the other had once lived in Germany and knew the language.

Herman Lang after the F. B. I. round-up of "suspects." He had been a foreman in the Norden bombsight factory.

It was obvious that counterespionage against Duquesne and his associates was going to be a long, tedious job and a dangerous one. The spies would have to set the pace. If Duquesne should catch on, the F. B. I.'s most valuable source of information would be shut off, and Sebold's mother, brothers, and sister in Germany would be quickly liquidated.

Little by little, the picture began to come into focus. One night Duquesne took Sebold to a beer joint in Yorkville, the Little Casino Restaurant, and introduced him to several men who worked as stewards, butchers, and bakers on liners that were still plying between New York and European ports. These men, Duquesne explained, had for some time been acting as couriers, carrying information to and from Germany, and would carry microfilms to be made by William Sebold "when the time comes."

Late in April, when Sebold had his radio all set up in the cottage at Centerport, he was approached in the Little Casino by Wilhelm Siegler, head butcher on the S.S. America. This courier had brought instructions from the Gestapo. Sebold was to begin radio communication with the Third Reich at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, on May 15. At that hour he was to listen for the call letters that the Gestapo had assigned to his set. The call would come from a radio in Hamburg—Station AOR.

It wasn't, however, until the night of May 18 that the first message came through from Hamburg to Centerport. It read:

"Send only two times per week. We are prepared to send and receive daily. Furnish days you expect to send. For your security also send at other times. We are prepared 7 A. M., 1 and 5 P. M. Furnish frequency outside amateur band. AOR."

To which the F. B. I. replied:

"Your signal very weak. Can you improve it? I will send Tuesdays and Thursdays 1 and 5 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Will listen daily except Saturday night and Sunday."

Duquesne was highly pleased when Sebold reported to him that radio contact had been established. He took Sebold to City Hall Park and they sat on a bench and talked, Duquesne feeling secure because he couldn't be talking into a dictograph there. What he didn't know was that an F. B. I. movie photographer had a telescopic lens trained on him, in preparation for the day when legal proof would be needed that Sebold had talked with the spy.

NEXT he took Sebold with him and boarded a ferry for Jersey City. On the ferry he dictated to Sebold, for short-wave transmission to Station AOR, the following:

"Rolls-Royce have engine designed to go into the wings like meat in a sandwich. Lycoming have one also. I sent blueprints by China. Allies ordered 10,000 additional machine guns, motorcycles and side cars. U. S. Intelligence getting news through Myron Taylor in Vatican. A priest there is bringing it in to him. The S.S. Champlain is taking munitions cargo from the U. S. A. in a day or so. She is armed with antisubmarine and antiaircraft protection. She may carry members of the French Purchasing Commission. She is going to be picked up by a convoy off Bermuda. She is going to Cherbourg."

Now the F. B. I. was in a quandary. Some of the statements Duquesne had dictated were accurate, others wholly or partly erroneous. There would be no harm in transmitting inaccurate information. Yet if accurate information was held up, the Germans might become suspicious of Sebold. The upshot was that some of the facts Duquesne had stated accurately were slightly twisted when Station AOR was contacted that night; others were sent just as he had stated them—but meanwhile the plans behind them had been altered in Washington.

The next important message to come through from Hamburg was this:

"Need urgently . . . monthly production airplane factories' export to all countries, especially England and France. We want the number, type, and date of delivery, whether by steamer or air, and armature and armament. Advise whether payment cash and carry or credit, etc. Greetings."

The F. B. I. inquired of the Hamburg station, as per Duquesne's instructions to Sebold:

"Jimmy [Duquesne's name for radio purposes] asks did you get U. S. Army mask and mustard gas canister he sent on Conte de Savoia and Rex."

Station AOR replied:

Dr. Willumeit, Bund leader.

Lilly Stein, spy and model.

Everett Roeder, designer.

"Mask and canister not received yet."

Duquesne was about as slippery as a master spy could be, and more than once Hoover's men had to interrupt their trailing of him rather than risk uncovering themselves. From queries that Hamburg was making by radio it was plain that, during these intervals when he was out of sight, he was somehow sending information to Germany by some channel other than Sebold.

A month after radio contact was first established Duquesne returned from a trip through the Middle West. He brought dynamite—figures on Chrysler tank production and the like. He turned it over to Sebold to microfilm. The F. B. I. carefully altered it, then inquired of Station AOR:

"Micros ready regarding Chrysler tanks, data from Firestone Steel Products Company in Akron, and other requested information. Whom shall we send by?"

To which Hamburg replied:

"Send by Siegler S.S. America due there in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Please concentrate on departures war material from all Eastern United States and Canadian ports, as our submarines need this information."

ONE day in the late fall of 1940, while talking to Sebold in City Hall Park, Duquesne let drop a remark to the effect that Berlin was organizing another New York spy ring that would operate independently of his. He didn't like that at all. Berlin, he said, had promised him that *he* would be the big man in New York. If he knew, he didn't say who was to head this second ring, and Sebold was afraid to ask him.

In the meantime the F. B. I. had been keeping a close watch on Edward Kerling. In the summer of 1940 Kerling had made a trip to Chicago. There he had contacted Dr. Otto Willumeit, the leader of the Midwestern German-American Bund and long suspected of being neck-deep in fifth-column matters. Through Doc Willumeit, this young Bundist from that suspicious anchored yawl had become quite friendly with two Chicagoans named Hermann Neubauer and Herbert Haupt. Two years later they were to be two of the saboteurs electrocuted in the District of Columbia jail, but they weren't of such importance when the F. B. I. first learned of them. Neubauer was a cook in a Loop hotel, and Haupt, only twenty years of age, was an apprentice optical worker.

Photographs of the two were soon in the F. B. I.'s well-filled Bund files in Washington. Photographs of Kerling had long been there, as had thousands of others that had been taken in Nazi settlements the country over with special cameras concealed in the palms of G-men's hands. When, late in 1940, Kerling and Neubauer joined a horde of young naturalized Germans who visited Nazi consulates for the purpose of being repatriated to the Fatherland, the G-men were watching their every move.

NATURALLY, J. Edgar Hoover figured that such fellows as Neubauer and Kerling were not returning to Germany to take a health cure. Photographs of them, and of every other young Hun who had been repatriated, were turned over to the State Department and sent to Uncle Sam's diplomatic representatives in Berlin and in other cities of the Third Reich. Thus, despite the Gestapo, the movements of the repatriates were followed in the Reich with great success.

Some of them went into German factories, some went into the army. Others—including Neubauer and Kerling—reported to a building in Berlin that had long been a subject of grapevine discussion among American news men and among attachés of our Embassy.

The information about the building in question had been passed on to such men as William L. Shirer, then Columbia's broadcaster from Berlin and later the author of Berlin Diary, by well informed natives who, surreptitiously, hated Hitler's guts. The inside dope—and there was no reason to doubt it—was that the building housed what came to be called Hitler's sabotage academy. Also that such individuals as Kerling and Neubauer, the American citizens, were being intensively trained in sabotage with a view to sending them back to the United States by submarine, after the outbreak of war with America, fully equipped to embark upon a program of sabotage the like of which the world had never known.

At the beginning of 1941, then, Hoover had several aces in the hole. He knew about the sabotage academy in Berlin, and about the spy rings, the Duquesne ring and the unidentified one functioning in New York.

It was in January, 1941, that the first of a series of letters written in invisible ink, and mailed from New York to what was obviously a Nazi drop in Lisbon, was intercepted by the British censorship at Hamilton, Bermuda. The New York return address on the letters proved to be mythical. Because certain information in them duplicated some which had long since been unearthed by Duquesne, who had not used invisible ink, the F. B. I. concluded that they were emanating from the second spy ring.

As the letters continued to turn up, it became increasingly apparent to Hoover that the guiding genius behind this second spy organization was a man even more cunning than Fritz Duquesne. Had his information reached Germany, the whole course of the war might have taken a sudden turn—in Hitler's favor. That's how much dynamite there was in the intercepted letters.

BUT who was this man? Even the F. B. I. needed help this time. It got it—from the fates themselves. On March 18, 1941, a tall, intellectual-looking man wearing horn-rim glasses was crossing Broadway at Forty-fifth Street when he was knocked down and fatally injured by a taxicab. He was traced to the Hotel Taft, near by, where he had been registered as Julio Lopez of Buenos Aires. When F. B. I. agents searched his room, they learned that he was one Ulrich von der Osten, a trusted espionage operative to whom Hitler had given a roving commission. Beyond question, he had been the head of the second spy organization. Samples of handwriting from the intercepted letters matched his writing on the Taft register. Then, too, in his room there were several tubes of the medicine, a household remedy of German origin, of which the invisible ink used had been made.

Also in von der Osten's room, among his effects, were found certain complicated-looking papers, attached to which was a notation in his handwriting:

"These should be of great value to our yellow allies."

Those papers, investigation showed —and remember, this was more than eight months before December 7— gave every last detail of air, naval, and troop concentrations, positions of gun emplacements, searchlights, antiaircraft batteries and airfields in, at, and around Pearl Harbor!

How much more this tool of Hitler had accomplished, how the F. B. I. learned about it, and what followed, will appear as the story behind the news is continued next week.

War has wrought changes in the quality of a lot of things, but it hasn't changed the fine quality of

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

That name on a bottle marks a bourbon made to the same high standard which won it the reputation, Head of the Bourbon Family.

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey —only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

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CHINA AND INDIA

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**

Map by **A. LEYDENFROST**

CHINA and India are fundamentally the two most alike countries in the world. Both are vast in size. Each is crowded with a fifth of all humanity. Both speak many tongues, profess divers religions, and depend more on farm than on factory. Their way of life is almost the same. Yet China is a tower of strength to the Allies and India is a source of danger.

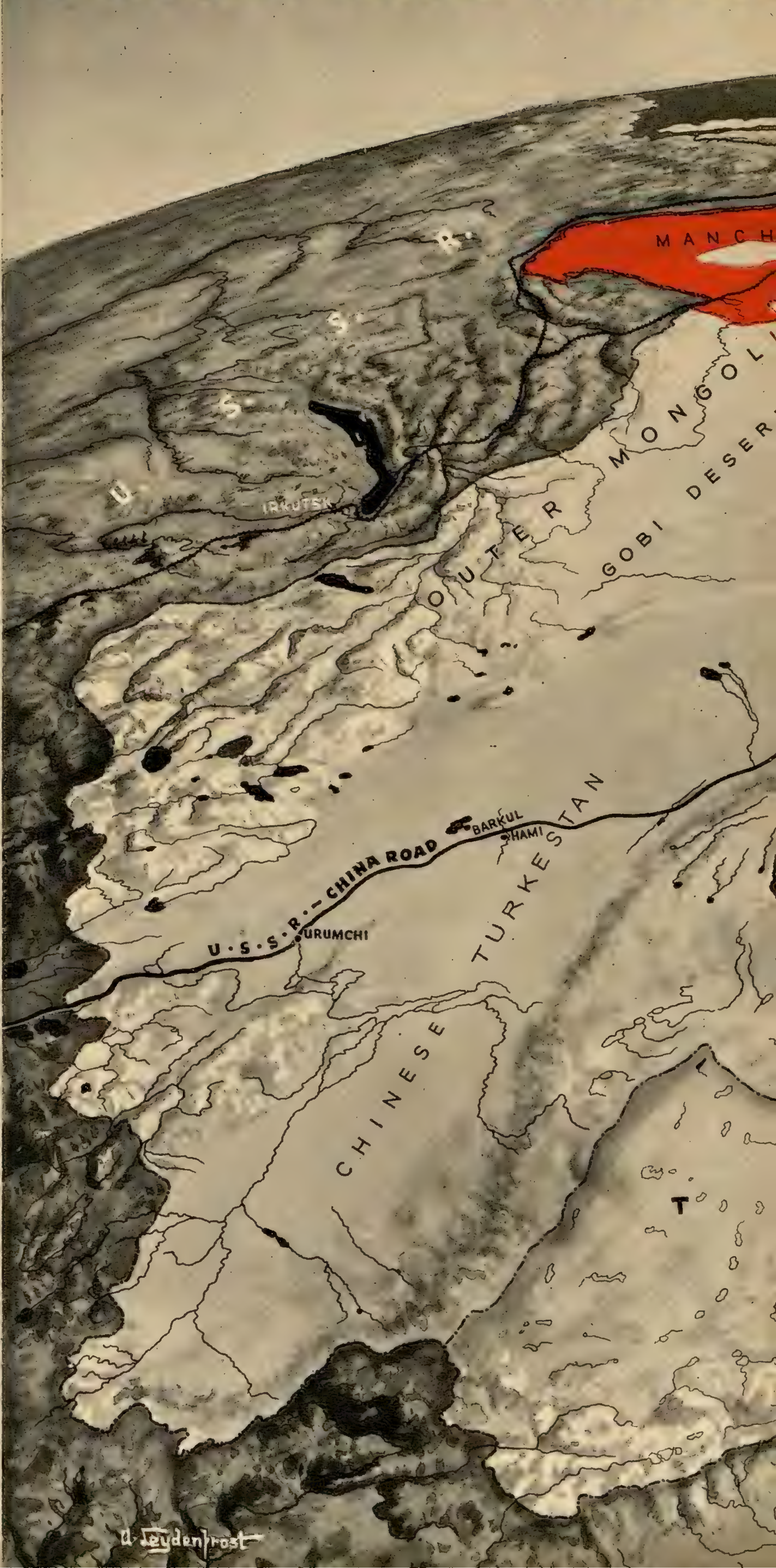
The difference between the two is spiritual and cannot be put on a single map. We can show only the results. India is divided, with Hindu, Moslem, and Briton set against each other. China is not. China is fighting the invader with a single mind—and it shows in the small extent of the regions the Japanese have been able to occupy in five and a half years of total war, in the areas behind the Japanese lines where the Chinese guerrilla rules and death stalks the Jap.

If this map had been drawn fifteen years ago, it would have had to portray China not as one nation but as a pack of mutually suspicious states. In 1931 cunning Japan took advantage of this disunity by beginning a piecemeal conquest of China. First the invader seized Manchuria, then he inched down toward Peiping, the ancient capital, a province at a time. In July, 1937, he provoked the famous incident at Marco Polo Bridge, outside Peiping, to give himself an excuse for occupying the surrounding province, Hopeh. In the meantime, however, China had begun to find her national soul. The Jap found that he couldn't have Hopeh and Shanghai, where his navy started trouble, at the same time without conquering the rest of China as well. He has been able to seize only the railroad lines and main rivers, where easy communications permit him to assemble a crushing superiority of arms.

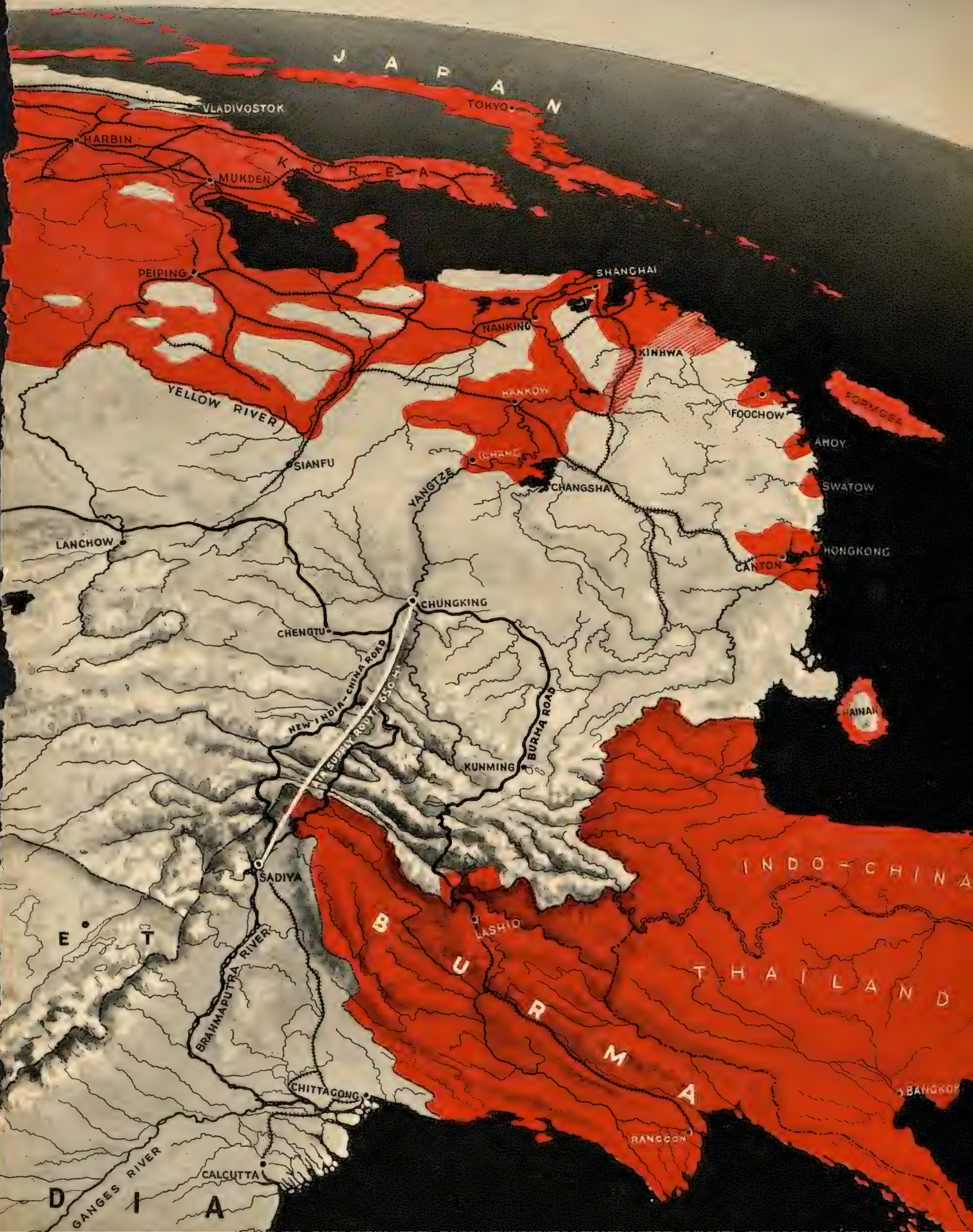
Now the Japanese are in retreat in China. Within the last two months they have withdrawn from large areas in the eastern province (marked by ruled shading), perhaps to reinforce their armies in Manchuria or Burma.

Nevertheless, China's position is precarious. China has no heavy arms factories of her own and must depend on imported heavy weapons. Since the Jap conquest of Burma, supplies have had to come from India, in the holds of a still small fleet of American planes, and from the U. S. S. R., via a long and tortuous auto road. New highways are being built from India to Chungking, over Tibet's precipitous heaven-piercing mountains, but the task is not yet finished. Without the supplies such a highway would bring, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's armies cannot go on the offensive. On the other hand, they will continue to resist the barbarian enemy with a bitter stubbornness and heroism seldom equaled in history.

THE END



STRONGHOLD AND MENACE


JAPAN
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FORMOSA
FOOCHOW
AMOY
ICHANG
SIANFU
YANGTZE
CHANGSHA
SWATOW
LANCHOW
HONGKONG
CANTON
CHUNGKING
CHENGTU
NEW INDIA-CHINA ROAD
SUPPLY ROUTE 650
BURMA ROAD
HAINAN
KUNMING
INDO-CHINA
SADIYA
BURMA
LASHIO
ET
THAILAND
BRAHMAPUTRA RIVER
CHITTAGONG
BANGKO
RANGOON
CALCUTTA
GANGES RIVER
DIA

CARIBBEAN PATROL

There's a fight ashore and a fight at sea, and danger ahead for a sub-hunting tanker. Meanwhile, a shorn blonde turns up again!

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

JOHN A. M. STANDISH, a young New Yorker whose life had consisted mostly of night clubs, sailing in boat races, and sampling—briefly—some of the better colleges, enlisted in the navy soon after Pearl Harbor. Because of his knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese, he was given a special job to do and sent to Mexico—with false papers and in civilian clothes—to meet his superior. Much to his surprise, the man from whom he must take orders proved to be Walt Barton, an Annapolis graduate and now a commander in the navy. Walt did not like Johnny; he was jealous of the fact that the Standishes had been a rich family in Newport while the Bartons had been a poor one. But personal feelings could not be allowed to interfere with the job in hand—which was to sail Caribbean waters on an old tanker, the John B. Lassiter, which at sea could be transformed into an armed ship to fight U-boats.

At Aruba, where the Lassiter stopped for supplies, Barton gave Johnny shore leave. In a bar Johnny met a girl with beautiful blonde hair which made him christen her Taffy. They left together—and the next thing Johnny knew he was hit on the head and went down like a poled steer. Unconscious, he was put in a boat by a burly man in a pea jacket. Taffy and a one-legged old man called Cap'n Jonas were passengers too as the boat moved out into the harbor.

PART II—A TORN $50 BILL

IN the lazaret of the Pride, an undersized, weather-beaten, time-worn tramp smelling badly of guano, Johnny woke and squirmed from beneath a drunken Portuguese who lay sprawled across him. Johnny felt his aching head and found several mighty bumps. He forced himself erect and looked about in the gloom. He was one of three. The other pair lay still, and Johnny went to the porthole and tugged. It was locked from the outside. But he peered through a crack made by the warped porthole frame, and thought he could recognize the headlands of Aruba in the gray morning. He turned away from the porthole and began to kick the iron door.

On deck, Taffy Jonas was combing her hair. She lay back in a broken deck chair and spread the thick five-foot rope of gleaming gold out on a towel while she slowly ran a brush through it. Her father leaned against the bridge rail and watched this performance with pleasure while he gently worked his morning wad of chewing tobacco into the proper state of consistency to lie concealed in his cheek.

"Reminds me of those maguey fibers," Captain Jonas said. "It ain't any one color you can put a name to—it's a whole lot of colors."

Taffy smiled and thought of Johnny Standish. She said, "How are our shanghaied deck hands? You know, we all might wind up in front of a maritime court for this."

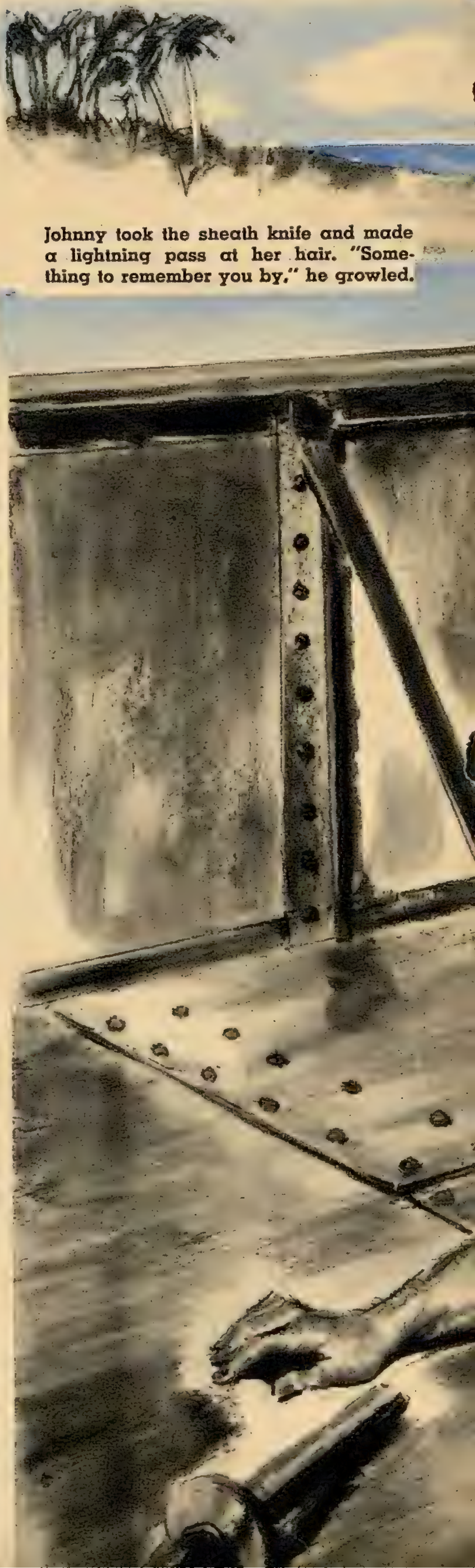
Captain Jonas gave his mechanical leg a hitch and snorted, "Hell! I've shanghaied men in half the ports of the seven seas and never faced a court yet."

Taffy laughed. They'd been eleven days in Aruba without signing a single hand—wharf charges and overhead costs mounting every day and anxious consignees waiting in Maracaibo for their cargo. So she'd gone from saloon to saloon, luring an able-bodied man from each place into the hands of her father and George.

It was easy to understand why they couldn't sign a crew. Seamen were at a premium and the tankers were paying high wartime bonuses and providing fine food and quarters. The Pride could neither pay bonuses nor provide fine quarters, and when sailors heard that the battered old hulk was carrying old steel pipe for the new pipe line and refinery at Maracaibo they shook their heads. A torpedo or a five-inch shell through that old hull, and the Pride would go down like a lead sinker.

Taffy was almost as fond of the Pride as her father was. She had lived on the old tub since she was six. Fifteen years of the guano run from Guayaquil to San Pedro de Lloc to Trujillo and on up the west coast of the continent to San Francisco.

Now, however, there was more money to be made hauling wartime cargoes in the Caribbean and along



Johnny took the sheath knife and made a lightning pass at her hair. "Something to remember you by," he growled.

the eastern face of South America. Even the Pride could find cargoes easily, though of course man power was a vexing problem.

George came on deck. He had a sizable mouse above his right eye. Taffy said, "You should remember to duck your head coming up that companionway."

"Nope." George shook his huge disheveled head. "I didn't bump the companionway. It was that tall red-headed dock walloper we—uh—uh—signed on last night. I opened the lazaret door, and he swarmed all over me. I had to tap him with a spanner."

Captain Jonas said, "Keep him locked up until we're out of sight of land. He'll calm down."

George looked puzzled. "He's raising hell. Says he's an officer in the navy—United States Navy."

The old man snorted. "He's just pulling a long sheet. His papers show him to be a seaman first class on a freighter. But bring him up here; I'll talk to him. Shanghaiing a water-front drunk is one thing; fiddling with Uncle Sam's personnel is another."

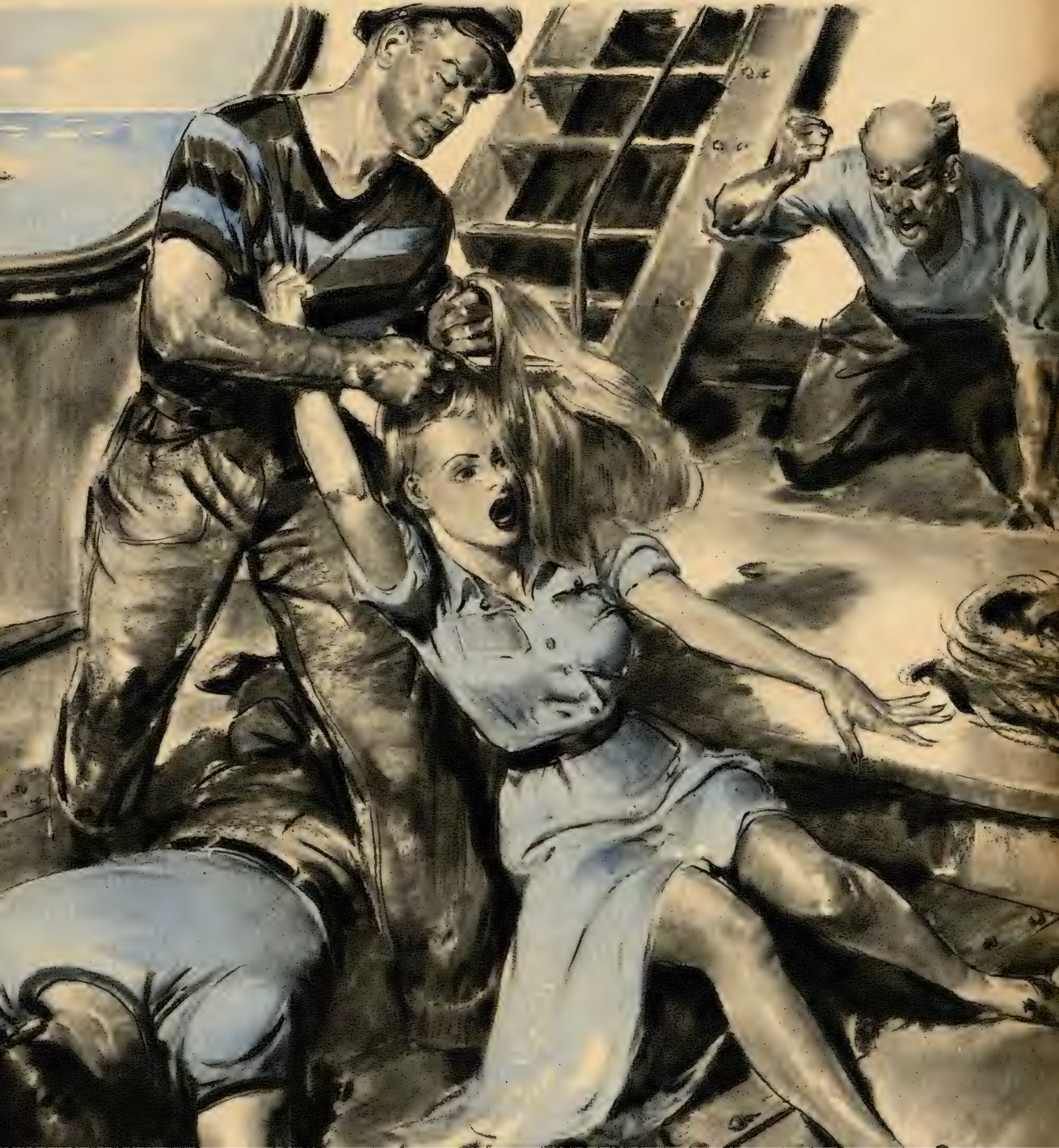
George went below, and emerged prodding Johnny ahead of him. The prodding was done with a marlinespike and George kept stout hold on his weapon.

Johnny glared at Taffy, who gave her long hair a toss, waving it to dry the better in the new sun. She said, "Hello, lady-killer." To her father she said, "He talks real cute. Gets all the girls."

Johnny snarled, "You the skipper of this moldy tub?"

George gave him a reproving prod with the marlinespike.

Captain Jonas barked, "That the



way you speak to the bridge, sailor? You need teaching."

Johnny said, "You'll get the teaching. I'm a naval officer. Change course on this rattrap and put me ashore, and maybe I won't have you arraigned and sent to serve out your remaining days of evil in the Mare Island Prison, you moth-eaten old goat."

George gave him a warning tap on the back of the head. Johnny snarled, "And as for you, you oversized village idiot, the first time I catch you without that spike I'll beat your brains out!"

Taffy said dolefully, "And after me telling everybody you talked so pretty!" She smiled at Johnny. "So you thought I was a water-front trollop falling for that tired line you put out. You lady-killer!"

Johnny glowered at her. She'd been stringing him along all the time in El Patio! He made a vow of vengeance.

Captain Jonas said, "You got any proof you're navy, son? Your papers don't show it."

Johnny glowered. It was unthinkable that he explain his disguise to these lawless freight haulers. He said, "My papers are in my shoe." He held out his right foot to George. "Here," he said, "take that shoe off."

George was not bright. He put down the marlinespike and reached for the shoe. Johnny had fought many a Paris cab driver and Johnny was a quick learner of practical things. He performed the quick dance step that is the preliminary to all attacks of *la savate*, that modified form of murder, and kicked George in the stomach. George straightened up, and Johnny threw a short left hook which was designed to rock George's head back. It did just that; and Johnny sent the finisher in—a full-thrown whistling right hand that caught George squarely on the point of the chin. George emitted a soft, restful sigh, turned in a full hundred-and-eighty-degree circle, and fell on his face. George was vastly unconscious.

JOHNNY heard rather than saw the danger. He ducked as Captain Jonas' leg hissed over his head. Johnny snatched the leg from the old man's hands and threw it overboard. Then he gave Captain Jonas a push, and the old man tottered on his lone leg and fell to the deck. Johnny leaped and caught Taffy by her streaming hair just as she was about to pick up the marlinespike. He yanked on her hair and pulled her off her feet. She whirled and tried to sink her teeth in his arm, failed in this, and tried to kick him in the stomach.

Johnny whirled her about and pulled her off balance. He held her helpless by the towline of her hair. A Chinese cook popped out of the galley. Johnny let fly with the marlinespike, and the cook popped back into his galley. Captain Jonas was bellowing, "Mutiny, mutiny!" and trying to pull himself to his feet.

Johnny dragged Taffy over to where George was snoring peacefully. He took the big man's sheath knife from his belt and made a lightninglike pass.

"Something to remember you by," Johnny growled.

He released Taffy and ran aft. The major portion of her hair streamed from his hand like a gleaming mop of maguey.

Taffy put her hands to her head and screamed. Johnny broke away the falls from the aft lifeboat and let it fall into the sea. Then he jumped after it. Taffy raced for the cabin. Johnny emerged from the water, climbed into the lifeboat, and began to row for the shore. He was some five hundred yards away when Taffy appeared at the rail with a light rifle and began to shoot at him.

The bullets fell short. Johnny continued to row.

"SHANGHAIED?" Walt Barton asked in a tone of disbelief. "Of course I will make out my report and state your excuse."

Johnny looked at him. "But you don't believe it?"

"No," Barton said, "frankly I don't believe it, Mr. Standish. I saw your bottle and I saw the girl. Knowing you, I think I can put two and two together."

"But you're adding it up to six," Johnny said. "I had only a couple of drinks from the bottle, and the girl double-crossed me."

Barton nodded. "I shall report the incident exactly as you stated it. Of course, I must necessarily append my own conclusions. Nothing personal, you understand. It's my duty."

Johnny took up his post and the John B. Lassiter plowed north from Venezuela through the Caribbean.

They got their first submarine at three o'clock that afternoon.

The listening posts picked up the sound of underwater Diesels near noon, and then there were three hours of nerve strain. The Lassiter beat along, her concealed crew at ready stations, waiting for the sub commander to decide there was no sense in wasting an expensive torpedo on this tub.

About one o'clock they picked up the periscope off the port bow. The sub trailed alongside for more than an hour, closely watching the Lassiter. No single head above decks turned in the direction of the sub.

At three the sub surfaced and a gun crew piled out of her conning tower. They never got their attack mounted. The port sides of the Lassiter fell away and the six-inchers rose and got into action. The battle pennants whipped aloft. The second shell was a direct hit and the U-boat vanished beneath the waves.

There was a moment's dead silence, and Johnny Standish walked across to the bridge, picked up a paintbrush left there by a working party, and painted a large numeral 1 on the side of the cabin.

The entire crew let out a voluntary cheer. The John B. Lassiter had proved her worth as a weapon.

Johnny turned to find Walt Barton staring at him. He almost recoiled from the hatred in Barton's gaze. He was puzzled for a moment. Then he got it; it looked as though the crew were cheering him.

Barton signaled the boatswain and the whistle shrilled. The John B. Lassiter resumed her disguise. As Barton came back to the bridge he said to Johnny, "You have a nice flair for the grandiose gesture, Standish."

Johnny said, "I shouldn't have left my post. But we'd won it and I was carried away."

"That sort of thing appeals to the men, I suppose," Barton said. "Resume your post."

Johnny looked after him a moment scowling, and then went back to his pan of potatoes.

In nine days they accounted for four undersea boats and proved that in the minutes between surfacing and getting gun crews into action the submarine stops being a deadly weapon and becomes a helpless wallowing hulk. Only for those few minutes, of course; but those minutes were sufficient for the Lassiter's precision-trained crew.

The fifth undersea boat, however, was a good deal more exciting. They spotted her on the morning of the tenth day and engaged her in action at one in the afternoon. They sank her with their second salvo, but not before the German had gotten away his first shell. It hit them square amidships and burst the port boiler. The Lassiter began to fill, and after two hours of hard work was still gaining on the pumps. They ran up their secret aerial and talked with the base at Colón and were told to run into Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

THEY made Port-of-Spain with all the pumps going and dummy bulkheads rigged oversides. Eighteen of the crew were in sick bay with steam burns and four bodies went off the Lassiter secretly during the night they anchored.

The Navy Department promptly flew all enlisted personnel to Miami for leave. It was better to scatter the men about and lessen the danger of careless talk. They were anxious to keep the Lassiter's secret a secret. While the ship was being repaired under the careful watch of British naval police, the officers drew a ten-day leave and, of course, free transportation.

Johnny decided on Montevideo. This was the season along the Plate, and in season the Uruguayan capital makes the Paris of old look like a provincial village. He cleared his ticket through the naval attaché at Port-of-Spain and climbed aboard the Pan Am Clipper. He was dozing at the take-off, and when he opened his eyes Walt Barton was sitting in the opposite seat.

He answered Johnny's look of surprise by announcing that he was also on his way to spend his leave in Montevideo. Mrs. Barton, he said, was to meet him there. They both had friends there and she was flying across from Valparaiso, having come there from their home at Coronado.

Johnny nodded politely but without interest. He had not known that Barton was married, nor did he care. He'd had a bellyful of Commander Walt Barton.

They had a four-hour stopover in Sao Paulo. Johnny had wired friends in Sao and a group came out to the airport to meet him. Out of sheer politeness Johnny invited Barton into the café with his friends and the commander accepted.

It was in the bar that a queer incident happened involving a fifty-dollar bill. The bartender had brought a round of drinks. Rigo Marascal, who was an impoverished spendthrift, was in the party, and Johnny was anxious that Rigo, a notorious check grabber, should not spend any money. He intercepted Rigo's quick reach and tucked a fifty-dollar American bank note in the bartender's hand.

Walt Barton said, "Oh, no; this is on me."

He grabbed for Johnny's fifty, at the same time tossing the bartender a hundred-peso note. The bartender stupidly clung to the fifty-dollar bill an instant too long and tore it part way across its longitudinal axis. Then Walt returned the bill to Johnny. The incident was forgotten.

In Montevideo, Johnny stayed at the Polo Club at Playa Ramirez, which is a suburb of Montevideo and one of the reasons between-boat visitors often stay for life. Here he was the guest of Roberto O'Malley, who was a descendant of The O'Malley who was the first general of the first Uruguayan army, and was a character in his own right. Roberto did not believe in wasting his life in either work or sleep. He believed in having fun. Johnny joined him.

ON the fourth day of his leave Johnny went into the Polo Club bar. The crowd, as always at Playa Ramirez, was swank and cosmopolitan. Two girls were sitting at a cocktail party. The girl whose back was to Johnny was wearing one of those now outmoded mannish bobs. There was something reminiscent in the set of her shoulders and the carriage of her close-trimmed blonde head that made Johnny look. And the other girl caught his eye and waved to him. She was a dark-eyed neurotic-looking American girl, and Johnny recognized Alice Lynn. He went over to the table to shake hands. They had been children together at Newport.

Alice said, "Johnny Standish. I knew you were in Monte but I didn't know where you were staying." Then, "Taffy, this is Johnny Standish. Johnny—Taffy Jonas."

Taffy Jonas lifted her close-cropped head and looked at Johnny. He swallowed hard and said, "That hair-do is real cute, Miss Jonas."

Alice said, "Taffy used to have the most gorgeous mop of hair—longer than all the Sutherland Sisters' together. A fiend cut it off. The most horrible experience."

"Really?" Johnny asked; his voice was sympathetic. "That's too bad, Miss Jonas. The fiend was punished, I hope."

Her clear eyes were solemn. She said, "He is going to be executed."

Alice Lynn said, "Let's talk about something else. What are you doing here, Johnny? I heard you'd gone into the navy."

Johnny shrugged and followed his orders about telling nothing. "I'm thinking of it," he said. "Now it's my turn. What are you doing here?"

Alice laughed. "Meeting my husband. Didn't you know Walt was here? He's got some kind of very hush-hush command."

Johnny kept a blank face, but inside him he damned his forgetful brain. Now, reminded, it came to him that long ago he'd heard that Alice Lynn, who was an aristocratic poor child of Newport, had married Walt Barton, who was unpretentious Newport poor. So that was why Walt had bridled at mention of her name?

He said merely, "I didn't know Walt was here—we must get together," and turned to Taffy Jonas. "Perhaps we could make a foursome for dinner."

Taffy said, "I don't think so. I'm terribly busy. In fact, I must run along."

Her adieu to Alice was pleasant enough, but all Johnny got was a nod.

Johnny said, "Who is she and where did you get to know her?"

Alice told him. Taffy had been living at Coronado while the Pride was hauling between San Diego and San Francisco. Then she looked at Johnny oddly and put her hand on his elbow.

"Look, Standish," she said. "Would you do a girl a favor?"

"Sure," Johnny said.

Alice said, "I played gin rummy all the way across the Andes and lost more than I can afford. Walt's rather touchy about money. He earns it the hard way, you know, and I guess I'm kind of scatterbrained. I don't want to have a quarrel start on his only leave in a year. I know you're filthy with the stuff or I wouldn't ask you."

BUTCHER
BRING US YOUR OLD FAT

"If we only could!"

Johnny said, "Sure. How much?"

Alice said, "Three hundred and fifty would be fine."

"Will American money do?"

Alice said, "There's no better kind."

The amount took all his cash. Among the bills was the torn fifty-dollar bill. Alice put the money in her pocketbook and looked up at Johnny. Her eyes were misty.

She said, "You're the right kind of people, Johnny Standish."

He said, "Stop! Where can I get hold of that scalped blonde wench?"

Alice stood up. She said, "Taffy's staying aboard the Pride. Wharf Numero 27 Calle de Mayo. I'm going. Don't get up."

She passed behind him, and as she did she put her arm across his shoulders, bent down, and kissed him on the ear. Then she went across the crowded bar. Johnny turned to watch her. Walt Barton was standing in the doorway to the bar. He had seen Alice's gesture. Alice went up to him, and they turned to go out of the room. As they did she put her arm on Walt's. He shook it off. His face was a hard mask. They walked out together.

JOHNNY went to his cabaña and got Taffy Jonas' hair. Then he went to a photographer, and then to a maker of horsehair bridles, to whom he gave orders which surprised that Indian craftsman no end.

When he got out of a cab on the Calle de Mayo and walked to where the Pride was moored at Wharf Numero 27 he was carrying a wrapped bundle. He went up the gangplank.

The gigantic George bounded to his feet from where he was lounging on a hatch cover.

"It's him!" cried George in delight. "Now I can sleep nights. I found him again."

He came to face Johnny in slow, feline steps. "Got me with a trick," he said. "Never in the world could lick me in a fair fight. . . . Now let's see what you can do!"

Johnny said, "Behave."

"Tricks," growled George, circling. His huge hands made wrestlers' motions and he jumped for Johnny.

Johnny brought one from the floor and sank it six inches into George's solar plexus. Then he dropped his package and put a right hand on George's chin. George fell down. George was unconscious.

Captain Jonas came out of the aft cabin. His left trouser leg flapped emptily and he was traveling on a crutch. He surveyed the situation.

"Well, that settles that," he growled. "I won't have to listen to George tell me by the hour how he was tricked and how you couldn't 'a' licked him in a fair fight." He looked at Johnny with twinkling eyes. "Wish I'd had you for a mate in the old days," he said. "China run. We'd 'a' made a pair."

He came closer and scowled at Johnny. "You owe me for a leg, you young scupper-wetter. Two hundred and nine dollars."

Johnny said, "Let bygones be bygones."

George sat up. He looked at Johnny and said admiringly, "You did it again! It wasn't a trick. Will you teach me that punch? There's a Finn in Hoboken I want to use it on."

Taffy Jonas came on deck. She said, "It looks as if George should be satisfied."

"I am," George said.

Johnny said, "Ready to go to dinner, Miss Jonas?"

Captain Jonas laughed. "Better go with him, Taffy. He's liable to throw this makeshift leg of mine overboard."

Johnny took them all to dinner, and afterward he took Taffy Jonas out to Playa Ramirez to dance. They went out into the gardens, which are like no other gardens in the world. He gave her the picture of himself—set in a frame woven of her hair. She laughed.

The music was coming over and the moonlight was there, and Johnny Standish took her in his arms and kissed her; which was standard treatment. And something ran up and down his spine. He pushed her back from him and his voice was hoarse.

His tone held unbelievable surprise. He said, "Good Lord! I meant it."

She turned, and the moonlight was bright on her face. She said, "I believe you!" Her voice also held surprise. "I thought it was just the sort of thing you do—routine. But I believe you. You mean it. Am I a fool for believing that?"

JOHNNY said, "My old man—you'll love him. I wouldn't want to get married without him around. Could we wait till he can fly down? Say three days? Or maybe we could meet him halfway. Fly to Georgetown and have him meet us there. That would make it only two days." He shook his head. "To hell with it! That's too long. He'll understand. Especially after he gets a look at you."

She said, "Johnny Standish, I love you. Kiss me, Johnny Standish, and stop talking."

They went to sit on the veranda of Johnny's bungalow, which was dimly moonlit. They sat and talked very little. There was no need of talk.

Then the phone rang, and Johnny went inside to answer it. He went in annoyance, but he went.

Walt Barton's voice was cold. He said, "Standish, you're not in uniform, are you?"

"Of course not," Johnny said, bepuzzled. "I haven't worn anything but civvies since Port-of-Spain. Why?"

Walt Barton said, "Wait there for me." Taffy got up off Johnny's lap when some few minutes later Walt Barton, wearing white civilian duck, came down the path to the bungalow. Johnny walked down the veranda steps.

He said, "What's up?"

Walt Barton tossed a small something onto the steps. He said, "Let's have it generally understood that this is not about my wife and you. We'll find some other reason to fight."

Johnny said, "Huh?"

"Have you told the foreman yet?"

"Not about Alice," Walt Barton said in a cold, venomous voice. "There are lots of other reasons I can find. Let's say I hate you because you've always had it soft. You were filthy rich and blessed with a profile. You could run faster and jump higher and swim farther than all the other kids. The girls all fell for you. Why not? You had everything!"

Johnny was wildly wondering if Walt had taken to whisky when the first punch hit him. He got his hands up, but no one, not even Joe Louis, could have ever gotten better after that first Sunday on the chin. When he went down the fifth time, Walt Barton said, "That's enough. . . . Your money's there on the steps."

He walked away down the path. Taffy came slowly from the veranda. She took his handkerchief from his breast pocket and thrust it into his hand. Her voice was strangely toneless. "Your nose is bleeding," she said. "You'd better hold that handkerchief to it."

She picked up the twisted wad of bills from the steps and dropped them in Johnny's lap.

Johnny said through smashed lips, "What the hell was the matter with him?"

Taffy Jonas said, in that same empty voice, "Don't try, Johnny, don't try."

She looked down on him. Her face was gray and strained. She said, "I guess it was the moonlight and music—I was a fool"; and added strangely, "I can't even hate Alice."

Then she went down the path. Johnny sat with the handkerchief to his face and looked after her. Then the roll of money caught his eye. The torn fifty-dollar bill was wrapped around the outside.

The orchestra started up again in the ballroom, and Johnny sat watching Taffy Jonas' white dress go away through the garden.

THE next day the Pride was not at her wharf. Johnny hunted down Roberto O'Malley and went on the merry-go-round. But Roberto was forced to admit ruefully that Johnny was slipping; his heart did not seem to be in hell-raising these days.

On the day his leave was up, Johnny reported to his commanding officer in the chartroom of the refitted Lassiter at Port-of-Spain. Walt Barton gestured to the petty officer to leave, and then turned an impassive face on Johnny.

He said, "We will not discuss that matter ever again. It would be difficult to replace you with an equally competent second at the moment, so I am not requesting your replacement. I think of my ship first, naturally. You may request a transfer or not, as you please."

Johnny said, "A few words might clear up a lot."

Barton's voice held an edge. "Mr. Standish, you and I will converse only in the line of duty."

Johnny said, "Yes, sir."

They went to sea, and in eleven days found no trace of undersea craft, although the radio they operated only at night reported two tanker sinkings close to their position. On the twelfth day they saw action.

AS they were plowing along, the listening post picked up underwater motors. No sign was given aboard the Lassiter; she continued to beat her slow way through the Caribbean. Two listless deck hands hammered anchor chains on the bow and a lounging wheelsman stood on the bridge. The deck officer was reading a book propped on the bridge rail. But from beneath decks high-powered glasses swept every inch of sea; in the listening post the hydrophone men worked their instruments to locate the whereabouts of the undersea boat.

The listening post reported difficulty locating the sub. Motor noise came now from port, now from starboard. But a half hour later the concealed spotters located a periscope to starboard. The periscope could barely be seen in the waves, but they knew it was watching them carefully. This by now was standard procedure; the sub commander was looking for radio antenna, of which the Lassiter had none.

Finally the sub began to surface. Johnny bent over his book. Actually his eyes were riveted on the rising periscope. He could see Barton crouched in the bridge companionway, whistle at hand.

Then Johnny looked casually to port. What he saw froze him for an instant. Then he turned swiftly toward Barton. The commander was just raising his whistle to his mouth. There was no time for words. Johnny threw his heavy chart book with deadly aim. He hit Barton squarely in the back of the head and knocked him down the companionway. Then he bounded to the wheel and swung it hard to port. In the same motion he rang for full speed ahead.

The submarine to starboard had surfaced. Her conning tower was opening as the Lassiter swung away and charged in the opposite direction. Johnny yelled at the startled boatswain, "Not yet—not yet!"

The boatswain stood with horrified eyes while the submarine behind them spewed men from the conning tower. Johnny yelled again, "Not yet!"

He looked ahead. The periscope he had seen to port was gone. He made a brief and prayerful calculation, and rang the telegraph to release the depth charges. There was a rumble in the stern as the machinery moved.

Johnny now looked at the starboard submarine. By now she had both gun crews on deck. The coverings were off one gun and the crew was passing ammunition. The other gun was being swiftly uncovered. Johnny prayed that his timing would be exact. He listened to the rumble aft and then yelled at the boatswain. "Now!" he screamed. "Now! . . . Blow!"

The timing was perfect. The stern of the Lassiter opened and the depth charges poured out. The gun turrets began to rise from the false decks. Johnny spun the wheel and turned back toward the first submarine.

He saw the momentary flutter of surprise on the deck of the sub. But his timing had been perfect. Now the sub commander had too many men above decks to submerge. He did what Johnny prayed he would do. He decided to fight it out.

The first shell went through the Lassiter's forecastle, and the next was a fair hit amidships. Then the Lassiter's crews were in action. They were hit eleven times before the sub rolled over on its side and sank.

Johnny ordered boats overside to pick up any of the sub's survivors. He turned away from giving the order. Walt Barton was coming up the companionway. His forehead was covered with blood from a two-inch cut in his temple. He was holding his service revolver and it was pointed at Johnny.

"You struck your superior and took over his ship." His eyes were deadly and his voice cold. He said, "You're under arrest, Standish. Go below."

Johnny said, "There was a second sub, sir. To port. I knew if she got a look at our guns she'd pop a torpedo into our belly and we'd be goners. I knew we had to finish her before we went to work on the surfaced one. There wasn't time to call to you. I just threw the book to stop you from giving the battle signal, and then turned the ship to ram the sub to port. She submerged and I let the depth charges go right over her head. That gave the starboard pig time to get his gun crews on deck. I figured he wouldn't submerge with his crew on deck."

Johnny knew he was close to death.

BARTON'S face was a network of hard-strained muscles and pressured veins under the blood running down from his forehead. His eyes were cold and deadly, the muscles of his forearm and wrist quivered. The trigger finger tensed, and then the commander regained control of himself.

He said, "It wouldn't do for me to have to shoot you. Obey your orders, Standish."

Johnny said, "Walt, have sense. There was a second sub."

Barton said to the quartermaster at the wheel, "Did you see a sub to port?"

The quartermaster's eyes were worried. He said, "No, sir, I didn't. But of course I wasn't looking to port. I was trying to look straight ahead, so the fish to starboard wouldn't get wise and—"

Barton's voice was cold. "I didn't ask you for a speech, quartermaster."

His eyes swung back to Johnny. "Standish," he said, "go below. You'll stand a general court for this."

Johnny said, "Damned if I'll go without you hearing me out. There was a second sub."

The ensign in charge of the lookout stations came on the bridge in time to hear this. "Second sub?" he asked incredulously. "Where?"

"In Mr. Standish's overworked imagination," Barton said. "Mr. Standish's flair for the grandiose gesture led him to imagine a second sub. Standish! Go below."

Johnny turned away, sick at heart, and there was a sudden odd noise astern. A bellowing as if a vast whale had come up. They all whirled. A gray-green submarine surfaced. Whistles shrilled aboard the Lassiter and gun crews leaped to stations.

Johnny has been proved right about the sub, but will Walt admit it? Can Johnny clear up the misunderstanding about Alice and the money to Walt's—and Taffy's—satisfaction? Read next week's final chapter—a thrilling ending to an exciting tale.

A KISS FOR MISS BLISS

Continued from Page 13

Buck. "And won't, I hope. Come, Buck."

Buck will get a D. S. C. in action. I know. The sergeant was glaring tracer bullets, but Buck didn't flinch. We walked onto the floor.

"Guardhouse or no guardhouse," said Buck, "you act like it's important we dance, ma'am."

"It is. I don't want to meet the general. I have reasons."

"I reckon they can't make you," said Buck. "But I ain't much on this heel-and-toe stuff."

"Just keep in time, Buck," I told him.

He held me like I was made of spun glass, but he wasn't too bad, at that. He was light on his feet and had a natural groove for music. With a little time I could make quite a rugcutter out of Buck.

We danced over toward the side door. I said, "Let's slip outside, Buck. I'm afraid the general may come looking for me."

"Yes, ma'am."

WE walked out. It was a nice night. Genial. I mean it was adequate. Big stars, and warm, and quiet. We could still hear the band. They were playing Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Any One Else But Me. There was kind of a park alongside the hall where the dance was. There weren't any trees, but there was a bench and I sat down.

"Sit down, Buck," I said. I still had the general's note clutched in my little hot hand, and I used it for a fan. "Buck, will they really guardhouse you for dancing with me?"

Buck said, "I don't know, ma'am. But the general's in a bad humor, all right. He's plenty riled. Seems somebody lost a mighty important paper."

"That's not your fault."

"I reckon maybe it is. It seems to have shuffled down till it's between me and the colonel."

"Colonel? What colonel?"

"Colonel Patrick, ma'am."

"Oh," I said. I took a side peek at Buck. It's always icky when a parent becomes involved in one's life. I mean, they have different ideas. But Buck wasn't looking at me. He was distinctly chin in hands. Low. I said: "How do you mean—it's between the colonel and you?"

"Well, ma'am, General Upshaw's orderly was sick, and that sure bolixed things. 'Cause in the mix-up I got grabbed as messenger. And the general—he sends a whole lot of papers to Colonel Patrick. And now it seems one paper is gone. Colonel Patrick ain't got it."

"Did you lose it, Buck?"

"I dunno, ma'am. I don't see how I could. I carried the stuff real careful. But unless Colonel Patrick finds it I reckon maybe it's the guardhouse for me."

"So that's why the Loot Col went to Washington." The minute I said it, I bit my lip. But it just oozed out.

Buck didn't notice. He said, "Yes, ma'am. It seems this here paper is an important military secret."

Well, trouble or no trouble, a girl can stand only so much important talk on a nice night. I started to loosen Buck up. It wasn't too hard. His clamming was strictly from lonely, and once you got the stopper out he really warbled.

THE Dumguards, it appeared, were quite something around Little Jordan, South Dakota. They had a hundred and eighty acres, a fine spread of cattle, and the general store besides! Buck was the youngest—nineteen. He'd enlisted. Said he felt lonely when his two cousins were drafted. Wasn't nobody else in Little Jordan to pal with. And, anyway, Buck figured they'd need all the good shots they could get to win the war.

Buck was a good shot. But, he said, that was the only thing he did well in the whole book of regulations. He was almost born on a horse, but now he was riding a jeep. He was just Buck Dumguard.

"And very nice, too," I said.

Buck smiled. "Thank you, ma'am. But I reckon maybe I ain't cut out to be no soldiering soldier. If they just let me hang around and shoot a few enemy, I'll be pleased."

"Buck," I said. I put my hands on his shoulders. "Don't you want promotion?"

"Well," said Buck, "I reckon it would be pleasant to be private, first class, but I ain't got much hope. Not now. This paper business is the last thing. I guess I'm just a Jonah."

I stood up and shook him. "You are not!"

Buck looked at me. "Ma'am," he said kind of soft.

Now, I've been kissed before—oh, four or five times—and generally I knew it was going to happen. But this sort of happened by itself. I mean, we slid toward each other like we'd been pushed. He looked so sad-eyed. Anyway, I kissed him. He kissed me. We kissed. It was—well, it was out of this world.

"Golly," said Buck. "Golly!"

I laughed. I mean, it wasn't like smooching; it was friendly, and happy. I didn't even hear the car as I kissed Buck again.

THEN the lights were on us and I heard the car's brakes. The headlights were full in Buck's eyes, but they were behind me. We stood there like two goons in each other's arms.

"That's her dress, general!" It was the sergeant's voice.

"Miss Bliss!"

That was General Upshaw going into action. He said it again, louder, and more shocked: "Miss Bliss!"

Miss Bliss went away from there fast. I mean, I ducked under Buck's arm, pulled up my long skirt, and ran. I was out of the light in two jumps, and really traveling.

I never slowed till I got back to the house.

It was still empty. I was thankful for that, anyway. I raced upstairs in the dark. I didn't dare show a light. I was afraid it would draw the general like a moth. I still had his note in my hand, and I tossed it on the dresser. I wanted to keep it to put in my memory book. A note from a general. At sixteen. Some day they'd say, "She started young."

The phone rang as I climbed into bed. But I wasn't falling for that this time. I pulled a pillow over my head and went to sleep.

Reveille woke me. It always does when I first come back to the army. I heard voices. I piled out of bed and scrambled over to the door in my p. j.s.

The voices were coming up the stairwell from downstairs, and I knew both of them. Distinctly. One was the Loot Col's and the other belonged to General Henry Clay Upshaw.

"You're sure she isn't here?" the general was asking. He sounded mad—good and mad.

"No, sir." The Loot Col's voice was haggard. "I've been through the house. My little daughter, that's all."

I said a short prayer of thanks for the Loot Col's thinking of me as little. Usually it's distinctly irritating, but it has its uses.

"Bliss!" roared the general. "Miss Bliss! The U. S. O. never heard of her. I suspected the woman the minute I heard her name. But she avoided me very cleverly! Must be a veteran spy!"

Ponce de León

"And stop biting your fingernails—you make me nervous!"

I nearly laughed out loud.

"And that Dumguard!" General Upshaw swore. "Dumb is right. But he'll talk before I get through with him!"

"You think, general—"

"I know!" said General Upshaw. "They were in this together. I saw them with my own eyes. They—well, that was when she received it from him."

I didn't get it. Buck just kissed me.

The Loot Col, bless his heart, said: "It doesn't sound like Dumguard, sir. He makes mistakes, but—"

"Nonsense, colonel! You're too easy with these men! Military secrets don't just disappear! Dumguard stole it."

"It could be misplaced."

The general snorted. "Either Dumguard stole it or you—"

"Sir?" The Loot Col froze the word.

"Lost it."

I slipped back into my room and shut the door. I felt sick inside. They shoot soldiers that deal with spies. Jojo, I said, this is the pay-off. You can't let them shoot Buck. Go on down and face the whole symphony.

I didn't waste time. I ran a comb through my hair and squirmed into my bathrobe. But when I opened the door General Upshaw was still talking.

"No doubt of it. Why, when this Miss Bliss ran, I saw a paper in her hand."

The old goat! Well, that was something I could prove was innocent. It was his own mash note. I reached for it. And then I noticed something.

It wasn't one sheet of paper folded in four, like I'd thought. It was two stuck together. I pried them apart. Somehow they'd gotten pasted face to face. I'd never have spotted it if a corner hadn't been torn in my mad flight.

Inside was bingo. I mean it was the winning sweepstakes ticket. It was solid. It was gold. Because on the other side of the sheet that the general had used for his note was a figure like in my geometry book, only harder, and enough words for me to get the idea. It was the military secret, all right!

I SHUT my bedroom door softly and sat down. After I got my breath back, I really sizzled. I mean, I cooked with volcano heat. I saw the number I had to have played, and it didn't take any Quiz Kid to know that it had to be good.

I buckled down. I combed the rolls out of my hair into my usual stringy bob. I dug into my bag and dragged out the jumper thing the school laughingly calls a uniform. It's like a potato sack with a belt, but young-making. Distinctly. I stuffed the toes into low-heeled shoes. And I topped it with a beanie on the back of my head. I scrubbed my face till it shone, crammed the general's note in my pocket, and attacked.

The general was still bellowing when I bounced into the living room. "I'm leaving," he said. "I'm seeing Dumguard right away."

The Loot Col looked like a zombie. I went over and kissed him. He smiled weakly and said: "Hello, Jojo. General—my daughter. General Upshaw."

I curtsied. I nearly went flat on my back, but I did it. The Loot Col's mouth popped open. But General Upshaw merely sniffed.

"Do," he said, nodding. He went on: "Colonel, I'll expect you to join me in recommending a court-martial. That's all." He did an about-face and stamped out.

When the front door slammed, the Loot Col put a hand on his forehead and moaned. I sat on the arm of his chair and hugged him.

"Daddy," I said, "I want to talk to you."

"Not now, Jojo."

"Yes, dad. Now."

He sat up and looked at me. He knew I never called him dad except in matters of extreme emergency. He said, "What've you been doing?"

"Well," I said. "Suppose—just suppose—I had a bit of knowledge that could release a soldier from the guardhouse and get a certain general over a barrel. Would you promise not to ask any questions?"

"Ten-shun!" said the Loot Col.

I stood up in front of him. The way Mary and I always did when we were in bad.

He said, "Been breaking regulations, miss?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I've been out of bounds, maybe—but I haven't disgraced the service, sir."

The Loot Col looked me in the eyes. After a while he grinned. "Guess you haven't, Jojo. And what was this about getting a general over a barrel?"

I told him. Not all, but most of it. I mean, I left out Jojo and told him about Miss Bliss. She *had* stayed in our house. She *had* gone to the dance. She'd left this note—from General Upshaw—on my dresser.

The Loot Col's eyes were dancing when he took the paper. When he read General Upshaw's message, he chuckled. When he turned the paper over, he whooped with joy. He waltzed me.

"Over a barrel is right!" he yelled. "The old walrus had the paper himself!" Then the Loot Col turned serious all of a sudden. "Jojo, did you see this Miss Bliss?"

"Yes, sir."

"She wouldn't have copied this paper? The data, I mean."

"No, sir."

"She'd keep this to herself?"

"Yes, sir." I swallowed and gave him the eye. I said: "She—she wouldn't even want her mother to know, sir."

The Loot Col stared. Then he laughed so hard he had to sit down. He kept looking at me, and shaking his head, and laughing. Finally he wiped his eyes and said, "Camouflage has improved since the last war."

I resented that. I said, "You have to have something to camouflage, sir."

"Yes," said the Loot Col slowly. "Yes, Jojo. I guess you do." He gave me a funny look. "Sometimes you don't notice how fast children grow." He reached for the phone and dialed a number. His voice was casual. "That Dumguard's a nice boy, isn't he?"

I blushed. Distinctly. I felt like eight kinds of fool, but the heat blazed into my face.

The Loot Col smiled. Then he spoke into the phone, and it sounded like a bugle call. "Give me General Upshaw!"

LIKE I said, this war is strictly from Hitler. I mean, it stinks. Because, no matter how you fix things all around, the war curdles them. The Loot Col got General Upshaw to make Buck private first class. And mother agreed that it was an enlisted man's war and that I could see Buck. We've gone to the movies together three times, being careful to keep out of the general's way.

But the war is still on. Buck's outfit will be moving out pretty soon. Either against Hitler or Hirohito.

If it wasn't for those heels I wouldn't have met Buck for two or three years. Then I'd be old enough to do something about it. Distinctly. Besides, I'd have a swell time at school and dances and all that, because I wouldn't even know Buck was coming into my life. But now it's different.

I'll go back to school. I'll even be polite to Miss Bliss. I mean the *real* Miss Bliss. That is, if she hasn't been jailed or anything. But I intend to do a lot of serious studying next semester.

After all, there must be a book somewhere that has a picture of Little Jordan, South Dakota.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 17

1. Rockefeller Center is the name applied to the entire group of fourteen buildings. Radio City is the name of five buildings in the group: the Music Hall, RKO and RCA Buildings, RCA Building West, and the Center Theater.

2. Joe Louis. The cestus was an ancient boxing glove.

3. Bambi.

4. Rapprochement, which refers to establishing friendly relations. The others describe discord and turmoil.

5. Fourteen miles.

6. Robert Browning, in Pippa's Song.

7. Blue, white, and orange perpendicular bars with the city's seal on the white.

8. A patent protects an invention; a copyright is the exclusive right to publish a literary or artistic work.

9. Missouri.

10. It is the pay-as-you-go tax idea advocating a general dispensation from the payment of one year's income tax.

11. A new type incendiary bomb resembles a bottle of lemonade.

12. Von Papen is Germany's Ambassador to Turkey; Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister.

13. They refuse to salute flags or show outward signs of patriotism.

14. 40,000 polygon-shaped stone columns in Northern Ireland.

15. About 2,000.

16. It is an East Indian language.

17. About eighty cents.

18. President of the American Federation of Musicians.

19. The Jewish Day of Atonement.

20. Rear Admiral Emory S. Land.

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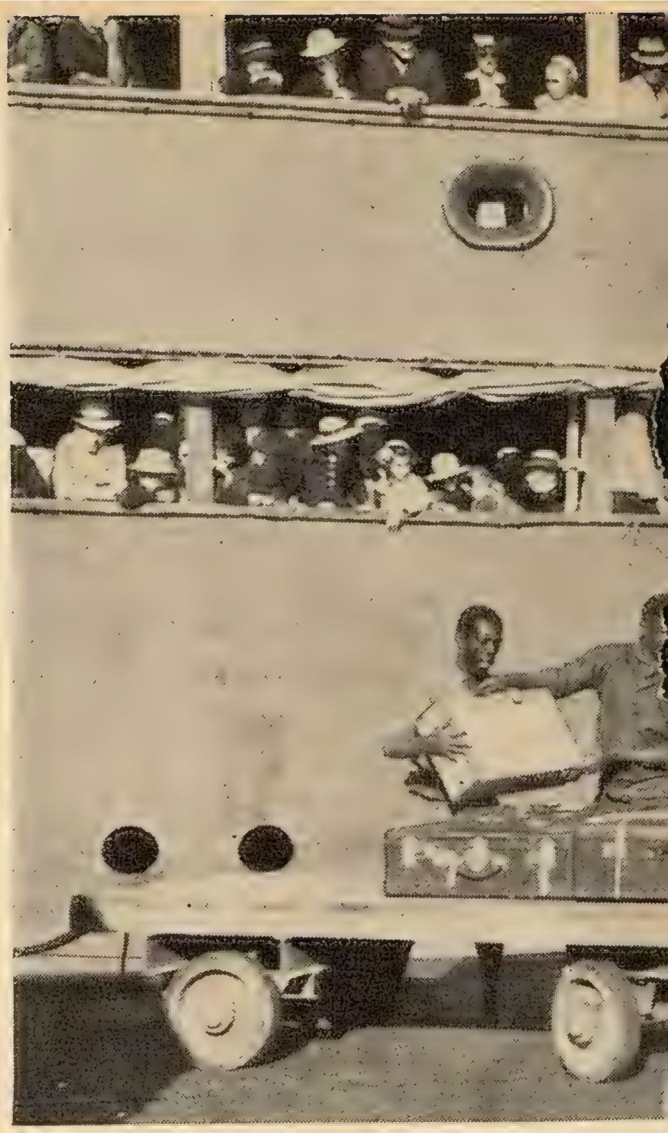
I WAS A PRISONER OF THE JAPS

"We are home, but left behind are the British—and China!" A repatriated American concludes his eye-opening, factual account of his ordeal

BY WENZELL BROWN



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN we went on board the Asama Maru, I found that I was placed on E deck in storage in a room built below the water line. Fourteen of us were packed into this room, and the air was fetid and the heat unbearable. We could not wash, either, for the Asama carried only a very limited supply of water and it was only available between seven and seven thirty in the mornings and five and five thirty at night.

That afternoon we had our first meal which approached normalcy. There was bread made of brown flour and margarine made of whale oil. There was coffee, too, made of soybeans, and ice cream which was mostly frozen water. But it all tasted wonderfully good to us and we could hardly believe in our good fortune. Later we were to find that what little food the ship had on board had apparently been looted from British and American godowns in Shanghai and Hong Kong.

On board we met people who had come down from Tokyo. Here we got our first news of the outside world. We heard of the American raid over Tokyo which many of the Americans on the boat had witnessed. They told us how planes had come down so low that they could wave to the pilots from the rooftops. They told us how the Japanese had been frightened, and how their Japanese friends had come to them deploring the war. We met, too, many Americans who had suffered even worse than we had.

I talked with one elderly gentleman, a professor in a Japanese university, who had been forced to sit day after day on his feet until they were frozen and some of his toes had to be amputated. Another man had suffered the same fate, and in the Japanese prisons apparently they had forced Americans to maintain this position, habitual among the Japanese themselves, for hours on end. One man lost all toes, and one foot had to be amputated. Another man with whom I talked had been given the famous water treatment four times. This consists of forcing water up the nostrils until the victim is drowned, and then resuscitating him. It had been done to this man in efforts to make him confess that he was a spy in the employ of the United States. Other men had been beaten unconscious with rubber hoses.

I met a very charming missionary lady from Japan who brought me a gift which was greatly appreciated. It was an American-made chocolate candy bar. I cut it in quarters and gave two of them to the vice-provost of the university and his wife. He accepted them most gratefully.

Our troubles, however, were not all over. We found it impossible to sleep in our quarters, and therefore took our blankets to the deck. The boat was horribly crowded and it was impossible to find a place to lie down until quite late; then at four thirty in the morning the Japanese swabbed down the decks, and they seemed to take great delight in chasing us from place to place. Several mornings, worn out as I was, I did not awaken when they called out for every one to get up, and each time the Japanese sailor turned the hose on me, laughing very loudly as I gathered up my wet blankets and hastily sought protection elsewhere.

Our first stop was at Saigon. I awoke in the first dull haze of morning. Later, through still black waters, the mighty liner crept up the narrow Meklong River. The dense jungle growth on either side seemed to be rolling in upon us like dark clouds. The complete absence of color, save dull gray and black, and the tiny river which seemed only big enough for sailboats, gave a touch of nightmare fantasy to the scene.

Shortly before noon we dropped anchor a few miles down the river. Thereupon, almost immediately our ship was surrounded by tiny craft from which mangoes, pomelos, pineapples, and coconuts were sold. The natives brought us Indo-Chinese cigarettes, called Kotabs, and many of us had our first smokes in more than seven months. Later they brought out brandy and beer. They did a brisk business over the side of the ship. Ropes were lowered to their boats; our purchases were tied to the ropes' ends and hauled up.

Late that afternoon refugees from Indo-China were brought aboard. They apparently had not been badly treated, for the French still held nominal control. We spent one sweltering night on the narrow river and in the morning set out for Singapore.

Outside of Singapore the Italian liner Conte Verdi swung into view. Aboard her were 650 Americans from Shanghai who were to be repatriated with us. Soon a group of Italian officers boarded the Asama. Those among us who had relatives and friends in Shanghai crowded about them asking for an opportunity to send messages or at least to examine the Conte Verdi's passenger list. The Italian officers gave over the list, but it was snatched away by the Japanese.

We anchored well out to sea, forty miles from Singapore. For four days we rested only a few miles from the equator. The heat was terrific. Those of us who slept on deck were covered with soot from the smokestacks of the small boats which brought out supplies. It was pleasant, though, to see the native Malayans, Negroes, and Indians who worked on the boats. Surreptitiously they raised their thumbs in a signal of hope.

Only the Chileans were permitted to go ashore in Singapore. They came back to tell of a badly damaged city. They had seen Australian soldiers, stripped to the waist, coerced into cleaning refuse and repairing streets. The city was lifeless; the stores were closed.

On the fourth night we set out for Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa. All our lights were burning brightly. Great crosses made of lights hung on the boat's sides. A half mile in our wake the Conte Verdi, also brilliantly lighted, plowed the seas. Down past the equator we went, through the straits and then far south

Americans whom the Japs imprisoned in China prepare to leave the ship that has brought them to Lourenço Marques.

through the stormy Indian Ocean. Small, dark freighters bearing no flags showed up briefly against the lowering skies. As the storms rose, the Conte Verdi swung far to starboard. Every night her lights shone like a great bright pool in the encircling darkness.

On July 22 we sighted the coast of Mozambique. Suddenly cheer after cheer swept the boat. A little tanker was coming out from the harbor. She bore an American flag. Hard-boiled business men yelled and jumped and hugged each other. Tears trickled down the faces of gaunt missionary women who had borne starvation and hardship without a murmur.

That afternoon the exchange of prisoners took place. A freight train drew up on the tracks by the wharf. We walked on one side of the tracks and were counted off. The Japanese walked on the other side and mounted the gangplank to the Asama Maru. We could only see each other's feet beneath the row of cars. We were free.

We went onto the deck of the Gripsholm. The great white boat was painted with tremendous blue-and-yellow Swedish flags. Soon stewards appeared carrying trays and trays of smorgasbord. We cheered. We helped ourselves to cold ham and chicken and cheese and turkey. We stuffed ourselves until we could hold no more.

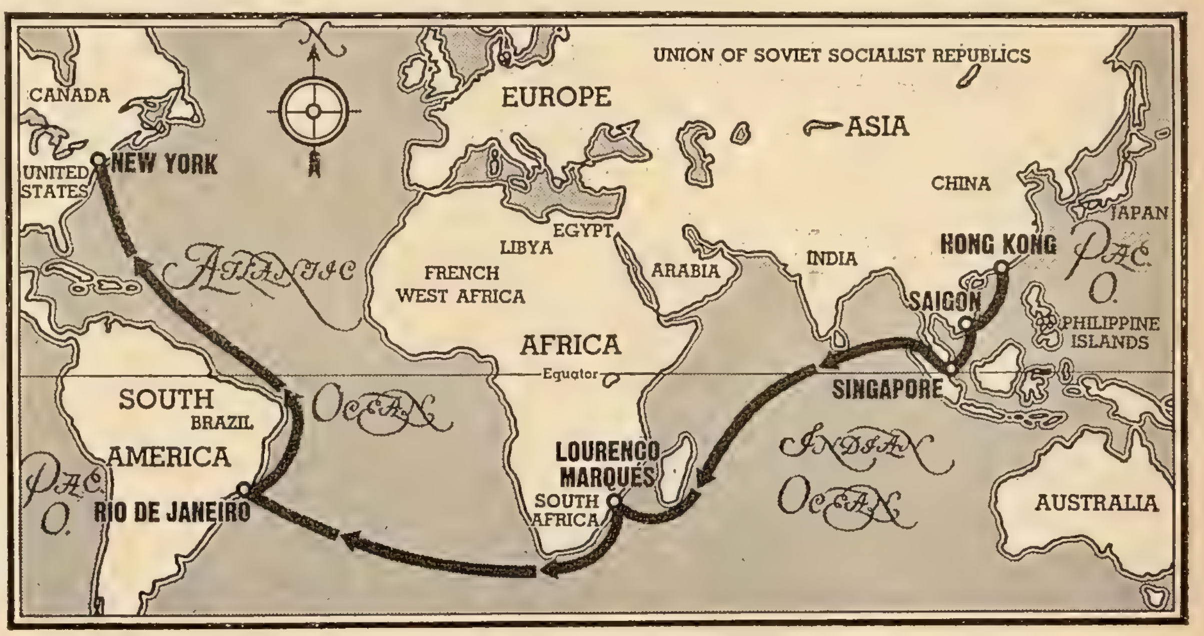
Then we were permitted to go ashore. Most of us made a bee line for the clothing stores. The government gave us each the equivalent of fifty dollars in gold. We were dazzled at the glory of freedom. I purchased a whole new outfit—coat, trousers, shirt, socks, shoes, and underclothes. I stripped off my suit that was stiff with dirt and threw it in a corner. My shoes with their patches from rubber tires followed. I was completely attired in new clothing.

For four days we enjoyed our freedom at Lourenço Marques. We went to the lovely Polarno Hotel and drank beer. We danced at the Casino. We took motor launches up the Incomati River where huge hippopotami emerged from the water near our boats. The vast blue skies of South Africa were above us; the plains with their shallow growth stretched out endlessly. Native Bantus entertained us with African music.

Then we started our trip home. The crowding was terrific but we did not mind. Previously I had been on the Gripsholm and seen the decks cleared for dancing and gay couples strolling about in evening dress. Now there were 1,500 of us aboard and we had to pick our way about with care. Yet we were very happy.

But still reminders of the past appeared. J. B. Powell, the fearless little Shanghai editor, was brought aboard from the Conte Verdi. His feet had been horribly mutilated by Japanese tortures, and the toes had been removed. He weighed only seventy-five pounds.

At my table sat a man who had been in prison in Shanghai. He told me he was given only two bowls of rice a day. Chinese and European prisoners ate out of bowls used over and over again without washing. Silence was demanded in the cells where twenty men were placed. If one man talked all were punished. They had to sit hour after hour on their feet. One day a false accusation was made that there had been talking in the cell and information as to who had talked was demanded. When the prisoners said they did not know, man after man was dragged out and beaten across the face with a heavy wooden shoe. Food was denied them that day. Sometimes food was dumped on the floor and they fought over it like starving dogs.



THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

We ate ravenously and the food was marvelous. My waiter stood by and laughed as I had three helpings of steak and three heaping plates of ice cream. I had a difficult time persuading him to take the very small tip I was able to offer him at the voyage's end. He insisted that I might need the money more than he did.

Rio de Janeiro was our next stop and we spent a glorious twenty-four hours there. All the gay night clubs were filled with our people. The Urca had a magnificent floor-show, featuring the finest adagio dancers I have ever seen. The Copacabana was more dignified. We mixed with Brazil's elite. We walked along palm-swept terraces and enjoyed the last few days of Rio's carefree gaiety. Two days later Brazil had joined the war, and the fury of a nation at the sinking of her neutral ships was to be seen in the angry mobs demanding revenge upon Germany.

Two days out of Rio we came across an empty floating raft. A few minutes later we sighted the smoking hulk of a torpedoed ship. We circled it three times looking for survivors, though we knew there could be none on what must have been, a few hours before, a raging inferno.

On the morning of August 25 we sailed into New York harbor. Men and women about me cheered and cried with happiness and clapped each other on the back. A lonely Chinese gentleman, an American citizen, stood sadly at the rail. He was thinking of his relatives left in Hong Kong, where hundreds of Chinese died daily in the streets from starvation, where rumor said that cannibalism had sprung into being out of the extremes of hunger. An American lady whose British husband was in Sham Sui Po internment camp sat quietly in a corner weeping.

We are home, but those left behind must not be forgotten—not China, still in a death struggle with a ruthless invader—not 2,700 British trapped, slowly starving in the grounds of Stanley Prison. Neither must the ideals of free men which sustained us through the terrible days.

THE END

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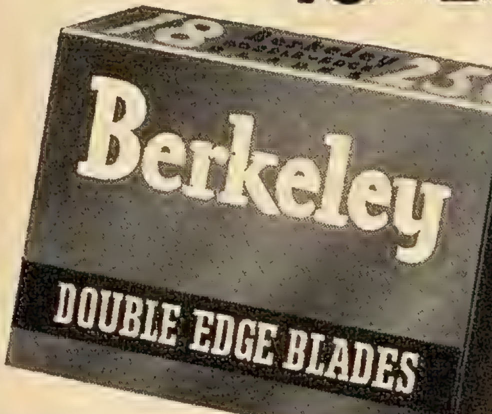

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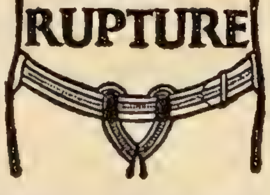

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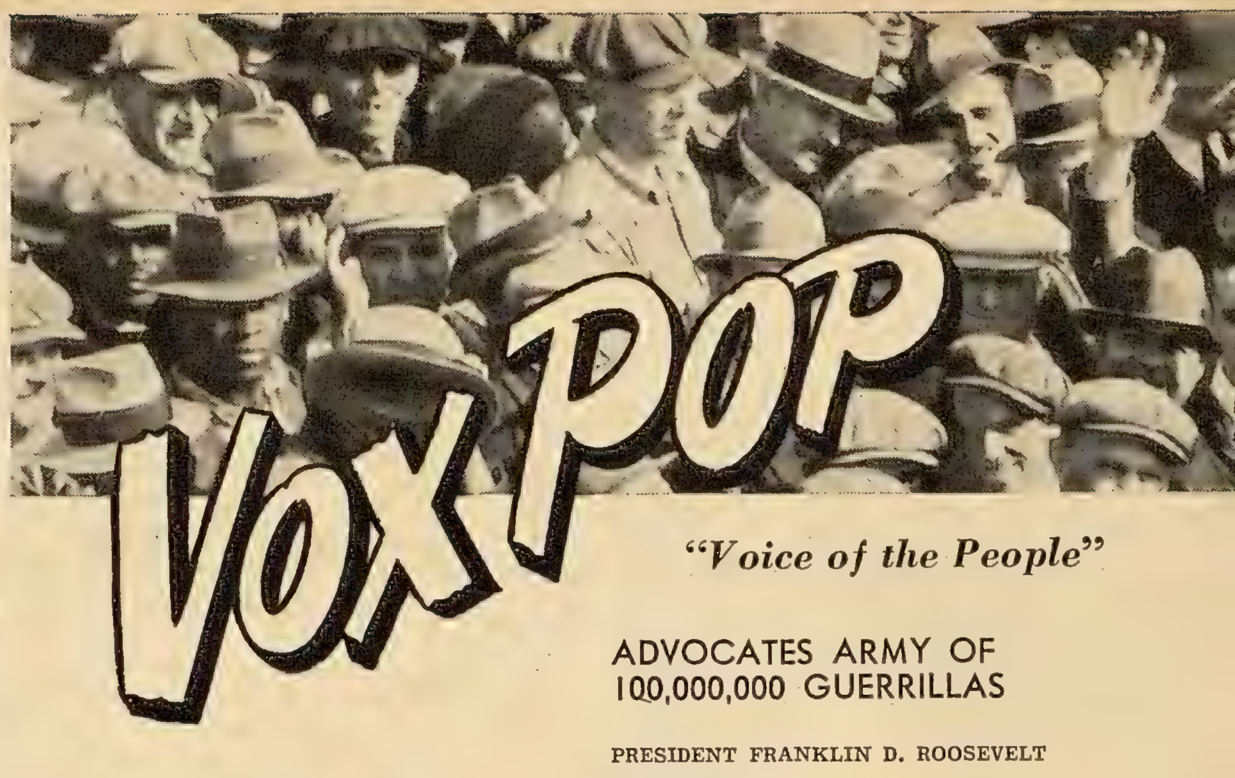

"Voice of the People"

SAYS WE WASTE MEN AND MACHINES

FLINT, MICH.—Where I work we are working only forty hours a week. This week we were informed that we are ahead of schedule and that it would be necessary to dispose of our third shift. In this particular department we have twenty brand-new machines—machines that have never turned a wheel, some that have never even been uncrated.

Now, the point that I'm trying to get at is this:

Why can't some of these new machines that I mentioned be placed where they are badly needed? Many shops are trying desperately to get machinery. It is difficult to understand why large manufacturers insist on buying machines they cannot or will not use.

Then we find factories working their men shorter hours. Some of these men would like to get a permit to be absent, so they could work in other factories where they are needed, where they could produce more, where they could earn more money and buy more war bonds. The men could transfer in this way without losing their seniority if the company would grant them a permit to be absent. But the large companies won't do it. They would rather keep the men just in case they might need them sometime in the future.

So we find manufacturing concerns hoarding men and machines, both vital to defense but useless if they are not producing.

It seems to me we must wake up if we are going to win this war. And I say that it is necessary to get these men and machines where they will produce their maximum production. In order to do this, I believe they must be rationed where they are most needed.—*K. D. N.*

YEAH—LET'S SETTLE THIS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I say this war should properly be called World War II, and that all the fancy inappropriate names be discarded.—*James W. Entwistle, Radioman, U. S. M., C. A. D.*

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PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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TECHTMANN INDUSTRIES, INC., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOW NICE—BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH IT?

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Let us put the mark on Hitler. His number is 666. H forms two Vs; $i=1$; T forms two Ls turned up side down; $L=50$; $E=III$; R forms D and stands on two legs. Thus $D=500+2=502$. $H=10$, $i=1$, $t=100$, $l=50$, $e=3$, $r=502$. Total, 666.—*Mrs. Lota Cochran.*

SOMETHIN' HE ET, NO DOUBT

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Some day I intend to visit New York, and when I do, my first stop is going to be at the Liberty office, where I'll assume the delightful responsibility of punching the Vox Pop editor squarely on the nose. You insufferable moron—you smug, self-satisfied, conceited, miserable old man! You're about as funny as an embalmer's diary.—*R. Jones.*

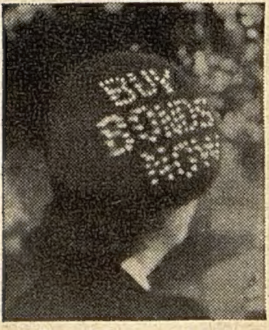
WE DIDN'T NOTICE THE BOAT

BRONX, N. Y.—Your issue of August 29 carried a picture on the cover of a girl sitting on the side of a boat.

A short description inside of the magazine tells the history of the girl, but we might add that the boat belongs to us and that the picture must have been taken at Candlewood Heights, Connecticut.—*J. F. Dealy.*

USES HER HEAD TO SELL BONDS

BOSTON, MASS.—Youth of America, put this on your pockets, too!



This was the way I did it—freehand, then beads, French knots, and pieces of chain. Each one can be different. A patriot will make it anyway! Any beret will do. Let's work and get this nasty war over and done. Any beads, any embroidery cotton, any ol' chain!

If any group, Girl Scouts, college girls, etc., will use this, they may have the original. Just ask for it. Originality of lettering does not count. That can suit individual taste.—*E. Wrenn Svèhla.*

LOTTERY GREETED WARMLY IN SNOWLAND

UNALASKA, ALASKA—Uncle Sam's Treasury would "swell up like a balloon" if he were to conduct a national lottery, as suggested by A Weekly Reader of Liberty (August 15 Vox Pop).

For instance, if the Grand Prize was $100,000 in War Bonds, with fifty or more prizes in War Bonds running down to a $50 bond, Uncle Sam could retain 50 per cent of the "take" and more than a million dollars a month would go toward the current war expense.

Why not be sensible and let the government "cash in" on the millions now being appropriated illegally in other games of chance?—*Jack Martin, United States Commissioner.*

30,000 BELLYACHERS ARE RIGHT!

SALEM, ORE.—KAISER SHIP CORPORATION LAUNCHED FREIGHTER TODAY TEN DAYS AFTER KEEL LAID THIRTY THOUSAND CAN'T BE WRONG. —DON WIGGINS.

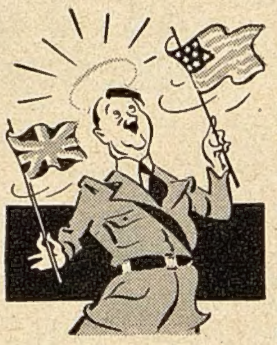
PORTLAND, ORE.—YOU MIGHT MAKE EDITORIAL COMMENT ON FACT THAT THE DAY THE BELLYACHER STORY APPEARED DESCRIBING THE OREGON SHIPYARD WORLD BEATERS THEY LAUNCHED A SHIP TEN DAYS AFTER LAYING KEEL SCHEDULE CALLS FOR OUTFITTING IN FOUR DAYS THUS BEATING KAISERS EIGHTEEN DAY GOAL MENTIONED IN MY STORY.—MEL ARNOLD.

30,000 Bellyachers, by Mel Arnold (October 3 Liberty) hit the newsstands, as Mr. Arnold notes, on the day the above-mentioned launching took place.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LELAND LOATHES LOUNGING LOVELIES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I work hard all day, and it gives me a pain in the neck, not to mention the feet, to stand up all the way home on the subway while women who have been taking in an afternoon movie grab the seats. We ought to pass a law refusing females the use of transportation seats during rush hours.—*Tough Leland.*

ER—WOULD YOU SAY THAT AGAIN—SLOWLY?



ST. LOUIS, MO.—We Americans are fighting not alone but with our allies, England, China, Germany and South American countries.

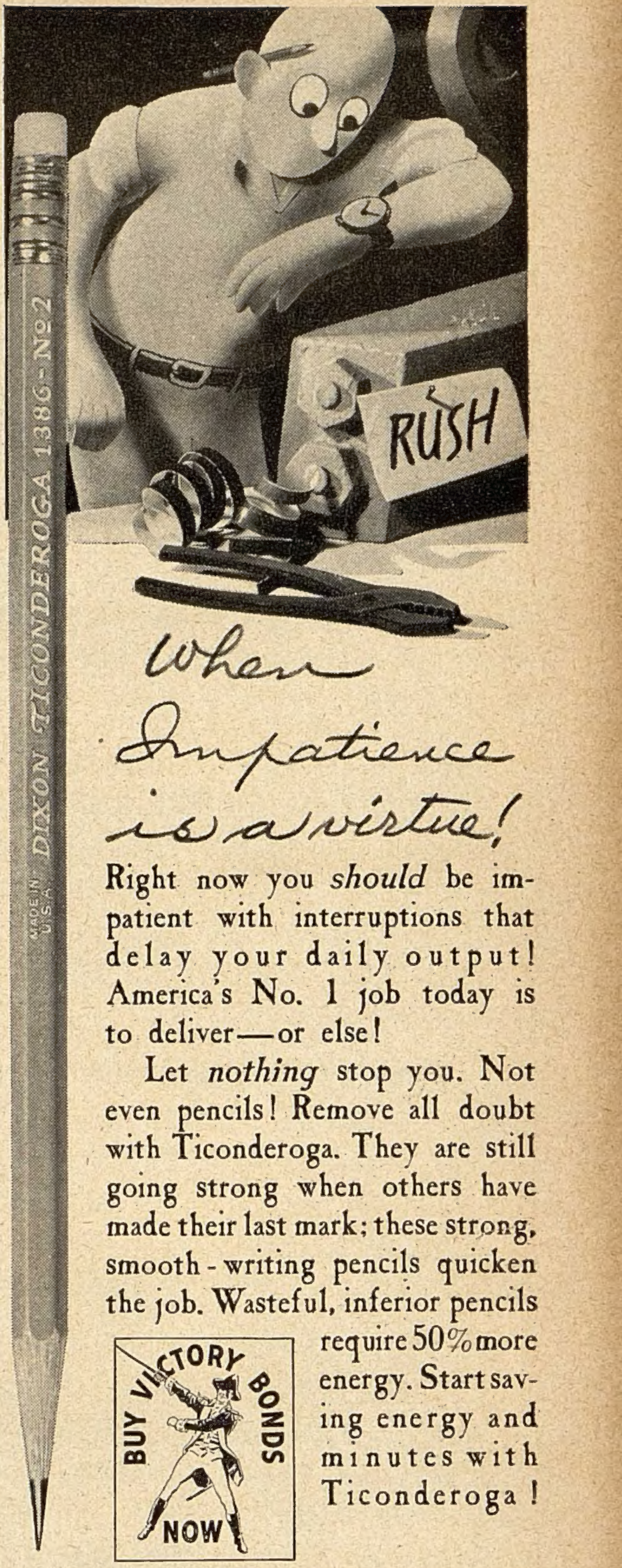
So remember, America, keep up the good work—keep fighting, body, soul, and spirit.—*M. Cerame.*

THEY LIKE OUR EDITORIAL

ALBION, ILL.—The editorial He Won't Be Home for Dinner Tonight (September 26 Liberty) rates a position alongside the Gettysburg Address and Patrick Henry's speech. The author certainly knows the right questions to ask.—*Dale E. Hortin.*

LOWELL, ARIZ.—Liberty's editorial He Won't Be Home for Dinner Tonight merits several bouquets.—*Felix MacLaughlin.*

ELMWOOD, N. C.—It will be a *"must"*—that all my friends read it or have it read to them.—*Ada M. Byford.*



When Impatience is a virtue!

Right now you *should* be impatient with interruptions that delay your daily output! America's No. 1 job today is to deliver—or else!

Let *nothing* stop you. Not even pencils! Remove all doubt with Ticonderoga. They are still going strong when others have made their last mark; these strong, smooth-writing pencils quicken the job. Wasteful, inferior pencils require 50% more energy. Start saving energy and minutes with Ticonderoga!

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J101, Jersey City, N. J.

If you like A GOOD STORY—

Don't miss MOVIE SHOW—the sensational new kind of movie magazine! You'll enjoy its thrilling NEW kind of picture-stories of latest headline movies.

Look for these great smash hits in the big NOVEMBER issue:

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES
SEVEN DAYS LEAVE
CASABLANCA
FOREVER YOURS
THE GLASS KEY
THE FOREST RANGERS

Ask for your copy of the NOVEMBER issue at your newsstand today.

MOVIE SHOW

TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

TOTAL CONTROL OF ALL MAN POWER WILL BE FOLLOWED BY PLANS FOR TRAINING MILLIONS OF ADDITIONAL WOMEN FOR WORK IN WAR INDUSTRIES. IF YOU ARE A WOMAN AND ARE ANXIOUS TO FIND WAR WORK, CONTACT U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

GOVERNMENT PLANNING TO AWARD LARGE WAR CONTRACTS TO NEW YORK CITY, WHERE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF WORKERS ARE STILL UNEMPLOYED.

TREASURY PLANS TO REQUIRE YOU TO SAVE 10 PER CENT OF YOUR SALARY AS BULWARK AGAINST INFLATION. TREASURY NOW CONVINCED THAT VOLUNTARY DEFENSE BOND SALES PROGRAM HAS FAILED COMPLETELY. FORCED SAVINGS WILL REMOVE ABOUT 12 BILLION IN CASH FROM CIRCULATION.

MEAT RATIONING MAY NOT GO INTO EFFECT UNTIL AFTER FIRST OF YEAR. GOVERNMENT HAVING TROUBLE IRONING OUT KINKS IN PROGRAM. GROWING FEAR IN CAPITAL THAT CONTEMPLATED RATIONING PROGRAM WILL HIT LOWEST INCOME GROUPS HARDEST.

LARGE DEPARTMENT STORES ARE PLANNING TO READJUST THEIR HOURS TO WAR NEEDS. IN MANY AREAS STORES WILL NOT OPEN UNTIL LATE IN DAY AND WILL REMAIN OPEN AT LEAST ONE NIGHT A WEEK UNTIL 9 P. M. WASHINGTON STORES ARE ALREADY ON SUCH A SCHEDULE—FIND IT WORKING WELL.

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT PACKERS ARRANGED TO PUT UP SUBSTANTIAL SUPPLIES BEFORE GOVERNMENT FROZE CANNING OPERATIONS TO CONSERVE TIN. WASHINGTON REPORTS YOU WILL BE ABLE TO BUY CANNED PEAS, BEANS, CORN, AND PEACHES FOR SOME TIME TO COME.

OPA WILL TEST OUT PLAN FOR HAVING RATION BOOKS AND COUPONS HANDLED BY SAVINGS BANKS ALL OVER COUNTRY. NEW SCHEME WILL GET TRYOUT IN UPSTATE NEW YORK. IF IT WORKS OUT, YOU WILL BE GOING TO YOUR LOCAL BANK TO SECURE NEW UNIVERSAL RATION BOOKS AFTER FIRST OF THE YEAR. STOREKEEPERS WILL DEPOSIT CLIPPED RATION COUPONS AT LOCAL BANKS WHICH WILL BE EMPOWERED TO HANDLE THEIR COUPON RECEIPTS IN FORM OF "COUPON DEPOSITS."

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LIBERTY READERS MAY HAVE RAISED an eyebrow at the article in the October 17 issue in which Jack Dempsey picked Billy Conn as second man in the contest then scheduled with Joe Louis.

Well, these are war days. Just when everything was set, a third party entered the ring: Secretary Stimson of the War Department, who called off the fight. Meanwhile Mr. Dempsey's article was running merrily on the presses!

Here's Liberty's exclusive report (revised) of the outcome:

In this corner, Secretary of War Stimson, winner.

In this corner, Promoter Mike Jacobs, the loser.

We got caught in the middle!

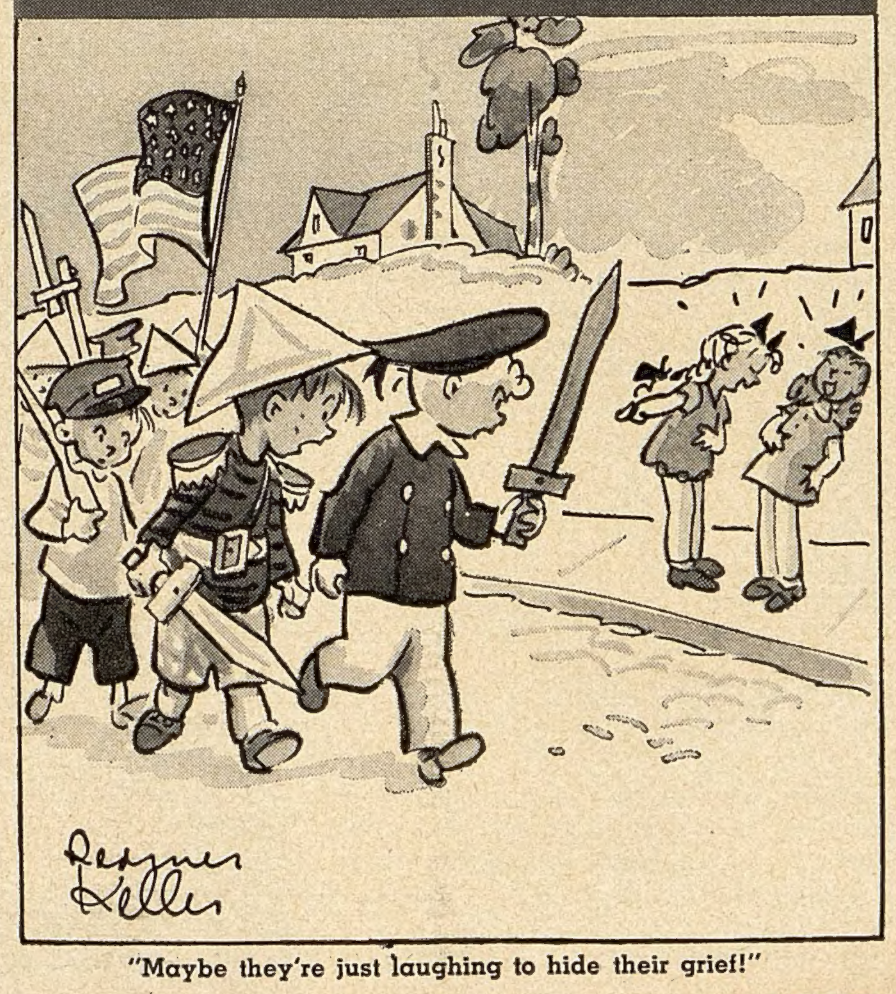
P. S. If and when the fight *is* held, Mr. Dempsey still picks Joe Louis to win.

AND, SPEAKING OF PICKING and of sports, let's quote from Wartime Baseball: Who'll Win? by Bill Cunningham in April 18 Liberty: ". . . it's the Yanks again in the American League and either the Cards or the Dodgers in the National."

WENZELL BROWN, WHOSE SERIES of articles, I Was a Prisoner of the Japs, ends in this issue, tells us that if any readers want information about friends or relatives who might have been in Hong Kong with him, he will be glad to help in any way he can.

The Editors

"HARDTACK"



"Maybe they're just laughing to hide their grief!"

Liberty Salutes FLORIDA

TALLAHASSEE
Suwanee R.
St. Johns R.
TAMPA
ST. PETERSBURG
Lake Okeechobee
MIAMI
The Everglades

Palm trees, water, and beautiful skies typify this Southern State.

MOST ROMANTIC *of all flowers, the orange blossom is Florida's choice. Waxen and white, delicately fragrant, it is the bride's flower, symbolic of purity.*

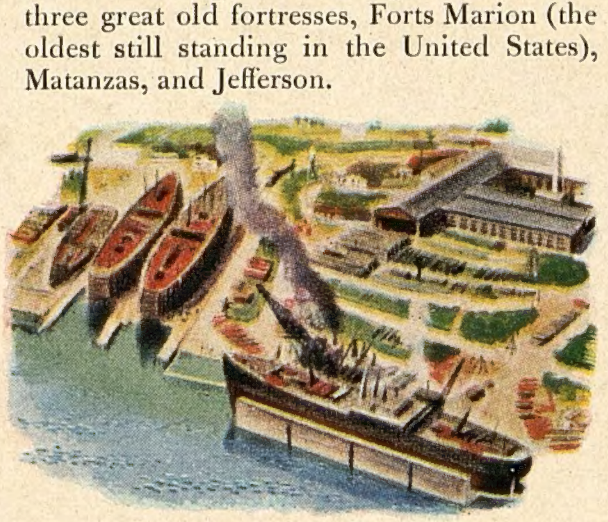
DISCOVERED by Ponce de León in his search for the Fountain of Youth, Florida has been sought out by millions of resort-bound Americans looking for almost the same thing.

Its Palm Beach and Miami are winter meccas for sunshine seekers. Its green Everglades National Park, 2,500 square miles, its Marineland with the only oceanarium in the world, its gentle St. Augustine, oldest city in America, have brought countless sightseers year after year.

Today Florida is a vital spot in our defense. It is no secret that war training is virtually the major industry in this state today. This modern armed camp is in startling contrast to the three great old fortresses, Forts Marion (the oldest still standing in the United States), Matanzas, and Jefferson.

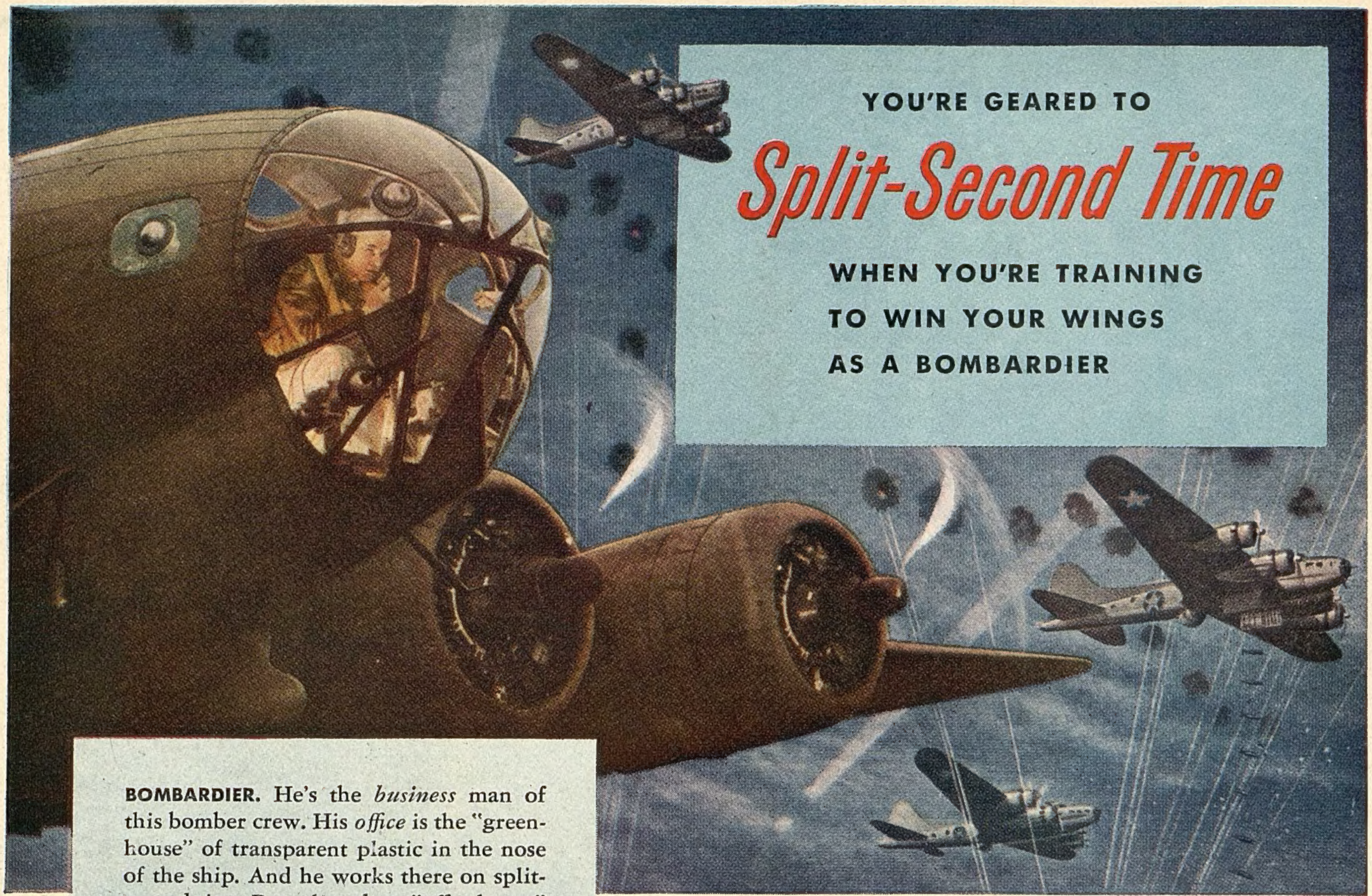
THE MOCKINGBIRD *is noted chiefly for its voice —a potpourri of originality and imitation, giving a night song that equals the nightingale's. It measures about 10 inches.*

AGRICULTURE *is the most important activity in the state. Its best distributed and most clearly labeled product is the juicy Florida golden orange.*



SLEEPY LAGOONS *have given way to the hum of shipbuilding. Half a billion dollars' worth of ships for the war effort are being built today in the dry docks and shipyards of Florida.*

TOURIST TRADE *in the last normal season in Florida amounted to more than $300,000,000. Today the tourist has been replaced by the soldier, sailor, and marine.*



YOU'RE GEARED TO

Split-Second Time

WHEN YOU'RE TRAINING
TO WIN YOUR WINGS
AS A BOMBARDIER

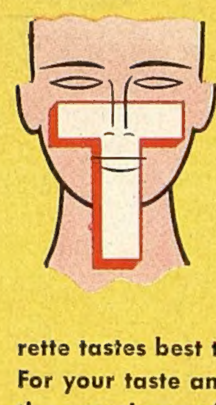
BOMBARDIER. He's the *business* man of this bomber crew. His *office* is the "greenhouse" of transparent plastic in the nose of the ship. And he works there on split-second time. But when those "office hours" are over—well, just look below and watch him enjoying a Camel—the favorite cigarette on land, sea, and in the air.

ALL America's living at split-second time today...from the bombardier at his bombsight to the men who make the bombs like Jerry Lorigan below. You....and you...and everybody!

So it's only natural that most everybody's smoking more these days. Only natural, too, that taste and throat—the "T-Zone"—are more important than ever to cigarette smokers now.

But...take no one's word for it when it comes to your own smoking. Make the "T-Zone" test described at the left below. And let your taste and your throat decide for themselves.

A PACK OF CAMELS IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT WITH ME. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'



THE "T ZONE" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

FOR TASTE, FOR MY THROAT, CAMELS ARE TOPS

JERRY LORIGAN, who forges bombs on a split-second schedule, is just as partial to Camels as the man who lays those bombs on the target. "I've smoked Camels for years," says Jerry. "They don't get my throat, and they don't tire my taste. They're tops!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)